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1894

MAPLE LEAVES

Canadian History,
Literature,
Ornithology.

J. M. LEMOINE,
F. R. S. C.

QUEBEC
PRINTED BY L. J. DEMERS & FRÈRE
Editors of "L'Evénement" 30, Fabrique street

1894

[From *Montreal Gazette*, 4th August, 1894.]

I have been favored with advance sheets of the new volume of Maple Leaves, by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, president of the Royal Society of Canada. My first duty is to correct a possible misconception. This volume is not a second edition of a former work of the same title, but consists of papers never before published in book form. The first series of Maple Leaves was brought out in 1863. Its success induced the author to continue the series in 1864, 1865 and 1873. Since this last date, Mr. LeMoine has contributed to various periodicals in the United States and Canada a number of essays on a wide range of subjects, marked by his characteristic charm of style and intimate knowledge of his country's annals. I have already in a general way indicated the contents of this attractive book, which, while comprising some things to be found nowhere else, sheds a fresh, warm light on many topics touched by less sympathetic pens. As the title implies, Canadian history, romance, folk lore, biography and adventure take up the most of the five hundred pages, but this list does not exhaust Mr. LeMoine's themes. His book on *Canadian Ornithology*, now out of print, was one of the most successful of his works, and his admirers will be glad to know that his beloved birds have a place assigned them in these latest *Maple Leaves*. The late Xavier Marmier was one of Canada's best friends in the old land. Mr. LeMoine portrays him as he found him in his own hospitable home. Then we are invited to accompany the author to Edinburgh, where the Scotchman in him grows rapturous over the haunts of Scott; to Normandy, the home of his fathers, where his observing eye sees the source of many a Canadian usage and expression. A paper read before the Folk-Lore society in this city treats of some venerable oaths. The paper on the Beaver club gives a vivid picture of old Montreal in the days when Nor'westers ruled the roast. Of old Quebec the reminiscences are, as might be expected, rich and vivid. Not the least pleasing feature of the book is Mr. LeMoine's tribute to his brethren of the pen, Abbé Bois, Garneau, De Gaspé, etc. Mr. William Kirby, the able author of "*Chien d'Or*," prefaces the book with a sketch of Mr. LeMoine's career, while a portrait of him in winter garb, and a view of Spencer Grange and its vineries from the flower garden in the rear adds not a little to the reader's satisfaction. Such, in briefest outline, is this latest (but, his admirers will hope, not last) volume of *Maple Leaves*. It is entirely worthy of its name and of the reputation therewith associated. The work is dedicated by permission to the Countess of Aberdeen."

JOHN READE.

WORKS OF J. M. LeMOINE, F. R. S. C.

ENGLISH.

LEGENDARY LORE OF THF LOWER St. LAWRENCE, (1 vol. in-32).... 1862
MAPLE LEAVES, (1st Series) (1 vol. in-8o)..... 1863
" " (2nd Series) (1 vol. in-8o)..... 1864
" " (3rd Series) (1 vol. in-8o)..... 1865
THE TOURISTS NOTE BOOK, (1 vol. in-64) by Cosmopolite 1870
THE SWORD OF BRIGADIER GENERAL R. MONTGOMERY, (1 vol. in-64)..... 1870
TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO, (New Dominion Monthly) 1872
MAPLE LEAVES. (New Series)..... 1873
QUEBEC, PAST & PRESENT..... 1876
THE TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK, (second edition) 1876
CHRONICLES OF THE St. LAWRENCE, (1 vol. in-8o)..... 1878
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THE SCOT IN NEW FRANCE, a lecture before Lit. & Hist. Society..... 1880
PICTURESQUE QUEBEC, an Encyclopedia of Quebec History, (1 vol in-8o) 551 pages..... 1882
THE WILD FLOWERS, ROUND QUEBEC..... 1885
HISTORICAL AND SPORTING NOTES ON ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC.... 1889
EXPLORATIONS IN EASTERN LATITUDES, by Jonathan Oldbuck, F.G.S.Q..... 1889
THE TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK, (4th edition)..... 1889
" " (5th edition)..... 1890
MAPLE LEAVES..... 1894

FRENCH.

L'ORNITHOLOGIE DU CANADA, (2 vol. in-8o)..... 1860
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L'ALBUM DU TOURISTE..... 1873
CONFERENCE SUR L'ORNITHOLOGIE devant l'Institut Canadien, Québec. 1874
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GRAND TABLEAU SYNOPTIQUE DES OISEAUX DU CANADA, à l'usage des écoles..... 1877
COUP-D'ŒIL GENERAL SUR L'ORNITHOLOGIE DE L'AMERIQUE DU NORD, étude lue devant l'Institut Canadien de Québec (*Annuaire de l'Institut*..... 1875
ETUDE SUR LE CHANT DES OISEAUX—LEURS MIGRATIONS, etc. Nos Grives, notre Merle, le Cardinal, l'Oiseau Bleu, etc. (*Opinion Publique*, Montréal)..... 1876
NOTES SUR L'ARCHILOGOIE, L'HISTOIRE DU CANADA, etc., dans la *Revue Canadienne*, de Montréal, les *Soirées Canadiennes* de Québec, dans la presse française de Québec (le *Journal de Québec*, l'*Evénement*, etc.)..... 1865-1882
ETUDES lues à Ottawa, devant la *Société Royale du Canada*. Sujets :
1. Nos Quatre historiens modernes : Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon.... 1882
2. Les Archives du Canada..... 1883
3. Les Aborigènes d'Amérique : leurs rites mortuaires..... 1884
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MAPLE LEAVES

Series 6.

1894

CANADIAN HISTORY — LITERATURE — ORNITHOLOGY

" Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations. — (From LORD DUFFERIN'S *speach at Belfast, 11th June,* 1872.)

J. M.d LEMOINE,

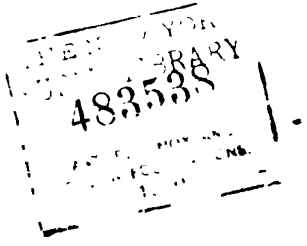
F. R. S. C.

QUEBEC

PRINTED BY L. J. DEMERS & FRÈRE

Editors of "L'Evénement" 30, *Fabrique street*

1894



Registered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, in conformity with the law passed by the Parliament of Canada in the year of 1873, by the author J. M. LeMoine.

To

Her Excellency

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN,

"THESE SKETCHES,"

Are, by permission, respectfully inscribed

by the

AUTHOR.

SPENCER GRANGE,
1st June, 1894.

A Biographical Sketch of the Author of "Maples Leaves"

BY

WM. KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

"My first acquaintance with the subject of this notice dates as far back as 1863, when I happened to be in Quebec, watching the progress of a bill introduced in Parliament, previous to Confederation.

To beguile a leisure hour, it so happened I had purchased a volume styled "Maple Leaves— *a budget of historical, legendary and sporting lore*, by J. M. LeMoine". I was so captivated by the dramatic interest infused into two out of several sketches it contained, *Château Bigot* and the *Golden Dog*, that I vowed to a friend, I would make them the groundwork of a Canadian novel. Thus originated my *Chien d'Or* romance.

. Few have had such opportunities as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old Province of Quebec. His early training, social *entourage*—love of books—antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the English as well as with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province and even beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein.

Two attractive departments seem to have engrossed his attention from the first, the study of early Canadian history and of popular ornithology.

In fact one of the first additions he made to his charming rustic home, at Sillery, near Quebec, was the erection of an aviary for the friends of his youth, the birds of Canada; and an ample museum for the preservation, by the art of the taxidermist, of specimens of the Canadian *avi-fauna*.

It may not be out of place to follow this indefatigable writer, in his rather extended literary career.

Struck, in 1861, with the lack of any French work to guide Canadian youth attracted to the study of bird-life, Mr. LeMoine published that year, in two volumes, a manual on popular ornithology; and, in order to allure the student to this healthy and delightful pursuit, he imparted to those volumes a strong, fragrant literary aroma. Whether it was due to the novelty of the subject or to the contents of the

work, it disappeared from the book stores in less than one year.

In 1862, he helped on a literary *confrère* in a small literary venture by contributing an interesting article, under the caption "*The Legendary Lore of the St. Lawrence*".

The next year, with the view of promoting the study of Canadian annals, he began his valuable series which ran over three years, under the well-remembered name of *Maple Leaves:* the first series was devoted to general subjects, legends and quaint old customs; the second, to rescuing reliable records of Canadian battle-fields and siege narratives; the third depicted chiefly the old manors and scenery round Quebec. That year, he found time during his leisure moments to write, for l'*Opinion Publique*, a short French essay on Sir Walter Scott, as poet, novelist, historian; a lengthy review of the arctic explorations of Franklin, McClure, Kane, McClintock; he also published a treatise on the river and deep-sea fisheries of Canada, which elicited warm encomiums from the French press.

In 1865, General McLellan, having alluded disparagingly in a speech he made, to the memory of Montcalm, for his supposed approval of the Fort George massacre in 1757, Mr. LeMoine took up the cudgels for his favourite hero and confuted by Bancroft's, the Abbe Piquet's narrative and by others, the statement made by the luckless warrior of Bull Run renown: this booklet, intitled *La Mémoire de Montcalm Vengée*, met with hearty recognition in Canada and in France.

Various effusions of a historical character, fell from the writer's prolific and versatile pen, in 1870, in *Stewart*'s Quarterly Magazine, *New Monthly Magazine*, *Belford's Review*, *Forest and Stream* and *La Revue Canadienne*. In 1873, a selection of his best Canadian sketches, were published, under the old familiar name of *Maple Leaves*, new series." The same year also ushered in his valuable French work l'*Album du Touriste*.

Quebec Past and Present, edited in 1876, is probably as a book of reference, the most useful historical volume ever put forth by the author. It embodies the whole history of the ancient capital from its foundation up to 1876; the edition is exhausted long since. Possibly, no literary composition of Mr. LeMoine, by the reminiscences it recalled to him, was more pleasant to indite than the publication, in 1878, under the title of *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, of his multifarious excursions to the kingdom of herring and cod, on the Gaspé coast.

The bulky volume of 550 pages, styled *Picturesque Quebec* from the mass of quaint information disseminated through its pages about the old city's streets, squares, eminent inhabitants and fortifications, completed the history of the romantic city; the literary research involved in this work was too heavy

a task for one man alone to undertake, and I for one, was happy in being apprized by letter, that a much needed rest, was granted the author, after his long official career and that in July he was to sail per "S. Moravian" for a short tour to Europe, from whence he brought back with a re-invigorated frame, an ample fund of information, reminiscences and anecdote which he subsequently freely used in the series of lectures he was called on to give before the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, of which he had been five times re-elected president. Long before this, his writings and researches had obtained recognition on behalf of scientific societies in Canada and abroad. The *Société d'Ethnographie* of Paris conferred on him a diploma, as *Délégué Régional* at Quebec; he was made a member of the *Société d'Histoire Diplomatique*, presided over by the duc de Broglie; his name was inscribed on the register of the *New England Historic Genealogical Society;* on that of the *State Wisconsin Historical Society;* of the *Société Historique* of Montreal; of the *Genealogical and Biographical Society* of New York; of the *Institut of Ottawa;* on the roll of the *Institut Canadien* of New York; on that of the *Royal Society of Canada;* (1)

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(1) Whilst these pages were going through the press, our friend has been unanimously elected President of the *Royal Society of Canada*, the highest position in literature or science, open to a Canadian.

[*Montreal Star*, 30th May, 1894.]

PRESIDENT LEMOINE.

"Among Canadian writers no one is more favorably known than Mr. J. LeMoine, the newly-elected president of the Royal Society of Canada. He belongs to one of the oldest Canadian families, being a descendant of Jean LeMoyne, who was a seigneur of three fiefs, (Ste Marie, la Noraye and Gastineau) and a near relative of Charles LeMoyne, Baron of Longueuil. His House at Spencer Grange, Sillery, is a literary man's paradise; here Mr. LeMoine has entertained some of the most eminent writers and scholars of our time. Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, Sala, Howells, Gilbert Parker; the historians Garneau and Ferland have all partaken of the hospitalities of Spencer Grange; the late Francis Parkman was a frequent visitor, and in the preface to some of his works acknowledges the valuable aid rendered him by Mr. LeMoine. For over thirty years hardly a year has passed that we have not to welcome some new product of his pen in French or English. His best known works are Ornithologie du Canada (2 vols.). Les Pêcheries du Canada, Maple Leaves, L'Album du Touriste, Chronicles of the St. Lawrence, Quebec Past and Present, Monographies et Esquisses, and Picturesque Quebec, all works of historical value. In addition to these. Mr. LeMoine has contributed numerous articles to the magazines and the daily press. Imbued with a deep love for the history and traditions of his country, his writings are replete with graphic narratives of incidents that have occured during the old regime, as well as stories of Canadian life and character of more recent date. To tell the story of our past is the chief delight of his life, and he tells it truthfully and impartially; he jars no feelings of race and creed, for Mr. LeMoine's ideal is a Canada whose people shall be neither English nor French, but Canadian. In conclusion, we may say that the Royal Society of Canada could not have selected one more deserving of the honor of president of that distinguished body than the historian of Quebec."

of the *Historical Society of Pennsylvania;* of the *Massachusetts Historical Society;* of the *Société Américaine de France;* of the *New Brunswick Historical Society;* of the *Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia;* of the *American Historical Association*, Saratoga; of the *American Philosophical Society*, Philadelphia; of the *Society of Canadian Literature*, Montreal; of the *Folk-Lore Society* of Montreal; of the *Natural History Society* of Montreal; of the *Audubon Society* of the United States; of the *Trinity Historical Society*, Dallas, Texas. His last diploma, was one recently *received* naming *him* President of the Quebec *Committee of the Alliance Scientifique* of France, composed of J. M. LeMoine, President, Honb. Judge A. B. Routhier, Jos. Edmond Roy, F. R. S. C., Dr. N. E. Dionne, F. R. S. C., Ernest Gagnon. In 1882 he became a corresponding member of the *American Ornithologist Union.*

In 1885, at the instance of a distinguished French naturalist, Mr. Lescuyer, Mr. LeMoine's name was put forward to attend in Vienna the *Permanent International Committee of the European Ornithologists* organized under the auspices of His Royal Highness, the archduke Rodolphe and presided by a celebrated European *savant*, Dr. Rodolf Blasius, a similar distinction having been offered to the Washington ornithologist Dr. Hart Meriam which he accepted.

However the call of duty kept Mr. LeMoine at home; he was thus deprived from participating in a most distinguished honor, tendered to very few on this continent.

Probably, the distinction, he prized the most, was his selection by the Marquis of Lorne to organize, with the assistance of Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice, the French section of the Royal Society of Canada and his subsequent unanimous election as its first president.

The *Transactions* of this learned association since 1882, each year, contain an elaborate essay of Mr. LeMoine on some department or other of Canadian history.

In 1887, he read, by special invitation. before the Canadian club of New-York, a memoir: *Madame de Champlain, Madame de la Tour, Mdlle de Verchères, the Canadian heroïnes.*

An intimacy of many years standing and access had to his papers, &c., has furnished me with accurate data about the historian of Quebec.

I recall to memory, no more pleasant episode in his literary career than the surprise prepared for him by the elite of the Quebec gentry, whose homes Mr. LeMoine had so happily and so graphically described, when they presented him, in 1882, at the Garrison club, during a champagne lunch, a Dominion Flag, for the new tower of Spencer Grange, with a suitable address.

In 1887, our author found means to steal many hours from his researches on Canadian history, to write an attractive volume on Canadian sports ; as there yet was no such work in French, in Canada, *Chasse et Pêche* filled in a *lacuna*, long felt and deplored among the votaries of gun and rod.

Mr. LeMoine's last publication is a light volume of 300 pages : *The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck*, in which the writer furnishes from his diary of travel, a series of extracts, highly instructive and occasionally brimful of quaint humor."

[from " *The Land we live in.*"]

Niagara.

QUEBEC.

" I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city. "

—*Shakespeare.*

Quebec, founded by Samuel de Champlain, on the 3rd July, 1608, is the capital of the province, bearing the same name—the oldest of the several provinces, confederated in 1867, as the Dominion of Canada.

There is no city in America more famous in the annals of history, and few on the continent of Europe more picturesquely located.

Whilst the surrounding scenery reminds one of the unrivalled views of the Bosphorus, the airy site of the citadel on Cape Diamond, recals Innspruck and Edinburgh.

" The Gibraltar of America, " bristling with artillery, sits defiant on a rocky promontory, at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers, 180 miles from Montreal and over 400 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It has, by the annexation of St. Sauveur, about 80,000 inhabitants, with six chartered banks, several Masonic lodges, five French and three English newspapers. The chief business of the city until a few years back was shipbuilding, and the exportation of lumber; latterly, the high rates of labour, enforced by arbitrary regulations, bids fair, unless arrested, to carry to other ports a notable portion of the returns derived by the workingman from this latter rich mine of industry. Quebec, since the days of Bishop Laval, has continued to be the seat of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Canada; the elevation of its archbishop to the dignity of a

Roman Cardinal, in June, 1836, was attended with a most imposing pageant and general illumination.

Of late years several important manufactories have sprung up, especially in the populous suburb of St. Roch ; the city derives material benefit from the convergence here of several lines of railway, connecting with the transatlantic steamships, and making it a depot of immigration and of freighting ; the erection of the projected bridge across the St. Lawrence at or a little higher up than the city, whilst supplying the missing link in that great national work, the Canadian Pacific railway, will remove the disadvantage inflicted by the winter Levi crossing ; seven or more lines of railway will then land their passengers and freight in the city ; the place will have ceased to be a *cul-de-sac* during six months out of the twelve.

Quebec is built nearly in the form of a triangle, bounded by the two rivers, and the Plains of Abraham. It is divided into the Upper Town and Lower Town, the former standing on an enwalled and strongly fortified bluff three hundred and fifty feet high, while the latter is built on the contracted and reclaimed strands between the cliffs and the river. Hence its name of the "Walled City of the North." Several of the streets by their names, *Grande Allée, Couillard, La Montagne*, etc., recal the narrow paths of early days, when M. de Puiseaux, reached, in 1640, his Sillery home, at Pointe-à-Puiseaux, under the leafy shades of the intervening Sillery woods, through the *Grande Allée*, the main forest avenue ; or when *le Sieur Couillard*, about 1618, located his lares, near the spot where Hope Gate stood, or where Champlain, in 1623, had the path enlarged, which led from the lower to the upper town — *à la Montagne*. This explains why these very ancient highways are narrow—occasionally crooked—often very steep ; peculiarities which help to make it the most quaint, picturesque and mediæval looking city in America—beautiful and healthy, withal. "Take mountain

and plain," says Eliot Warburton, " sinuous river, and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest —group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and lest the sheen be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose,— you will then have seen Quebec on a September morning."

" The scenic beauty of Quebec," says Dr. John Charlton Fisher, " has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an Eastern city, blazing and sparkling in the sun, the loveliness of the panorama, the noble basin, like a sheet of purest silver, in which might ride with safety a hundred sail of the line, the graceful meandering of the River St. Charles, the numerous village spires on either side of the St. Lawrence, the fertile fields, dotted with innumerable cottages, the abodes of a rich and moral peasantry, the distant Falls of Montmorency, the park-like scenery of Point Levi, the beauteous Isle of Orleans, and more distant still, the frowning Cape Tourmente, and the lofty range of purple mountains, of the most picturesque forms which bound the prospect, unite to form a *coup d'œil*, which, without exaggeration, is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world."

The Walled City has been truly styled the key to Canada, and the Levi earthworks, casemates and new forts, to meet the requirements of modern warfare, still make good this proud boast. It was considered so when its citadel was crowned with the *Fleur de lys* of old France. It may yet be called on to play a part in the future. Under its grim, mossy walls, the two fore-

most nations of Europe were once arrayed in deadly strife, to decide the fate of empire in the new world.

As far back as 1535, its green banks offered a refuge and winter-quarters to Europeans : the city must ever awaken the deepest interest in the eyes of every student of history. " Viewed from any one of its approaches, it impresses the stranger with the conviction of strength and permanency. The reader of American history, on entering its gates or wandering over its squares, its ramparts and battle-fields, puts himself at once in communion with the illustrious dead. The achievements of daring mariners, the labors of self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross, and the conflict of military heroes who bled and died in the assault and defence of its walls, are here re-read with tenfold interest. There, the lover of nature, in her grandest and most rugged forms, as in her gentle and smiling moods, will find around it an affluence of sublime and beautiful subjects."

The wintering of the venturesome Jacques Cartier on the shore of the St. Charles, in 1535-6, by its remoteness is an incident of interest, not only to Canadians, but also to every denizen of America. It takes one back to an era nearly coeval with the discovery of the continent by Columbus—much anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607—anterior to that of St. Augustine, in Florida.

Lengthy discussion has taken place as to the origin of the names Canada and Quebec. Some assert that Kannata, the Iroquois word, signifying " a village " or " collection of huts ", was given indiscriminately to the whole of this vast region, by the early navigators; and that Quebec owes its name to the exclamation of the Norman sailors " Quel bec " ! " What a promontory " ! whilst others with good reason think it was derived from a word in the Algonquin language signifying " a straight ".

A faciful derivation is that attributed to the Spanish word *a-ca-nada*. NOTHING HERE, uttered by some

Spanish sailors on viewing the sterile aspect of some headland. The Suffolk seal inscription, pictured by Hawkins, has been proved to mean CAUDEBEC, a town in Normandy, and not Quebec. But let us not tread rashly on the ground of the antiquary.

Subsequent ages have ratified the sound judgment of Champlain in selecting the commanding site of Quebec as the location of the great fortress of French power in America, the " fulcrum, which for a century moved the continent from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico ", though at one time, the sheltered shores of the St. Charles were freely talked of, as the proper site of the then nascent settlement.

How oft', indeed, has the storm of battle raged furiously round Quebec's hoary ramparts, bristling with guns lying in ambush, like huge beasts of prey, ready to pounce on any assailant ; its solid walls and crenelated bastions, erected by skilled French engineers, and costing fabulous sums to France ; the present Citadel, a noble structure planned by the French Engineer de Léry, recommended by the Duke of Wellington, was built 1823-1830. This comparatively modern work, the materials for which were hoisted 350 feet, from the St. Lawrence below, by the FIRST RAILWAY in Canada, cost England millions, under the supervision of Col. Durnford.

Many and murderous were the indian raids around Quebec at the dawn of the settlement, Champlain having injudiciously taken part against the Iroquois, in the incessant wars they waged against the Huron and Algonquin tribes, hutted in the vicinity of the Fort.

Quebec, more than once the battlefield of England and France, in the New World, had to bear repeatedly the brunt of the rivalry of these two powers, unconnected then by treaties of commerce.

Five sieges, in 1629, 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775, have left their unmistakeable footprints round its battlements.

Had the bulk of the citizens, the sons of old France, in 1775 and 1812, sided with the invader, there would

not likely be at present, in this fair Land of the West, any loving subjects to greet Victoria, as Queen.

It might not be an uninteresting subject of research, to trace the complex origin of the 80,000 souls comprised in the population of the Ancient Capital.

For years, Quebec meant New France, though its successful rival, Montreal, very soon played an important part in colonial affairs. New France in fact was originally peopled by emigration from Brittany, Normandy, Perche, Poitou, Anjou, Aunis, &c., industrious and moral peasants, hardy fishermen, adventurous mechanics in quest of homes and a livelihood free from the heavy imposts then beginning to weigh on the French nation. An important class soon came to the front, in a country in which the Indian dialects had to be studied and used: the class of french interpreters, composed of men, who eventually attained important situations of trust; one of whom was for a time charged with the administration of the colony, the Baron de Longueuil; let us also mention others such as Marsollet, Nicolet and Couture.

Great care seems to have been practised in the selection of colonists, by the public companies and later on, when Quebec became a crown colony, by the king; unlike the mode of colonizing which obtained for the Isle of St. Christophe and other islands.

The disbanding of several companies of the dashing Carignan Regiment, brought out here by the Marquis of Tracy, in 1665, through the infusion of new blood raised the standard of colonists, adding a refined element to the sparse population. Louis the Great had tempted the officers, many of whom were connected with the French nobility, to settle in Canada, by royal gifts of waste lands, offering to the privates farm stock and land as well. This accounts for the names of several old seigniories, called after their first proprietors, all military men : Sorel, Chambly, Verchères, Berthier, Granville, Contrecœur, Varennes, Rougemont, La Val-

trie, La Pérade, De la Naudière, etc. Many of these refined Canadian *gentilshommes*, however, appear to have more attended to the heading sanguinary raids on the peaceable hamlets of New England and to border warfare generally, than to ploughing and harrowing their broad acres.

The conquest of the country in 1759-60 brought out from Britain an important accession of English and Scotch adventurers in and around Quebec; the wealthy, a prey to that "earth hunger' which distinguishes the Saxon race, and anxious to acquire estates for their sons and daughters.

The exodus in 1783-4 of the United Empire Loyalists, from the adjoining, heretofore, British Provinces, recognized in 1783 as an independent nation, was but slightly felt at Quebec. This progressive element, the founders of Western Canada, were, however, represented in that city, in 1786, by the late Chief Justice of New York, the Hon. William Smith, appointed in 1785 by King George III, Chief Justice of Quebec; by his son, William Smith, the historian of Canada, and later, in 1789, by his son-in-law, the learned Jonathan Sewell, another U. E. L. from Massachusetts, who, in 1809, became Chief Justice of Lower Canada, and died in 1839, leaving eighteen sons and daughters.

The Reign of Terror in France in 1793, which sent over a colony of distingnished French Royalists to Western Canada, added nothing appreciable to the census of Quebec, with the exception of a few zealous French priests, who were provided with cures, in and round the city. The banner of St. George, instead of the white lily of France, floating on our bastions, secured the city against the invasion of the delegates of Couthon, Robespierre, Danton, Carrier, etc.; no scaffolds were erected in the upper town market place, and French noblemen and French priests were welcome among us, without the constant fear of the guillotine before their eyes. Quebec was not Cayenne!

One word about another element—a law-abiding one —in our complex population, felt, but whose origin remains yet to be enquired into by our ethnologists : the German element. Whence and at what date came among us these notable men—the Wurtele, Hoffman, Hesse, Ampleman, Ruthven, Von Koenig, Von Iffland, De Rottenburg, Idler, Seybauld, Bowen, Stœpleben, Reinhart, Colback, Hind, Wolff, Eckhart ? How many of them can seek for their ancestors amongst the Brunswickers and Hessians, who landed at Quebec in 1776 under Baron Rediesel and with the various shiploads of Germans, chiefly from Wurtemburg, who emigrated to Canada to escape conscription during the early Napoleonic wars and previous.

The Pozer family dates back to old George Pozer, the millionaire, as he was styled, but he did not come direct from Germany; he had first settled in New York and then returned to England, landing at Quebec in 1791.

The Irish population of Quebec became considerable about 1823, when emigration was flowing from the green Isle to America ; emigration increased to very large proportions about 1847 ; the Irish headquarters in the city then were in Champlain street. The Irish settlements, in the townships and round Quebec, date back as early as 1815.

They grew in importance and numbers, under the wise guidance of a venerated priest, the Revd. Father McMahon, living in amity with their English neighbors ; they founded a national society in 1835.

The great bulk of the population of the city still French, is not by any means oblivious of the fatherland, beyond the seas.

" Few cities, says M. Marmier, " offer as many striking contrasts as Quebec; a fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock as the nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city

inhabited by French colonists, governed by England and garrisoned with Scotch, the Highland, — 78th — 79th—93rd regiments; a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is admitted to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; an European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by, the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the North; a city of about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of a hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labors of our (French) missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits driven out of our own country (France) find a place of refuge under the ægis of British Puritanism."

Lettres sur l'Amérique, X. MARMIER, Paris, 1869.

THE COUNTRY SEATS AROUND QUEBEC.

A striking feature about Quebec scenery is the extensive groups of handsome manors which encircle the brow of the Capital like a fresh and fragrant chaplet of flowers, though it would be idle to seek in a certain number for architectural excellence, old-world dimensions, old-world splendor and ancient construction. As a rule, they are the pleasant and healthy abodes of the high dignitaries in church and state as well as the prized mansions of successful citizens, in the professions, commerce, etc. "Nowhere indeed are to be found ivied ruins, dating back to doomsday book, moated castle, or mediæval tower. We have no Blenheims, no Walton halls, nor Chatsworths, nor Woburn Abbeys, nor Arundel castles to illustrate every style of architectural beauty, rural embellishment and landscape. Dainpierre, Rochecotte, LaGaudinière, Chan-

tilly, Loches, Chinon, Marly, may have suited old France: they would have been out of place in new France: Canadian mansions, the best of them, are not the stately country-homes of

> " Old pheasant lords,
> ..... Partridge-breeders of a thousand years."

typifying the accumulated wealth of centuries or patrician pride; nor are they the gay *châteaux* of *la Belle France.* In this Canada of ours, oft we have had to do without the architect's skill; nature had been so lavish in her own lordly decorations, that art could be dispensed with. Our country-seats possess attractions of a higher class, yea, of a nobler order, than brick and mortar, moulded by the genius of man, can impart. A kind Providence has surrounded them in spring, summer and autumn with scenery often denied to the turreted castle of the proudest nobleman in England. Those around Quebec are more particularly hallowed by associations destined to remain ever memorable amongst the inhabitants of a soil moistened by the blood of heroes (1)." On one of these historic sites, more than one century ago, was decided the fate of French Canada —let us say, by its ultimate results—of North America.

The majority of these cool retreats, scarcely visible from the high road, lie *perdus*, under dense groves of oaks and pines, the remnants of the forest primeval, on the lofty banks of the noble St. Lawrence, from Cape Rouge to Cape Diamond, eight miles; and from thence to the foaming cataract of Montmorenci, seven miles to the east; whilst others stand embowered in rustic seclusion amidst trees and flowers, under hoary pines and verdant maples, like sentinels on the Ste. Foye heights, watching the meanders of the St. Charles flowing below, amidst golden wheat fields and green

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(1) Picturesque Quebec, p. 271.

glades, with the blue "turban of the Laurentides" in the distance as a back-ground.

Foremost, may be mentioned SPENCER WOOD, Powell Place, as it was styled, in the days (1780-96) of General Henry Watson Powell; a noble domain of about 75 acres, occupied by His Excellency Sir James Hy. Craig, Governor-General of Lower Canada, in 1807, and purchased in 1849 from the late Hy. Atkinson, as a gubernatorial residence for the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada: it is now the official residence of His Honor, the Lt.-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

Marchmont—The country seat of Thos. Beckett.
Wolfesfield " " of Hon. Evan John Price.
Elmgrove " " of John Burstall.
Thornhill " " of Arch. Campbell.
Spencer Grange " " of James M. LeMoine.
Roslyn " " of Lt.-Col. Jos. Bell Forsyth.
Montague Cottage " " of Alfred P. Wheeler.
Cataraqui " " of Chas. E. Levey.
Bardfield " " of Albert Furniss.
Benmore " " of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Rhodes.
The Highlands " " of Thos. Stockwell.
Kirk Ella " " of Robert Campbell.
Beauvoir Manoir " " of Richard R. Dobell.
Clermont " " of Lt.-Col. Ferd. Turnbull.
Meadowbank " " of Gustavus Stuart, Q. C.
Ravenswood " " of Wm. Herring.
Dornald " " of John Neilson
Ravenscliffe " " of George M. Fairchild, jr.
Boisbrillant " " of Siméon Lesage
Holland House " " of Frank Ross.
Poplar Grove, " " of V. Chateauvert, M. P. P.
Hamwood " " of Robt. Hamilton.
Morton Lodge " " of W. Carrier.
Alta Mont " " of Hon. David A. Ross.
Bijou " " of Andrew Thomson
Pavilly " " of Hon. Frs. Langelier.
Bandon Lodge " " of Hon. Jos. Shehyn.
Loretto " " of J. C. Guilmartin.
Battlefield " " of Alph. Charlebois.

Haldimand House—(Duke of Kent's residence, 1791-4), the country-seat of Paterson Hall.

Montmorenci Cottage—The country-seat of Herbert Molesworth Price.

Coucy-le-Castel—The country seat of Hon. Judge Taschereau.		
Hessle Grove	"	" of J. H. Botterell.
Hazelhurst	"	" of A. F. Ashmead
Ringfield	"	" of George Holmes Parke.
Villa Mastaï	"	" of Hon. A. C. R. P. Landry.
Londesir	"	" of Sir L. Napoléon Casault.

The above are the most noted country-seats round Quebec; there are several others in the environs, most picturesquely located and affording striking views of the city.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

No spot in the environs of Quebec is more calculated to attract the attention of tourists than the lofty plateau, where the English and French armies met in deadly encounter one murky September morning in 1759. Parkman, Casgrain, Bancroft, Warburton, Smith, Hawkins, Garneau, Ferland, Beatson, Miles, and other historians have vied with one another to furnish graphic accounts of this famous battle; the plains, covering about 32 acres, were called after an old Scotchman, Abraham Martin, described in old titles as "Maître Abraham Martin dit l'Ecossais," pilot on the St Lawrence to the French King.

The area is bounded to the south by the summit of the cape overlooking the St Lawrence; to the west, by the Sillery woods; to the north, by the St Louis road; and to the east, by a loftier plateau, extending to the foot of the present citadel; formerly, the plains are supposed to have comprised to the north the whole of the intervening expanse as far as the Ste Foye road, and even beyond.

A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS OF QUEBEC.

Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Repulse of Phips before Quebec, 23rd October, 1690.

I

Amidst the many thrilling scenes and dramatic incidents chronicled in the annals of the five sieges at Quebec — 1629 — 1690 —1759—1760—1775—there are few calculated to create deeper emotion, than those recalled by the week of peril and of dire alarm for the beseiged extending from 16th to 23rd October, 1690.

On Monday, the 16th October, 1690, Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluau et Frontenac, had just held for one year the reins as Governor-General of New France, at Quebec. The anniversary of his return to Canada would likely have called forth a festal display and public rejoicings, as the mere presence of the intrepid veteran was reckoned a tower of strength to the struggling colony, sorely beset by merciless Indian foes ; but, on that eventful morning, an astounding announcement blanched many cheeks : a powerful hostile squadron from New England, with decks crowded with troops, had anchored abreast of the unprepared, ill-fortified city. History depicts the fiery old Governor at the head of his staff, anxiously scanning, from the lofty terrace of the

Château St Louis, the recent arrivals from sea : thirty-four formidable ships-of-war, which, after rounding Pointe Levy, at dawn, had taken position at 10 o'clock a. m. ; the smaller craft lying towards Beauport, whilst the flag-ship and larger vessels had anchored in the stream. This meant war : life or death to the alarmed denizens of the beleaguered citadel.

But what was Quebec in 1690 ? Champlain's cherished settlement of 1608 had had time to expand, increasing in population, growing stronger as a military post.

Its first residents, 'tis true, had long been gathered to their fathers ; the old Scotchman, Abraham Martin, King's pilot ; that universal genius, the land surveyor, Jean Bourdon ; the trusty apothecary, Louis Hébert, first settler in the upper town ; Guillaume Couillard, patron of the Basilica ; the hardy and skilful interpreters, Nicholas Marsolet, Jean Nicolet, were no more, but they had left descendants, sons and many grandsons, great-grandsons innumerable. By the influx of colonists from Normandy, Brittany, Perche, etc., the population had increased to 1,500 souls. When Champlain left Quebec on the arrival of Capt. Kirke, in 1629, 22 persons, viz., 7 men, 8 women and 7 children, constituted the French population of Quebec.

Talon and Hocquart, ablest of Intendants, had, with the help of the wise Colbert, been the avowed promoters of colonization, commerce, manufactures, ship-building, in the Great Louis' pet colony. The higher grades of education had been cared for—some think even too much : the Jesuits College founded in 1635 ; the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères*, created in 1663, the *Petit Séminaire*, in 1668. Well regulated conventual institutions, fostered by pious noble French ladies, taught the young idea to shoot, whilst a progressive but absolute ecclesiastic, of noble birth (Monsignor de Laval-Montmorency), had taken charge of the church

and of religious foundations. The colony had indeed expanded, though a species of close borough to outsiders and despite monopolies and absolutism.

Another marked increase to the census soon took place after the disbanding and settling in Canada of the famous French regiment brought over from France, in 1665, by the pompous Marquis of Tracy ; the Carignan-Salières Regiment formed by the Prince of Carignan and commanded by the dashing Col. de Salières. The King had promised extensive tracts of land on the shores of the St. Lawrence to the officers who would found families in Canada. Hence, the origin of the French Seigniories granted to French officers, several of whom hailed from the titled gentry of France. In many instances, their names were bequeathed to their broad acres, and are borne by them to this day; such as Capts. Saint Ours, de Berthier, de Saurel, de Contrecœur, la Valtrie, de Meloises, Tarieu de la Pérade, de la Fouille, Maximin, Lobiau, Petit, Rougemont, Traversy, de La Motte, La Combe, de Verchères, whilst their gallant troopers, allured to settle in Canada by grants of land and farm stock from the Government, were not slow in falling in love with the lively, bright-eyed *Josettes* of Quebec and Montreal. Soon, says an old chronicle, the parish priest had his hands full, with marriages; and, in due time, with christenings. Many of these patriarchal families could successfully, in after years, have claimed Col. Rhodes' premium of 100 acres for the twelfth child.

Social intercourse at Quebec in 1690, though on a limited scale, was apparently of good form, according to reliable writers. Charlevoix, a contemporary historian, who wrote the history of the colony, in 1720, speaks in high terms of the French societies of that and of previous periods : " Manners were refined; no boorishness; the language spoken, pure and no accent perceptible in the

families, they were strong and well formed, the daughters lively and handsome." (1)

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"Quebec in 1690, says Dr. N. E. Dionne, F. R. S. C., had its Governor. The chief of his staff was Philippe Rigaud de Vaudreuil; the Intendant, a man of distinction, was Bochart de Champigny. The city had a Sovereign Council, a Court of *Prévôté*, a Court of Admiralty, a Commissary of Marine, an Overseer of Public Roads, a *Grand Voyer*, two bishops, Jesuits, Friars, Ursulines and *Hospitalières* nuns, secular priests, notaries, physicians, bailiffs, architects, and even a public hangman.

"The administration of New France was carried on by a Council, of which all the members resided in Quebec. It consisted of the Governor, of the Bishop, of the Intendant, of several Councillors, and of a Royal Attorney *(Procureur du roi)*. It was composed of Louis Rouer de Villeray, the friend of the Bishop, an avowed partisan of the Jesuits; consequently, no friend of the Governor. Other men of mark at the Council Board were Mathieu d'Amours de Chauffour, Nicolas du Pont, Sieur de Neuville, Charles le Gardeur de Tilly and Charles Denis de Vitré."

Among the leading men at Quebec, in 1690, may be mentioned the King's Attorney-General, F. M. F. Ruette d'Auteuil, Claude de Bermen, Sieur de la Martinière, judge and lieutenant-civil; Charles de Monseignat,

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(1) Tout est ici de belle taille, et le plus beau sang du monde dans les deux sexes; l'esprit enjoué, les manières douces et polies sont communs à tous; et la rusticité, soit dans le langage, soit dans les façons, n'est pas même connue dans les campagnes les plus écartées. Nulle part ailleurs, on ne parle plus purement notre langage. On ne remarque même ici aucun accent.—*Charlevoix.*

Vide Colbert's letter to intendant Talon, 20th February, 1668, quoted by Parkman, p. 416.—OLD REGIME.

secretary to Frontenac and the author of a full account of what took place, at Quebec, in 1690 ; Pierre Becart, Sieur de Granville, who had been taken prisoner by Phips, near Murray Bay, where he had been sent to watch the New England fleet. Jacques Petit de Verneuil, George Regnard du Plessis, Treasurer of the Marine ; Paul Dupuis, Seignior of Goose Island *(procureur du Roi en la prévôté)*, and for years the pious Seignior of the Island, and father of fifteen children ; he was reputed to be a saint. In such a haunt of game, his sons must have been ardent sportmen, one would imagine.

Michel le Neuf, Sieur de la Vallière et de Beaubassin ; Jean-Baptiste Couillard de l'Espinay, Lieutenant of the Admiralty ; René Chartier de Lotbinière, Lieutenant of the Prévôté ; François Prévost, Major et Commandant of the Castle ; Augustin Rouer, Sieur de Cardonnière ; Pierre de la Lande, Sieur de Gayon, Gervais Beaudoin, Physician to the Ursuline Nuns ; Timothy Roussel, Physician to the Hôtel-Dieu Nuns ; Louis Chambalon appointed, later on, a Royal Notary ; Etienne Dubreuil, Notary to the Quebec Seminary.

The numerous class of merchants, some of whom traded with the West Indies, were represented by Charles Perthuis, Charles Aubert de la Chenaye, François Hazeur, Denis Riverin, François Viennay Pachot. Guillaume Bouthier, Jean Sebille, Nicolas Volan, Jean Gobin, Pierre Têtu du Tilly, Raymond du Bosc, Simon Soumande, Charles Macart, Denis Roberge and a number of others. Dr N. E. Dionne, author of a prize essay on Jacques Cartier, from whom I have borrowed these details, has added a tableau of the men of mark in Quebec, in 1690, a portion of which I subjoin (1).

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(1) PERSONNAGES MARQUANTS DE QUÉBEC EN 1690.

Gouverneur Général de la Nouvelle-France.—Louis de Buade, comte de Palluau et de Frontenac, Chevalier de l'ordre de Saint-Louis.

The fortifications of Quebec, though of a rudimentary nature, in 1690, had been much improved by the new work of defences and the palisades ordered by Count Frontenac in the spring, on the northwestern, unpro-

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Intendant.— Jean Bochart, sieur de Champigny, Norais, Verneuil, etc.

Grand Prévôt des maréchaux de France.—Paul Denis, sieur de S. Simon.

Lieutenant particulier de la Prévôté.—René Louis Chartier de Lotbinière.

Lieutenant de l'Amirauté.—Jean-Baptiste Couillard de l'Espinay.

Conseillers du Conseil Souverain.—Louis Rouer de Villeray, premier conseiller ; Mathias d'Amours, de Chauffour ; Nicolas du Pont, de Neuville ; Jeane Baptiste de Peiras ; Charles Denis de Vitré ; Charles le Gardeur de Tilly.

Procureur général du Roi.—F. M. Ruette d'Auteuil.

Greffier en chef du Conseil.—Alexandre Peuvret, de Gaudarville.

Huissiers.—Guillaume Roger, premier huissier; Réné Hubert, du Conseil; Joseph Prieur, de la Prévôté.

Contrôleur. — Pierre Benac, c. général ; Pierre Chevalier, pour les MM. de la Compagnie ; Antoine Gourdeau, sieur de Beaulieu.

Trésorier de la Marine.—George Regnard du Plessis, sieur de Morampont.

Grand Voyer.—Réné Robineau, sieur de Bécancourt, fils du baron.

Hydrographe du Roi.—J. B. Louis Franquelin.

Architectes.—Claude Bailly, Jean le Rouge, François de la Joüe.

Notaires.—Claude Aubert; F. Genaple de Bellefonds ; Gilles Rageot ; Etienne du Breuil, Séminaire.

Médecins.—Gervais Beaudoin, des Ursulines ; Timothé Roussel ; Nicolas Sarazzin ; Jean Léger de la Grange ; Armand Dumanin ; Pierre du Roy.

Garde-magasin.—Charles Catignan.

Colonel des Troupes.—Louis Philippe Rigaud de Vaudreuil.

Major et Commandant de Québec.—Frs. Prévost.

Capitaine des gardes.—Michel le Neuf, sieur de la Vallière.

Exécuteur des hautes œuvres.—Jean Rattier.

CLERGÉ DE QUÉBEC.

Mgr François de Laval de Montmorency, retiré.
Mgr Jean-Bte de la Croix-Chevrières de St-Valier.

tected side of the town, towards the Ste. Foye road and Plains of Abraham ; though no guns were placed on the summit of Cape Diamond commanding the town until 1693. Town Major Prevost in the absence of Frontenac, then in Montreal, had very judiciously pushed on vigorously to completion these new works, and placed in position batteries wherever he could. "The cliffs along the St. Lawrence", says Parkman, "and those along the tributary river, St. Charles had three accessible points, guarded (until 1871) by the Prescott Gate, the Hope Gate and the Palace Gate. Prevost had secured them by barricades of heavy beams and casks filled with earth. A continuous line of palisades ran along the strand of the St. Charles, from the great cliff called the 'Sault-au-Matelot' to the Palace of the intendant. At this latter point began the line of works constructed by Frontenac to protect the rear of the town. They consisted of palisades strengthened by a ditch and an embankment, and flanked at frequent intervals by square towers of stone. Passing behind the garden of the Ursulines, they extended to a windmill (Dupont de Neuville's) on a hillock called 'Mt. Carmel,' and then to a brink of the cliffs in front. Here there was a battery of eight guns near the present Public Garden (Le Jardin du Fort), two more, each of three guns, were planted at the top of the Sault-au-Matelot; another at the barricade of the Palace Gate ; and another near the windmill of Mt. Carmel ; while a number of light pieces were held in reserve for such use as occasion might require. The Lower Town had no defensive works ; but two batteries, each of three guns, eighteen and twenty-four pounders were placed here at the edge of the river" efficiently directed by Le Moyne de Ste. Hélène and Le Moyne de Maricourt, two brave brothers of Le Moyne de Longueuil, also serving in this memorable campaign.

II

We shall now view the sturdy chieftain, Count Frontenac — who, on his return to Quebec, in 1689, was christened the Saviour of Canada — such as history depicts him — undismayed, striding across the lofty terrace of the Château Saint-Lous, surrounded by his staff — but surveying with suppressed feeling, the unwelcome Massachusetts fleet moored in the offing below. Among the restless group of officers, one might have readily recognized by their prominence as well possibly as by their familly likeness, Charles LeMoyne's four dauntless sons; de Longueuil—de Sainte-Hélène, *le brave des braves*, destined to an early grave — de Bienville and de Maricourt. There stands, silent, next to the Count, Frontenac's trusty adviser and lieutenant, town-major François Prévost and close to him Villebon, Valrenne, Clermont and Frontenac's clever secretary Charles de Monseignat; in the back ground and conversing in whispers may be noticed, some of the high civil officials : Intendant de Champigny, René Chartier de Lotbinière, Ruette d'Auteuil, the King's attorney general and others: they exchanged with bated breath their views, without daring to advise the impatient, impetuous Governor.

* * *

T'is a cool, bright October morning: a hoar frost whitens the dropping roofs of the dwellings and warehouses of the lower town : the sun is just piercing through a veil of autumnal vapour, hanging like a pall over the foaming cataract of Montmorency: the fir, oak and maple groves, sitting like a diadem, on the western point of Orleans, opposite Quebec, are all aglow with the gorgeous hues of the closing season, prior to the fall

of the leaf. An indistinct white spot in the purple distance—the first snow soon however to melt away — crowns the lofty peak of Cape Tourmente on the North shore of the St Lawrence.

One by one the hated, black hulls of the frigates, emerge, a hideous reality, from the rising fog: thirty-four Boston men-of-war, flaunting defiantly at their mast heads, the dreaded flag of the mistress of the sea, old England. The damp, dropping sails, frosted over, are being stowed away; the ships have all swung with the tide; a vague, and ominous silence pervades the public squares and usually noisy market-place. "How is *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to defend the city"? one asks: some few have faith in the sturdy, able, old warrior, to whom fear is unknown. The majority incline to take the gloomiest view of the future. "Let us pray to the Virgin"! repeats, with upturned gaze and trembling lips, the lady superior of a monastery, just returned from visiting the Bishop for advice.

Towards two o'clock, a boat put out from the admiral's ship bearing a white flag. Four canoes leave the lower-town to meet it midway. It brings an officer bearing a letter from Sir William Phips to the French Commander.

Let us allow the brilliant biographer of Frontenac, Francis Parkman, to describe this incident:

"He, (the bearer of the flag of truce) was taken into one of the canoes and paddled to the quay, after being completely blind-folded by a bandage which covered half his face. Prévost received him as he landed, and ordered two sergeants to take him by the arms and lead him to the governor. His progress was neither rapid, nor direct. They drew him hither and thither, delighting to make him clamber in the dark over every possible obstruction; while a noisy crowd hustled him, and laughing women called him Colin Maillard, the name of the chief player in blindman's buff; amid a prodigious hubbub, intended to bewilder him and impress him

with a sense of immense warlike preparations, they dragged him over the three barricades of Mountain street, and brought him at last into a large room of the Château. Here they took the bandage from his eyes. He stood for a moment with an air of astonishment and some confusion. The governor stood before him, haughty and stern, surrounded by French and Canadian officers, Maricourt, Sainte Hélène, Longueuil, Villebon, Valrenne, Bienville and many more, bedecked with gold lace and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons, and all the martial foppery in which they took delight, and regarding the envoy with keen, defiant eyes. After a moment he recovered his breath and his composure, saluted Frontenac, and expressing a wish that the duty assigned to him had been of a more agreable nature, handed him the letter of Phips. Frontenac gave it to an interpreter, who read it aloud in French that all might hear."

It was a summons, to Frontenac on behalf of their Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, to surrender the colony and closed thus. " Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."

" When the reading was finished, the Englishman pulled his watch from his pocket, and handed it to the governor, Frontenac could not, or pretended that he could not see the hour. The messenger thereupon told him that it was ten o'clock, and that he must have the answer before eleven. A general cry of indignation arose ; and Valrenne called out that Phips was nothing but a pirate, and that his man ought to be hanged. Frontenac contained himself for a moment, and then said to the envoy :—" I will not keep you waiting so long. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William ; and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper, who has violated the most sacred laws of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-

law. I know no king of England but King James." This interview was ultimately brought to a close by Frontenac's proud retort. "I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon" and he eventually did so, and much to the point. Major Walley, in his journal, republished in *Smith's History of Canada* has given full particulars of the operations he commanded on the Beauport shore; the idea was for the English to cross in their boats or ford the river St. Charles, ascend by the coteau Ste. Geneviève and take the city in reverse, whilst Phips would fiercely cannonade it from his ships: the spot, where Wolfe 69 years later ascended, at the *ruisseau St. Denis*, was pointed out to Phips but he would not alter his original plan.

Nothing seems to have been done that day (16th); in the evening there occured "a great shouting, mingled with the roll of drums and the sound of fifes," in the Upper Town, when, in reply to an English officer's question, a French prisoner in the English fleet, of the name of Granville, captured whilst reconnoitring opposite Mal Bay, informed him it was Callières, just arrived from Montreal with 700 or 800 men, many of them regulars. Space precludes my developing in detail Major Walley's operations and repulse at Beauport, where the local militia gave his men a warm reception, though Quebec had to deplore the death of a valuable officer—*le chevalier de Clermont*—and the ultimate loss of Sainte-Hélène, who, wounded in the leg, lingered until 3rd December following, and was buried on the 4th, in the *Cimetière des Pauvres*, adjoining the Hôtel-Dieu Monastery.

Let us now take up Parkman's narrative: "Phips lay quiet till daybreak, when Frontenac sent a shot to awaken him, and the cannonade began again. Saint Hélène had returned from Beauport; and he, with his brother Maricourt, took charge of the two batteries in the lower town, aiming the guns in person and throwing balls of 18 and 24 pounds with excellent precision

against the four largest ships of the fleet. One of their shots cut the flagstaff of the Admiral, and the Cross of St. George fell into the water. It drifted with the tide towards the north shore ; whereupon several Canadians paddled out in a birch canoe, secured it and brought it back in triumph. On the spire of the Cathedral of the Upper Town had been hung a picture of the Holy Family as an invocation of divine aid. The Puritan gunners wasted their ammunition in vain attempts to knock it down. That it escaped their malice was ascribed to miracle, but the miracle would have been greater if they had hit it."

A furious cannonade was kept up all this time between Quebec and the Massachusetts fleet. Mère Juchereau de Saint-Ignace, a Hôtel-Dieu nun, draws a very dark picture of the interior of Quebec during this dreadful week. The nuns restricted themselves to a daily morsel of bread, and the loaves which they furnished to the soldiers were impatiently devoured in the shape of dough ; terror and distress reigned in the city, " for ", in her simple but affecting language, everything diminished except hunger." To add to the general confusion, the English squadron kept up a tremendous cannonade, more to the alarm than to the injury of the inhabitants. " It is easy to imagine how our alarms redoubled ; when we heard the noise of the cannon we were more dead than alive ; every time the combat was renewed the bullets fell on our premises in such numbers that in one day we sent twenty-six of them to our artillery-men to be sent back to the English. Several of us thought that we were killed by them ; the danger was so evident that the bravest officers regarded the capture of Quebec as inevitable. In spite of all our fears we prepared different places for the reception of the wounded, because the combat had commenced with an air to make us believe that our hospital would not be capable of containing those who might have need of our assistance. But God spared

the blood of the French ; there were few wounded and fewer killed. Quebec was very badly fortified for a siege ; it contained very few arms and no provisions, and the troops that had come from Montreal had consumed the little food that there was in the city." "The fruits and vegetables of our garden were pillaged by the soldiers ; they warmed themselves at our expense and burned our wood." "Everything appeared sweet to us provided we could be preserved from falling into the hands of those whom we regarded as the enemis of God as well as our own. We had not any professed artillerymen. Two captains, M. LeMoyne de Maricour and M. de Lorimier, took charge of the batteries and pointed the cannon so accurately as hardly ever to miss. M. de Maricour shot down the flag of the Admiral, and, as soon as it fell, our Canadians boldly ventured out in a canoe to pick it up, and brought it ashore under the very beards of the English." "The Lower Town had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who bestowed their families and their furniture within the solid walls of the Seminary. The cellars of the Ursulines Convent were filled with women and children, and many more took refuge at the Hôtel-Dieu. The beans and cabbages in the garden of the nuns had all been stolen by the soldiers, and their wood-pile was turned into bivouac fires." "At the Convent of the Ursulines, the corner of a nun's apron was carried off by a canon-shot as she passed through her chamber. The sisterhood began a *novena*, or nine days' devotion, to Saint Joseph, Ste Anne, the angels, and the souls in purgatory ; and one of their number remained in prayer day and night before the images of the Holy Family." "The Superior of the Jesuits, with some of the elder members of the order, remained at their college during the attack, ready, should the heretics prevail, to repair to their chapel and die before the altar. Rumour exaggerated the numbers of the enemy, and a general alarm pervaded the town. It was still greater at Lorette, nine

miles distant. The warriors of that mission were in the first skirmish at Beauport; and two of them, running off in a fright, reported that the enemy were carrying everything before them. On this the villagers fled to the woods, followed by Father Germain, their missionary, to whom this hasty exodus suggested the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. The Jesuits were thought to have special reason to fear the Puritan soldiery, who, it was reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces."

Seldom was a military expedition worse planned and less efficiently carried out. Parkman affirms that the troops were composed of undisciplined Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, ill-supplied with ammunition and worse-off for artillerists to point their guns. After a whole week of ineffective siege and furious cannonading, the luckless fleet, on Tuesday, the 23rd October, 1690, disappeared behind Point Lévis and set sail for Boston. The flag of the Admiral's ship, captured by Maricourt's boatmen, was borne in triumph to the Cathedral, where it remained until the great siege of 1759; Bishop St. Valier sung a *Te Deum;* and, amid the booming of the city guns, the image of the Virgin Mary was paraded from church to church, followed by priests, citizens and soldiery. The auspicious day closed with a grand bonfire in honour of Frontenac, the Saviour of Canada, who was more than ever idolised.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR OF THE CONQUEST.

"We burned and destroyed upwards of fourteen hundred fine farm houses."—*Journal quoted by W. Smith*, the historian of Canada.

"A priest with about four score of his parishioners have fortified themselves in a house, a few miles to the eastward of our camp, on the north side of the river, where they indiscreetly pretend to brave our troops...The priest who fortified himself on the north side of the river, sent a written invitation to an officer who commanded in a house in his neighborhood "to honor him with his company to dinner, with an assurance that he, and any officer of his detachment who would be kind enough to accompany him, should return with the greatest safety;" he added, "that as the English officer fought for his king and for glory, he hoped he himself would be excused for fighting for his poor parishioners and defending his country."

"The unfortunate priest is defeated; a detachment of light troops laid an ambuscade in the skirts of the wood near his fortified house, and as soon as the field-piece was brought up and began to play, he with his men sallied out, when, falling into the ambush, thirty of them with their leader were surrounded, *killed* and *scalped:* the reason of their being treated with such cruelty, proceeded from the wretched parishioners having disguised themselves like Indians. In this rencontre we had five men wounded.

"The parish of Richet, with the stately house lately occupied by the indiscreet priest, called Château Richer, are now in flames."—*Knox's Journal*, of the siege of Quebec, *Vol. II.*

Canada, like England, was conquered; in one case an Anglo-Saxon kingdom was overrun by Norman invaders: in the other, a Norman colony was wrested by the descendants of Anglo-Saxons from its French masters; both invasions left behind them a "Memory of sorrow." In both countries the conquest was a boon, the means of extending public liberty. In the first, the Saxon and Norman blended and formed a composite

nationality, stronger than each of its separate elements could have constituted it: in the other, will like causes produce like results? Time will tell.

Let us hear a conscientious historian: — "Are you," asks the learned Abbé Ferland, "desirous of studying antiquities, traditions and old Canadian customs? Go then and examine the ruins of Château-Richer and the remains of the house of the Sieur Carré (1): you will notice in the Church of Ste. Anne, the offerings of the Marquis of Tracy, of the Chevalier d'Iberville (2) ex votos suspended to the walls shortly after the middle of the 17th century; you will meet with families there who still own the lands conceded to their ancestors about the year 1640; in the *habitant* of the *Côte de Beaupré*, you will recognize the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his chronicles, his songs, his superstitions, his customs.

"But since I now have you on the soil of this *Côte de Beaupré*, I shall lay before you an episode of the war of 1759, of which the locality we now occupy was the theatre. This narrative will serve to disprove the

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(1) Carré was that fighting *habitant*, who, at the head of a company of young Canadians, rushed up to Quebec, in 1690, to repel invasion. After the departure of Phips, the French commander was so pleased with Carré's bravery, that he made him a present of two small cannon used in the siege.

(2) "One is a wreck scene, Ste. Anne is represented as descending from heaven to the aid of a fleet during a storm, with the following curious inscription, which is copied *verbatim et literatim*:—

EX. VOTO. LE. NAVIRE. LE. ST. FRANCOIS. DE. CANADA. DEMATTE. DETOVS. LES. MATS. LE. 29BRE. 1732: COMMANDE. PAR. PIERRE. D'ASTARGIR. ARME. PAR. M. LAMADRILLE. LE. JEVNE.

"Another painting on the wall immediately opposite represents the landing of emigrants sometime before the year 1717; another not far distant, a squadron of three war vessels, bearing a tri-colored flag of red, white and green. Out of this last, one could extract no meaning, further than supposing it represented some notable instance of the saint's providential intervention.

English chronicler (Knox)—whose name heads this communication. A priest massacred by the English, —a convent of nuns burned by them : that is the only true portion of the English writer's record.

" Twenty years ago, at the foot of the cape on which the Château-Richer Church is built, the blackened and crumbling walls of this convent could yet be seen : there they stood, a silent but eloquent monument of the horrors of a war in which buildings sacred to religion and to science, were ruthlessly destroyed by the hands of a civilized nation. Rebuilt through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Baillargeon, when he had the spiritual charge of the Château-Richer parish, this edifice was in part restored to its original destination : it is now the parish school.

" 'T was on the evening of the 23rd June, 1759, a number of women and some old men were standing in groups in front of the church of Château-Richer ; close by a bonfire, in honor of the patron saint of Canada, St. Jean Baptiste, was slowly flickering out. Gaiety was the order of the day ; several children, with live coals in their hands which they agitated high in the air, were trying to imitate an Indian war-dance, such as they had seen performed by a band of Ottawas which had visited the place a few days previously, at the invitation of the governor of Canada, the great Onontio, as they called him. It was evident the older folks entered little in the innocent fun and frolic which occupied the mind of the juveniles ; surrounding the curé of the parish, the Rev. J. F. Duburon, who at this moment was standing on the point of the cape on which the parochial church is erected, some old people appeared in earnest conversation ; the respected pastor had rested his telescope on the twig of one of the stunted cedar trees which grow in the crevices of the cape, and was scanning the horizon in the direction of the Traverse, just then lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun, whilst his parishioners were surveying the majestic

expanse of water before them, the green beaches dotted with kine, and the fertile uplands clothed in verdure, showing fair promise of a luxuriant harvest. 'Watch well, my friends, along the north shore capes, if you do not see small white objects! They seem to be like sails. Oh, if it only were the relief for the colony, from France? what a rich joke we would play upon the English! Look now at the effect of the sun on the white sails!' At that moment a vessel, crossing from Cape Tourmente in the direction of the channel, which was then used between Pointe d'Argentenay and Madame Island, could be distinctly made out. 'Count them!' hurriedly exclaimed the reverend gentleman; 'one—two—three!'

"But the sun has gone down; the shade of the lofty capes reaches as low as the *traverse*, shutting out all objects from view.

"'My poor country!' exclaims the priest, closing the spy-glass; 'my poor country! what is to become of you, should these be English ships? What with Sir William Johnson, and the New England militia towards Lake Champlain, you stand a poor chance, now; that an enemy shows himself in the very heart of Canada.'

"'Cheer up! reverend sir,' retorted the village notary! 'we have at Quebec, Montcalm and a fine army to defend us; and have we not also there one of our own people, a Canadian, the Marquis of Vaudreuil?'

"'My dear notary, let us place our hope in God! we have but little help to expect from men,' gloomily rejoined the minister of religion.

"'What?' said the warlike N. P. (1); "do you forget how often French soldiers and Canadian militia have repulsed the New Englanders?'

"I do not, I assure you, good friend; but, then we were united, and had no traitors amongst us;—to-day,

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(1) N. P. Notary Public.

dissentions and jealousy exist between the French regulars and the Canadian militia. We can trust our leaders ; but, my dear notary, rest assured that those who have plundered our treasury will find means to effectually conceal their rascality. If there is not treachery, there will certainly be lukewarmness displayed, in the defence of the country. I *warn* you of the fact."

" At that moment the arrival of a messenger from Quebec interrupted the conversation."

" Here is a letter for you, reverend sir. I am also the bearer of two other letters for the priests of the neighboring parishes."

" ' Thank you my friend,' replied M. Duburon—adding, ' Have you seen your brother since he has joined the regiment in Quebec ? "

" ' Oh yes, sir, and I can tell you that he is not afraid to meet an Englishman, even should he resemble Old Nick himself. Our boys are in high spirits there, and they say that if they meet any more of the kilties, Scotch Highlanders, such as they met at Carillon, they will lead them a dance. My brother, pointing towards the earthworks near the Falls of Montmorency, said : " ' Look there ; if the English presume to attack us, with these works to protect us, we will give them the d—l to eat."

" The *curé* having glanced over the letter, read out aloud the contents, thus :

" ' SIR,—The English fleet is coming up the St Lawrence. Agreable to the plan decided on by the governor general, you and your parishioners will take to the woods, with whatever you can carry away of the church property. You will use your influence over your people to make them remain in their hiding-places so long as the English are in the vicinity of Quebec. May the Almighty soon deliver us from such unpleasant neighbors, &c.

" ' ✝ H. M., Bishop of Quebec.'

" ' Just as I thought,' added M. Duburon ; ' it is the English fleet we have just seen lower down than the Traverse. With a fair wind, to-morrow they will be in front of the city. To-morrow, we shall start for the woods ; you,' addressing the village notary, ' please notify the inhabitants of this fact, whilst I dispatch these letters to the priests of Ste. Anne and St. Joachim.'

" The Reverend Mr. Duburon, my readers will remark, does not seem to be of such a warlike disposition as the historian Knox makes him out. Neither does the notary, Monsieur Crespin, appear to have been a more fighting character than his pastor. He held from his seigneur a kind of judicial office, and lived in state at the seigniorial manor, which was called the *château.*

" Monsieur Crespin was a man of peace: his motto was, *Cedat armis toga :* and having made a bundle of his ' records,' he placed his *greffe* under his arm, and followed by Madame Crespin and Monsieur Crespin, junior, his son and lawful heir, he sorrowfully directed his steps towards the forest.

" During a short period, a great uproar existed in all the settlements of the *Côte de Beaupré.* Each parish had a place of concealment for its inhabitants at the foot of the mountain. It was a general stampede from the Falls of Montmorency as low down as Cape Tourmente. The valuables too heavy for removal to the woods, were deposited on the skirts of the woods ; the farm cattle were driven back to out-of-the-way grazing-grounds; women, children, and old men, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to the homes of their youth, hurried to the interior with what they valued most. Some old men who were removed in their beds, were taken back in the fall in their coffins.

" Several births took place in the woods, and baptism administered. A few years back a venerable old man died at Ste. Anne, who was born on the banks of

Rivière aux Chiens, under the shade of a walnut tree *(un noyer)*, which he used to call his godfather; in commemoration of the fact, the word 'Noyer' was added to his family name, and his descendants bear it to this day.

"Two months had run over, Wolfe's army was kept in check by Montcalm, and could not advance on Quebec. Rendered impatient by the vigorous defence, which threatened to render abortive their expensive expedition, the English vented their revenge in the rural districts by pillaging and burning the houses. It was easy to follow the march of the invaders in the lower parts of the district (1) of Quebec, by the blaze of the conflagrations they had lit up. Generally, the lives of prisoners were spared—they were even allowed to choose between the alternative to perish of cold or of hunger during the coming winter. Until then, the *Côte de Beaupré* had escaped the common fate; the scouts from the mountain were gratified to find their houses still uninjured. At last their turn came. The companies of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, under captain Montgomery, were instructed to take possession of all the cattle, and to burn all the houses from Cape Tourmente until Ange-Gardien.

These troops followed the shore until they had got opposite the *Grande Ferme*, at St. Joachim, where they landed and began their awful work. The Quebec Seminary owned at this spot a magnificent farm: close to it was the *presbytère* and church of St. Joachim. Philippe Réné de Portneuf, the priest of the parish of St. Joachim, was a member of the ancient family of Bécancour. Several of his ancestors, and three of his brothers, had

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(1) The dwellings at Rivière-Ouelle, Ste. Anne, St. Roch and St. Jean Port-Joly, were burnt and pillaged, even the banal mill of Three Salmons, the only means for the inhabitants of grinding their corn for a distance of thirty miles, was consigned to the flames.

served with distinction in the army; and he himself was not the man to fly from his parish at the sight of the English. Some forty of his parishioners, all handy with the gun, seeing the Scotch soldiers busy burning the church and *presbytère* of St. Joachim, and being led to believe that their own homes would soon share the same fate, determined to defend their property. Well armed, they ensconced themselves on the declevity of a thickly-wooded hill, which commanded the road the enemy had to follow. The brave *curé* considered it his duty, to stand by them in this emergency; he therefore remained to encourage them by his counsel, and administer spiritual rites. The Canadians fought well, but a superior force threatening to surround them, they retired, leaving behind seven or eight of their comrades killed or wounded. The Highlanders had dearly bought their advantage, having lost several men by the bullets of the Canadian *chasseurs*. Many years after, Lieut. Fraser, who had been present at this engagement, asked an old man named Gagnon, if he had not grieved for the death of a brother of his who had then fallen? 'No,' washis stern reply, 'for I avenged his death on the spot: I fired eight shots, and each time brought down one of your men.' Though seriously wounded, M. de Portneuf followed his parishioners in their flight. But, weakened by loss of blood, he fell on a stone, which is yet pointed out, near the mill: the enemy soon came up, and hacked him to pieces with their sabres. This melancholy event took place on the 23rd of August. A few days later, the priest of the next parish, the Reverend Mr. Parent, his friend, gave Christian burial to M. de Portneuf's remains, and to those of seven of his flock. His body lies inside of the church, but outside of the railings and close to the seigniorial pew.

"The work of destruction having been completed at St. Joachim, the English detachment, with a similar errand on hand, marched upwards, towards the Montmorency, on whose banks the bulk of the forces were

camped. After crossing the river Ste. Anne, the scouts noticed a group of men at the spot where the cross road begins, which leads through the woods to the back range of St. Féréol. Some soldiers were sent in this direction, but fearing an ambush, they returned without striking a blow. It was only a small band of *chasseurs* of Saint Féréol armed with fowling-pieces, but impelled merely by curiosity to see what those English looked like whom they were told were the enemies of God and of France. The sight of his Satanic majesty would not have been a greater curiosity for these simple-minded peasants than that of an Englishman was in their excited imaginations in those stormy times. During the few days of march of the Scotch companies, the peasants of Ste. Anne and Château-Richer, could, from their lofty hiding places, witness the conflagrations which consumed their houses and farm-buildings. At Ste. Anne's, the church and four houses only escaped the torch, and even then, if we credit a local tradition, the church, which was fired three times, only escaped through the especial protection of Sainte Anne ! In the whole extent of Château-Richer, a bakery alone was spared.

" When the British arrived at the village of this parish, they took their lodgings partly in the convent and partly in the houses situate near to the church, and busied themselves in carrying away the cattle and in destroying the harvests which were not yet cut.

" In the meantime, the Château-Richer people became tired of living in the woods ; the nights got cool ; they were threatened with starvation, and many wished to find out how matters stood, on the shores of the St. Lawrence. At the request of the Rev. Mr. Duburon, two lads, Gravel and Drouin, undertook to go and explore for the rest. When they got on the heights behind the church of the parish, they saw large crowds of men ascending the Ange-Gardien Hill. Red coats

and glistening steel soon marked them as British troops. 'They are on the move, they are off for Quebec,' exclaimed Drouin, after a few moments of observation; 'a good riddance ! Let us go back and tell our people.' 'Of course,' replied the other ; 'but suppose we take a run to the convent and see what is going on there.' In a trice they got there : Drouin's hand has just seized the handle of the door, when it was violently thrown open, and twenty Highlanders pointed their guns towards them at the word 'Surrender.' As if struck by an electric shock, the young men bounded off towards the hills, and a discharge of musketry followed ; a bullet grazed Drouin's hair and skin, whilst the Highlanders seemed particularly anxious to catch Gravel, a very tall youth. But fear adds wings, and soon they left their pursuers in the rear ; the noise of shot fired after them in the leaves got fainter and fainter, and after a laborious race of three miles, they arrived quite exhausted and speechless amongst their comrades.

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" Quebec had surrundered. About the end of September the *curé* of Château-Richer had arrived from the mountain, leading his flock, and set to work to erect huts on the spot where their homes had previously stood. The young folks felt delighted at again seeing the banks of the St Lawrence ; the old men shed tears at having lived to see the day when the English were masters of the country ; the fathers of families pondered sorrowfully over the waste and destruction which had befallen their lands. Monsieur Crespin, N. P., was cogitating on the legal difficulties which would surround him if he had to administer justice in the English language ; it was doubly trying to a man of his years, after the trouble he had taken to master the French tongue.

Behind the crowd, on stretchers, were conveyed the two youths, Drouin and Gravel; they had not yet rallied from the effects of their race.

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" Sixteen years had passed over. Brought to the lowest ebb, by the pillage (1) and destruction perpetrated by the British soldiery, the inhabitants saw a brighter future in store for them; some had even retrieved their losses. Amongst the latter might be counted Gravel, who was now a *pater familias*, and whose loyalty had been rewarded by a lieutenancy in the militia. One day, an English officer of rank called

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(1) The canny Scots who played such a conspicuous part in the War of the Conquest, if they did suffer in their numbers, rather increased their " material guaranties ".

" The following interesting anecdote is told of Fraser's Highlanders. It is related from the words of the venerable Mr. Thompson, who was present at the battle of Montmorenci:

" General Murray, being in want of funds to carry on his government during the winter, summoned all the officers and enquired if they had any money, and if their soldiers had any money that they could lend to the Governor until the supplies arrived from England in the spring. We were told of the wants of the governor, and the next day we were paraded, every man, and told that we should receive our money back, with interest, as soon as possible; and in order to prevent any mistake, every man received his receipt for his amount, and for fear he should lose it, the Adjutant went along the ranks, and entered in a book the name and sum opposite to every man; and *by the Lord Harry!* when they came to count it up, they found that our regiment alone, Fraser's Highlanders, had mustered *six thousand guineas!* It was not long after we had lent our money, that one morning a frigate was seen coming round Pointe Lévi with supplies. We were soon afterwards mustered, and every man received back his money, with *twelve months* interest, besides the thanks of the general." —*Hawkin's Picture of Quebec.*

at his house. He was the bearer of an order to the militia officers to furnish him with relays of horses to travel. As he spoke French fluently, the lieutenant thought he would drive him himself. 'What ruins are those?' enquired the Englishman when he passed close to the convent. 'Why, one could see them from St. Joachim, and even from Quebec!

"'It was formerly a convent, sir; it was destroyed in '59 when the country was ceded: I have reason to know something about it. I can tell you I felt tolerably nervous on that day.' He then related his and Drouin's mission, their utter surprise, and how they were chased, also the serious illness which it caused them.

"'Well, my friend,' said the English officer, 'I see you and I are old acquaintances. We have met before. I was the lieutenant in charge of the company stationed in that convent, to prevent any attack on our rear. I saw you come down the hill, and it occurred to me we might get important information if we could catch one or the other of you two. Before I could utter a word of French to you, you were off. We fired, in hopes of frightening you and making you surrender. If you gave us no information, we had a hearty laugh at your expense. I have just arrived from England, and I felt curious to revisit this portion of the country, which I once visited in a very different way. I am glad to meet in you an acquaintaince, at a time when I have to meet in the field an older acquaintance still, in the person of my old friend General Montgomery.'"

THE WAR OF 1759-60 (1)

In a previous article mention was made of the light shed by the recent publication of the de Montcalm and de Levis correspondence on a momentous and imperfectly understood period in Canadian annals: the era of public plunder and riotous living which immediately preceded the loss of the colony to France. I promised, with the aid of these documents, to exhibit the two illustrious French Generals under novel aspects. Before setting to work to fulfil this promise, it may not be amiss to relate how the correspondence—perfect literary treasures—have been opened out to the reading public. It took Abbé Casgrain, the compiler—or rather the discoverer—nearly four years to complete this arduous task, involving annual voyages to Europe. Here are his own words rendered in English: "The discovery of MSS. of the highest importance, and which had escaped the researches of historians, induced me to write this history. When, in 1888, I was superintending in Paris the transcribing of the letters exchanged by General de Montcalm with his family during his Canadian campaigns, I learned from his great grandson, the Marquis Victor de Montcalm, that his relative, Count Raimond de Nicolaï, had in his possession some of Montcalm's writings. I called on the Count with a letter of introduction from the Marquis. It would be hard to depict my surprise when, instead of a few letters only, Count de Nicolaï spread out before me eleven volumes in

(1) "Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760." By L'Abbé H. R. Gasgrain.

manuscript, among which I spied General de Montcalm's journal, the journal of Chevalier de Levis, their correspondence, that of de Vaudreuil, de Bourlamaque, Bigot, and of a crowd of civil and military officers of Canada, with Chevalier de Levis' narratives of several expeditions, dispatches and letters from the court, at Versailles. Nearly all these documents had never been published. For more than a century lying buried in the recesses of a provincial library, they had thus escaped the eye of the student.

"General de Levis, whilst in Canada, was in the habit of noting down in his journal the incidents of his campaigns, and also retained copies of his active correspondence.

"At the death of de Montcalm, de Levis became the trustee of all the documents which the dying General had bequeathed him. De Levis even went to the trouble of having transcribed carefully his journal and his correspondence; arranged by order of date the letters of the divers persons with whom he had intercourse in Canada, and had the whole bound with a degree of carefulness—nay, of elegance, as to denote the importance he attached to it.

"That invaluable collection is to-day the property of Count de Nicolaï. The Province of Quebec is now the owner of a copy made, the publication of which began in 1889, is to be borne by the Provincial authorities as to cost.

"The persual of these MSS.—whose publication I am to direct—gave me the idea of writing the history of the epoch which they cover—which is, undoubtedly, the most interesting in our annals. Every incident of importance, pending the war which ended French rule in Canada, recalls the career of de Montcalm and de Levis. Of all the historians who have described this period, Mr. Frs. Parkman is the only one who has done so in detail. He performed his task with such ability, so much science, that none can make it a matter of

question ; but, as I have just stated, documents of paramount importance were not then available. I have completed this collection by having transcribed all the records relating to the same epoch—1755-1760—which are deposited at the Marine, Colonial and other war departments in Paris. This series alone comprises nineteen large folio volumes. I also dived into the *Archives Nationales*, and into the leading libraries in Paris, in addition to some provincial libraries and family archives. I have already mentioned the Montcalm library ; let me add that of de Bougainville. The copy of the MSS. of the famous navigator, which relate to Canada, is made up of his journal and of his correspondence. It contributes two large folio volumes of 1184 pages of close writing..... other searches were made in England, chiefly in the British Museum and at the Public Record Office, in London.

" The correspondence between de Montcalm and Bourlamaque, acquired a few years back by a wealthy and cultured Englishman, Sir Thomas Phillips, of Cheltenham, was transcribed under the auspices of Mr. Parkman, who kindly allowed me to have a copy made. In the United States and in Canada I had access to innumerable letters and documents written during the seven years war. In Quebec, the archives of the Quebec *Séminaire*, of the *archives* and of the religious *communautés*, supplied me with valuable data. I may add to the mass of manuscript records the innumerable books, *brochures* and newspapers relating to that era—which I have carefully scanned. I think I can say that no work of any importance on those times has escaped my attention. Among the printed works I am bound specially to name Desandrouin's Journal and Malartic's : the first, of 416 pages, was printed in 1887, and was previously unknown ; the second, printed in 1890, of 370 pages, was known through some fragments only.

" Search for materials is insufficient ; one must also, in writing, inspect the localities. To that end I have

travelled over the territory which formerly constituted New France—from Cape Breton to Pittsburgh, old fort Duquesne; from the extreme end of Acadia to Lake George, so as to understand the localities to which the incidents refer. The portrait of de Montcalm, which prefaces the first volume, was engraved from the original belonging to the present representative of the family, the Marquis Victor de Montcalm. That of de Levis, prefacing the second volume, was executed from a photograph taken from the portrait of Maréchal de Levis, owned by Count de Nicolaï. The plans of Oswego, William Henry, Carillon and of the battle of Ste. Foye, were engraved from the originals in the collection of Maréchal de Levis."

The two bulky volumes, " Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760," just published by the Province of Quebec, under the supervision of Abbé Casgrain, are not, let it be understood, a mere compilation of letters, etc. They also embody the thoughts and theories of a brillant *littérateur*, and of a learned historian.

To the Abbé's friends who are acquainted with the painful ailment—partial loss of sight—which he has laboured under for years, compelling him to dictate to a secretary, it is a mystery how he could have achieved such a splendid monument of learning, research and industry. Rev. Abbé H. R. Casgrain is again spending the winter in Paris, prosecutiug researches in Canadian annals. (The *Week*.)

Quebec, Feb., 1892.

GENERAL MONTCALM ON HORSE FLESH.

A graphic and novel portraiture of Montcalm and Levis (1) is revealed in their correspondence, published by that industrious searcher of the past, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, F. R. S. C. These hitherto unpublished letters exchanged between the two Generals, during the last lustre of the French regime in Canada, entirely corroborate and complete the spicy narrative of the unknown hand who wrote the "Mémoires sur les affaires du Canada, 1749-60"; one of the publications of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

The scarcity of food noticeable in 1755—through war, bad harvests and plundering public officials—ended in a famine in 1757-8. The Commissary Doreil wrote on the 28th February, 1758: "The people are dying of hunger. The refugees from Acadia, for the last four months, live on horse flesh and dry cod fish, without bread; more than three hundred of them have died. Horse flesh is quoted at six *sols* per lb..... Half a pound of bread is the daily ration of the soldier; his weekly ration consists of three lbs. of beef—3 lbs. of horse flesh—two lbs. of peas and three lbs. of codfish. Since 1st April, the famine being on the increase, the people are restricted to two oz. of bread....." Dussieux adds that during this time, the *carnaval*, until Ash-Wednesday, was taken up at the Intendant Bigot's with gambling at a fearful rate "un jeu à faire trembler les plus determinés joueurs," Bigot losing at cards more than 200,000 livres.

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(1) "Guerre du Canada," 1756-1760. "Montcalm et Levis," par l'abbé H. R. Casgrain. Québec: L. J. Demers and Frère. 1891.

There is, among others, a characteristic letters, written from Quebec, on December 4th, 1757, by the lively Marquis of Montcalm to his second in command at Montreal, Brigadier-General Levis. The following is a short excerpt. The General, whilst directing his able lieutenant at Montreal to stop the beef rations for the troops and to substitute in lieu, horse flesh, jocularly enumerates the various dishes which a horse flesh *menu* can supply, and adds : " At my table horse flesh is served in every possible form, except in soup." The bill of fare reads quite artistic in French :—

Petits pâtés de cheval à l'Espagnole.
Cheval à la mode.
Escalopes de cheval.
Filets de cheval à la broche avec une poivarde bien liée.
Semelles de cheval au gratin.
Langues de cheval en miroton.
Frigousse de cheval.
Langue de cheval boucanée, meilleure que celle d'orignal.
Gâteau de cheval comme les gâteaux de lièvres.

Montcalm adds that this noble animal (the horse) is far superior (cooked) to elk, caribou or beaver.

There was some grumbling, and there might well be, among the troops and the people when it was attempted to impose horse flesh for nourishment. The reduction in the quantity of food had, the month previous, caused disorder. The soldiers, billeted on the town folks for want of barracks, had been spurred on by the citizens; the colonial corps, less broken to discipline than the regulars, refused to take their rations, in Montreal.

In the absence of de Vaudreuil, then in Quebec, Levis held the supreme command in Montreal. He overcame this first outbreak by firmness combined with tact. His explanations were so persuasive that the soldiers even cheered him.

On de Vaudreuil's return it was the people who rose in rebellion on finding the daily quarter of a pound of bread replaced by horse flesh. The women crowded

round the Governor's palace and demanded an interview. He admitted four within, demanding what they wanted. They replied "that the horse was the friend of man—that religion protected his days—that they preferred to die rather than feed on his flesh."

De Vaudreuil cut short the interview saying, "That should any of them again cause trouble, he would cast them into prison and hang half of them." He then told them to go to the slaughter house and ascertain for themselves that the horses killed were in the same good condition as the oxen slaughtered.

This failed to satisfy them; they returned home uttering seditious remarks. The mob held that the Commissary, Cadet, gathered up all the broken down horses in the country to have them converted into food, so much so that a used-up *plug* was named a Cadet. This, however, did not prevent the army from grumbling.

An instance is mentioned of four troopers of the *Béarn* Regiment having brought to the Chevalier de Levis a mess of horse flesh, cooked in their style; Levis made the soldiers breakfast with him on a dish prepared by his own *cuisinier*, and they declared their own preferable. He then handed them four *livres*, for them and their comrades to drink his health.

Then follows, in this curious series of letters, the recipe given by the Regiment *La Reine* for making soup—by combining horse flesh with beef; the boiled beef to be eaten in the morning and the horse flesh to be made in a *fricassée* for the evening meal.

Reserving for another article glimpses of Montcalm's every day life in that boodling era, as disclosed in his letters, now for the first time brought to light, and in which the charming goddesses he worshipped in Parloir street, Quebec, will be introduced, I shall close these cursory notes of the learned Abbé's volumes by dwelling on the more varied style of *menu*, which was in modern times supplied to starved cities and garrisons. Bismarck's white cuirassiers, in 1870, had reduced the

cultured Parisians to live on horse flesh—when an inventive *maître d'hôtel*, recommended possibly as a side dish—the " white, black and red " rats of the *égouts*. The Parisian gourmets, if limited as to their *carte de cuisine*, had, however, a delightful poet to sing the praise of their new esculents and to promise them, in 1870—the *revanche* which, however, is to begin later on.

Hark! to the cheering lines of Theophile de Banville, now recently deceased :—

Dans un coin reculé du parc,
Les rats assis sur leur derrière
Regardent monsieur de Bismarck
Sous les ombrages de Ferrières.

Les yeux enflammés de courroux
Et lui tirant leur langues roses,
Les petits rats blancs, noirs et roux,
Lui murmurent en cœur ces choses :

" Cuirassier blanc, qui te poussait
A vouloir cette guerre étrange ?
Ah ! meurtrisseur de rois, c'est
A cause de toi qu'on nous mange ?

Mais ce crime tu le paieras,
Et puisque c'est toi qui nous tues,
Nous irons, nous, les petits rats,
En Prusse, de nos dents pointues.

Manger les charpentes des tours,
Et les portes des citadelles
Plus affamés que les vautours
Qui font dans l'air un grand bruit d'ailes.

Tu nous entendras dans le mur
De ton grenier, où l'ombre est noire,
Tout l'hiver manger ton bled mûr,
Avant de grignoter l'armoire.

Puis, nous rongerons l'écriteau
Qui sacre un nouveau Charlemagne,
Et même le rouge manteau
De ton empereur d'Allemagne," etc.

(*The Week.*)

Quebec, January 28, 1892.

MONTCALM AND LEVIS.

For those desirous of following the main incidents of the memorable Seven Year's War, 1756-63 in Canada, as well as studying the social record of the period in its minute details, two recent standard works are now available : Parkman's, " MONTCALM and WOLFE " for the English reader, and Casgrain's, " MONTCALM and LEVIS " for French Canadians.

The story told by both writers may be the same, but the frame-work, the colouring, the lights and shades of the picture often materially differ. Nor is the summing up of the case and the verdict likely to be entered, the same; for here, we are face to face with two different— shall we say antagonistic, schools of thought ?

This extremely interesting phase of the subject, lack of space forbids us entering into. We shall merely, confine ourselves to a few glimpses of the two French commanders in their every-day life.

Able generals, Montcalm and Levis unquestionably proved themselves; both equally free of the taint of malversation of office and speculation ; as such, very unlike the members of *La Grande Société*, of which François Bigot, the Intendant, was the High priest. But was their influence and that of their military followers morally beneficial to the colony? Old memoirs, corroborated by the recently published correspondence of the military leaders, leave strong grounds to doubt.

The sole object of French officers in accepting commands, in what they styled the Canadian wilderness, was military promotion. At each page of the correspondence, we find them asking, as Abbé Casgrain well

puts it, " *des grâces* " promotion, resting their claim on court favour ; the King's concubine in those days was the fountain of honour ; or, on the recommendation of some of the minions of an imbecile monarch. As Frenchmen, they were ever ready to fight ; but often, we notice them the slaves of inordinate pleasure.

Quebec as well as Montreal, they strived hard to make, according to Parkman's expression, " a sparkling fragment of the reign of Louis XV, dropped into the American wilderness ", They succeeded, in its most sorrowful aspect.

Quebec, in fact, as to gambling, soon got to be the Monte Carlo of the continent. High play and immorality reigned supreme amidst public misery and ghastly famine. Whilst the unfortunate people were dying in the streets for want of bread, leading officials, civil and military, were crowding at the faro tables or nightly gorging themselves in banquets, which the rising sun alone brought to a close. Even the high-spirited and studious Montcalm was an abettor of gambling. De Vaudreuil thus reproves him : " Que n'arrête-t-il lui-même le jeu effroyable auquel se livrent les officiers de son armée " ! The marquis apparently overlooked this vice. The result was disastrous to the *morale* of his army. Impecunious subalterns had to borrow and borrow heavily from the rich *roturiers* of trade, at Quebec and at Montreal, to keep up in expenditure with Bigot's clique of wealthy parasites and public robbers.

The " Mémoires sur le Canada, 1749-60," whilst showing up the rogueries and immorality of the enriched, low-born Lovelaces and Lotharios who paid court to Bigot and to his *chère amie*, do not spare the chevalier de Levis, who took to France his mistress, the wife of Penissault, one of Bigot's confederates. It seems her pretty face won her favour, even with the great state Minister, Choiseul. The church tried in vain to put a stop to these public scandals. Bishop Pontbriand was not slow in raising a note of warning. Abbé Casgrain

tells how the good pastor put forth a *mandement* so energetic, on the 18th April, 1759, that Montcalm took exception to its terms and reproached the Bishop for having unsparingly condemned "the indecent masquerades" of the preceding winter, and for asserting that "a house of prostitution was-established near the ramparts of Quebec."

Was the Intendant here aimed at?

If the lives of the leaders were not pure, what could have been that of the French *troupiers?* Female virtue, love of country, disinterestedness, true manliness, were evidently relegated to a back seat in this steeplechase of riot, robbery and wantonness. True, there was yet in the colony a party—not a very numerous, nor strong one,—*le parti des honnêtes gens;* de Vaudreuil, de Lery, Taché, La Corne, de Beaujeu, de Longueuil, and some other men of note belonged to it.

Even de Bougainville, who is credited with making several pretty speeches — Bougainville, the learned Fellow of a London society of *savants*—Bougainville, the mathematician, destined later on to immortalise his name as a navigator, was nothing but a reckless gambler "*un des plus forcénés joueurs.*" (1) "Though he affected to be a rigorist," says the Abbé, "his daily life resembled that of his friend, dissolute but brave Bigot.

We are reminded to be brief.

Abbé Casgrain's work (2) completes some data, probably left out intentionally by Frs. Parkman, as to Montcalm's too great intimacy with certain facinating ladies, in Parloir St., Quebec. In a letter the general wrote to Bourlamaque, whom he had left in Quebec, (3) he says: "I am glad you sometimes speak of me to

(1) "Guerre du Canada," vol. II., pp. 13 and 14.
(2) "Guerre du Canada," pp. 337 and 338.
(3) Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," vol. I., pp. 452-5.

the three ladies in the Rue du Parloir, and I am flattered by their remembrance, especially by that of one of them, in whom I find, at certain moments, too much wit and too many charms for my tranquility." More than once in his correspondence, allusion is made to these charmers, who were nigh making him for a time forget the absent Marquise, his olive trees, and the chesnut groves of his beloved Condiac.

The Abbé thus describes Parloir street — a narrow thoroughfare which skirts the very wall of the Ursulines Chapel, where the gallant rival of Wolfe has slumbered for 133 years in the grave scooped out by an English shell: "Little Parloir street was one of the chief centres, where (in 1758-59) the *beau monde* of Quebec assembled; two *salons* were in special request: that of Madame de la Naudière and that of Madame de Beaubassin; both ladies were famed for their wit and beauty. Montcalm was so taken up with these *salons* that in his correspondence he went to the trouble of locating the exact spot which each house occupied; one, says he, stood at the corner of the street facing the Ursuline Convent; the other, at the corner of Parloir and St. Louis street. Madame de la Naudière, *née* Geneviève de Boishebert, was a daughter of the Seigneur of Rivière-Ouelle, and Madame Hertel de Beaubassin, *née* Catherine Jarret de Verchères, was a daughter of the Seigneur of Verchères. Their husbands held commissions as officers in the Canadian militia. It was also in Parloir street that Madame Péan, often referred to in Montcalm's letters, held her brilliant court."

The charm of Madame de Beaubassin's conversation seems to have particularly captivated Montcalm, as he frequented her *salon* the most of the three. "At the Intendance, or at Madame Péan's house, he managed to forget his exile and troubles; at Madame de la Naudière's, he was interested in what he saw; but at Madame de Beaubassin's, he was under a spell." Notice is also

taken of a tall young officer of the name of Boishebert, from Acadia; no favourite of Montcalm, he seems to have divided with him the sunshine of Madame de Beaubassin's smile. This juvenile rival, he advises Levis to send back to his native Acadians. Of course, when the gorgeously-attired, ruffled, scented, redhaired, magnificent Intendant Bigot, dropped in at Parloir Street for a chat, ordinary callers were momentarily hushed to silence, amidst the profuse attentions showered by laquais on the wealthy patron, who, frequently, was accompanied by Major and Madame Péan. The Abbé notices among other habitués, "the Longueuils, St. Ours, de la Naudière, Villiers, Dr Arnoux and his wife and several officers of the land forces; Bourlamaque, grave and reserved, Bougainville, a Jansenist in opinions and caustic in his remarks, occasionnally unpleasant; Roquemaure, full of whims."

In short, adds the Abbé, the higher circles of Canadian society at Quebec presented a sorry spectacle; the example set by arrivals from France, demoralized society; the disorders of war and the license of the soldiery in a great measure helped to consumate its ruin.

"One witnessed a state of things that could not last: disorder from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. The end evidently was not far-off; a dreadful storm was brewing overhead. Would it engulf everything? None could tell. People averted their faces; dared not look into the future; tried to drown care in dissipation. 'Twas a mad race for pleasure. Society, blinded, was revelling on a volcano."

Let us turn to less sombre vistas. Montcalm had one true and able friend in Levis, the most level head in the colony. More than once, as revealed in the correspondence, Levis acted as peacemaker between the impetuous Montcalm and the weak, vacillating, but obstinate, de Vaudreuil, the Governor-General of Canada and commander-in-chief of the forces. This duality of

command led to endless trouble, and bitter recriminations between him and Montcalm. De Levis' accommodating ideas on matrimony are amusingly set forth in a letter he addressed to a powerful lady friend in France, Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix. We translate :—

" * With respect to the marriage that the Chevalier de Mesnon has proposed to you for me, you know I never had much inclination for matrimony. I would dread marrying some one you might not like, and that would imbitter the remainder of my life. If you can select for me a wife, I will take her readily, provided she meets with your approval. So you can reply as you think proper to the Chevalier de Mesnon, whose friendship and remembrance I will ever prize. Should his selection not please you and you should come across another person to your fancy, you can arrange as you like. I will honour any arrangement you may make. This is all I have to say on this subject. Rest assured I wish I could find a mate as attached to you as I am.

" We are likely to be vigorously attacked and will fight to the death."

After hearing such a candid declaration of this Platonic but brave Romeo, one is led to regret that the French match-maker, Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix, did not send the Chevalier a brand-new French wife from Paris.

It might possibly have deterred the gallant son of Mars from carrying away to France the handsome, Madame Penissault, the daughter of a Montreal trader and the mistress of Major Péan, " qui se dédommageait, " say the Memoirs, " sur les femmes de ses subordonnés." The Pompadour regime evidendly was not limited to France. Its close on the Heights of Abraham was in more ways than one, beneficial to Canada. *(The Week).*

Quebec, 1892.

SOCIAL LIFE IN CANADA OF OLD.

Many quaint and interesting vistas of primitive Canada are disclosed in a recent, elaborate work: HISTORY OF CANADA, by WILLIAM KINGSFORD, *F. R. S. C.* Mr. Kingsford seems to have availed himself with great felicity, of the new and ever-growing materials for history, so industriously garnered at home and abroad, in our *Public Record Office*, Ottawa, by our untiring archivist Douglas Brymner.

A curious account of the mode of winter travel has thus been handed down to us, being the personal experience of a witty French Royal Engineer, M. Franquet, who visited Quebec and Montreal, in 1752.

To this agreeable summary of Mr. Franquet's journal which appears at pages 574–5–6 of Kingsford's III volume, the author has appended, by way of contrast and illustration, the narrative of a more recent *partie de campagne*, at Chateau-Richer, P. Q. Franquet's memoirs, add one more proof to many others, that social life in and round Quebec in the palmy, early days of the Bigot regime, was a round of pleasure, heedless of the future. Hear what the light-hearted Frenchman Franquet has to say: " In the morning (8th February, 1752) the Governor started, attended by Duchesnay, the captain of the guard, his secretary and servants. Some *carioles* were sent before him to break the way. The Intendant proposed that the other members of the party should pass the day where they were. The invitation was accepted. There was dinner, supper and heavy play. The following day, the Intendant's party returned to Quebec.

This trip was preliminary to a second journey, which took place a few days afterwards. As a rule the Intendant did not proceed to Montreal until March; but owing to his presence being indispensable to the organization of the Ohio expedition, Bigot arranged with Duquesne that he would be in Montreal about the 13th of February, and he had to start some days previous to keep this engagement. Some officers of the garrison were to accompany him, and several ladies desirous of rejoining their husbands were included in the invitation. Mesdames Daine, Péan, de Lotbinière, de Repentigny, Marin, the wife of an ensign, doubtless a relative of the Captain of the name in command of the expedition, and du Simon, wife of a merchant. Franquet, whose duties took him to Montreal, was one of the number; during the journey Madame Marin was assigned as his *compagnon de voyage.*

The baggage was sent to the Intendant's Palace six days before leaving, so that it could be leisurely forwarded, the travellers taking only what was required for the journey. Franquet describes the court-yard on the morning of the 8th, when the start was made. The *carioles* of the guests had two horses; they were driven in tandem fashion, the roads being to narrow to admit any other arrangement. It, indeed, would have been impossible, on two sleighs meeting, tor two pairs of horses to have passed in the deep snow. The *carioles* of the servants had one horse; there was a full staff of attendants with a complete *batterie de cuisine.*

An early dinner was given at the Palace, with all the deliberation and ceremony, as if no start was to be made. On the first afternoon they reached Pointe-aux-Trembles, a drive of nineteen miles.

Here Bigot gave supper, and after supper there was faro. They started at seven the following morning, having taken coffee with some biscuits. At Cap Santé, twelve miles distant, they breakfasted, and made a halt of two hours; in the afternoon they reached Sainte-

Anne-de-la-Pérade ; the day's drive was twenty-six miles. Bigot was again the host for supper, with the attendant amusement of play.

The start was made betimes the next morning, for the distance was long. Madame Marin was the sister of Madame de Rigaud, wife of the Governor of Three Rivers, whom she desired much to see. She therefore proposed that her sleigh should stop at Three Rivers, for the party proposed to drive through the place without stopping. Franquet assented and they were followed by Madame Daine and M. de Saint Vincent. Madame Marin found her sister indisposed and confined to bed. She, however, ordered dinner for her guests, and afterwards they went to her room for coffee, and to chat an hour. As they were at dinner they heard the guns fired in honour of the Intendant as he was passing onwards. They left Three Rivers at three, Bigot had determined to make the halting place at Yamachiche, fifteen miles to the west of Three-Rivers, and the horses were changed at the Cap de la Madeleine, nine miles to the east of the town. Franquet calls the place Ouachis. It had been an unusually long journey, forty miles. There was, however, supper and play, as usual.

The 11th was Sunday, so the party went to early mass. Madame Daine made the collection. After breakfast they started, and took to the ice at Lake Saint Peter, passing the villages of River du Loup and Maskinongé. The shore was again followed at Ile au Castor, and the journey continued to near the Ile de Dupas, which must have been about Berthier.

They had met together, and were taking some refreshment before commencing play, in which they were to engage until supper, when they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Governor, M. Duquesne, with the husbands of the two ladies, Péan and Marin, and two Canadian officers, Duchesnay and Le Mercier. The distance was about fifty-five miles from Montreal; with good sleighing the drive may be looked

upon as an ordinary matter. Until the days of railways, in modern times it was not unusual to drive twenty-five or thirty miles to a ball, and the appearance of the party from Montreal need create little astonishment.

Madame Marin was suffering from headache, and was laying down. It was thought by her *compagnes* that the presence of her husband would restore her to health. This was not the case, and she was absent from the supper and faro. Whatever the cause, the party retired at nine.

On the following day they drove to Pointe-aux-Trembles, forty-five miles from Berthier. The journey was broken at Saint Sulpice, twenty-nine miles distant, where they made a halt of two hours and took breakfast. From Berthier, Duquesne took possession of Madame Marin, and Franquet was left alone (1). They selected a house for supper, but as there was no room large enough for the party to meet, some partitions were removed. Faro followed the supper, and as it was the last night they were to be together, they played later than usual.

The next morning, having only ten miles to reach Montreal, they did not leave until two. They arrived at Montreal early, and with the exception of Madame Marin, they were all received at the Intendance. On this evening the supper was given by Duquesne.

The journey reads as if it had been a more serious matter than it really was. There was no distress in the colony; it took place before war broke out, when provisions were cheap and plentiful. Most of the officers were proceeding on duty to Montreal, and it was by no means the last occasion in Canada when an official tour had been made one of pleasure. The objectionable feature is, that the additional expense was at the king's cost. It is included in this history from the light it

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(1) " Le général m'avoit amené la malade," p. 206.

throws on the habits of those in good position. The French Canadians long retained their ancient gaiety, and in a modern times those whose memory takes them back a few years may recollect such trips, although not made on the same scale.

I append a memorandum from one whom I am certain, can only state what is true, which shows that the custom prevailed to within half a century back. Canada has changed since those days in many respects.

" One bright frosty day in January, 1843, a party of young people between ages of eighteen and twenty-two, most of them connected, started in sleighs to Chateau-Richer, about 15 miles below Quebec, to visit a near relation, the seigneur of the place. He was a widower, left with a large familly of sons and daughters, who were all present, the elder sons having come from different parts of the province to attend. The brother of the seigneur assisted him in receiving his guests; he had aided in bringing up his seven sons, for the mother had died at the age of thirty-six, leaving him with ten children, and he had never again married.

" On our arrival we took off our winter wraps and prepared ourselves for dinner. We had the good appetite of youth, sharpened by the wintry air of our two hours' drive. After warming ourselves at the large stove, we were ushered into the dining hall, in which was spread a long table, covered with viands of all kinds. Pig in all shapes was served up, as *Porc-frais*, *boudins*, sausage, in fact, in every form to be imagined. We did ample justice to the good things. Tea and coffee followed, and dinner being over, we put on our wraps again, and started on a snow-shoe tramp across the fields and over the cliffs; we also tobogganed down the hill. The weather continued bright, and we enjoyed the glorious sunset, remaining out until after five o'clock, when we returned to the house, and arranged ourselves for tea, which was as plentiful as the dinner, and we all enjoyed it as well. We adjourned to a large drawing-room, where

we spent the time in round dances and games. There was no piano, so we sent for the village orchestra, two *habitant* girls, to sing for us to dance *cotillons* and *contre-dances*, which they did untiringly for a couple of hours. This we continued until eleven o'clock, when all retired to rest. We returned to Quebec next day. I am not without experience of balls, with all the accessories of decoration, lights and fine music; but I never recollect to have passed a more pleasant evening. We all knew one another, and we brought to our entertainment cheerfulness, geniality, good manners, and youth. Two of the ladies are now the wives of retired generals of artillery in England."

This charming glimpse by Mrs. Kingsford of social amusements in a Canadian home of the past, to be thoroughly understood, requires a few words of explanation, which I, more than once a favored guest, at the houses he describes, can easily supply from personal recollections of my sporting days on the Chateau-Richer marsh.

1. The Chateau-Richer Manor of 1843 was an antique tenement one hundred and ten feet in length, divided here and there by wide-throated chimnies. A massive Three-Rivers stove, of the Matthew Bell pattern, heated the ample hall; the parlor was hung round with family oil-portraits. Its hospitable laird, Lt. Col. William Henry LeMoine, C. M., counting many friends. Among the Quebec sportsmen whom September each year attracted to the Chateau-Richer manor and snipe marshes, I can recall, among others, the late Hon. Justice Elzéar Bedard, of the Court of Appeals, Judge Louis Fiset, his friend Hector Simon Huot, William Phillips, Errol Boyd Lindsay, Narcisse, Juchereau, Charles and Philippe Duchesnay, Dr. Joseph Frémont, father of the late mayor of Quebec, who like William Henry, Robert Auguste, Alexandre Olivier LeMoine, the three eldest sons of the "Seigneur," —all present at this memorable *réunion de famille*,—

have since joined the great majority. Possibly the veteran hunter, Pitre Portugais, who for half a century glories in having each spring *flushed* the first snipe, may more than once have knocked at the door of the mossy old manor, on his way to the snipe marsh.

2. The ancient *chatelain* had the attributes of, and met with, the respect accorded to a good seigneur of the old *régime*, without owning a seigniory. He held important trusts, and in his quality of *Commissaire des Petites Causes* and Justice of the Peace dispensed justice evenly; more than once the chosen arbitrator in parish feuds.

3. The "unmarried brother," who assisted his brother in bringing up his patriarchal family, died in 1851. His younger brother, W. H. LeMoine expired at Villa Saint Denis, Sillery, in 1870, aged 85. One of his fair grand-daughters recently became the spouse of Lieut.-Governor Angers, at Spencer Wood.

4. Two of the ladies present at the *fête de famille* are now the wives of retired General officers; Miss Harriet LeMesurier, the wife of General Clifford; Miss Sophia Ashworth, the wife of General Pipon. Their friend, Miss Caroline Lindsay, who married Major Ross, then of the 85th Foot, died in London, Ontario; her sister married Mr. W. Kingsford, the Historian.

STYLE OF TRAVEL OF THE HIGH OFFICIALS AT QUEBEC UNDER THE FRENCH REGIME.

The industry and patient research displayed by our French annalists, Garneau, Bibaud, Ferland, Faillon, has unquestionably left but little unsaid or unnoticed, on the old regime of Canada; albeit the manner of presenting facts may widely differ; whilst the glamour and rainbow tints, with which the historian Frs. Parkman has invested this remote period, seems to have rendered it instinct with life.

More than one circumstance of recent occurrence are of a nature to encourage the modern delver in the rich mine of colonial history to delve still deeper. In 1872, a Public Record Office was opened, an annex, as it were, of the Department of Agriculture; the best man in the whole Dominion of Canada, probably, Douglas Brymner, was selected as its head; specialists, such as the Abbés Verreau and Tanguay, B. Sulte, Jos. Marmette were asked to co-operate; we all know their cordial and effective response.

It is now apparent to careful observers that the *lacuna*, hitherto sorely felt with respect to reliable records for describing a later period, the English regime is being rapidly filled in. In more than one promising essay, is apparent the beneficient influence of the new light, of wider horisons opened out; there are many satisfactory indications; probably, no where more visible than in two late histories of Canada, Mr. B. Sulte's and the more recent work of Wm. Kingsford, F. R. S. C. Another healthy incident, worthy of notice, is the awakening of each province, since Confederation, to the

sacred duty of garnering and preserving its own historic records, in which are revealed the struggles, material and intellectual progress of its inhabitants from their rude beginnings to the present day. I am more particularly reminded of this at the present time by the perusal of the annual report, the *Annuaire de l'Institut Canadien* of Quebec, for the year 1889.

Amidst other interesting matter, it contains summaries of no less than seventeen (1) hitherto unpublished *Mémoires*, compiled by a distinguished engineer officer sent out from France, Col. Franquet, who came to America, in 1750, as Chief Engineer of Fortifications; he had been charged by the king of France with the duty of fortifying Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, which he did, though it had to succumb, in 1758, to the victorious arms of Wolfe, despite the heroic defence it made. Franquet landed at Louisbourg, in 1750; in 1851, he

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(1) Voyages et Mémoires sur le Canada, par Franquet.
1752. Voyages de Québec aux Trois-Rivières, Montréal et au Lac St-Sacrement.
1753. Voyages de Québec au village de Lorette Sauvage.
Mémoire pour les principaux endroits parcourus de Montréal au Lac St-Sacrement.
1753. Voyage par terre et sur les glaces de Québec à Montréal.
1753. Voyage par terre, de Québec à la Pointe-aux-Trembles pour accompagner M. le Général dans son voyage à Montréal.
Premier séjour à Montréal.
Voyage au Lac des Deux Montagnes.
Second séjour à Montréal.
Séjour aux Trois-Rivières.
Du Fort St-Frédéric.
Du Fort de Chambly.
De la Rivière de Richelieu.
Du Village Précancour.
Du Geinsing.
Mémoire sur les moyens d'augmenter la culture des terres du Canada.
Québec 1753. Mémoire sur le projet des ouvrages proposés pour défendre la basse-ville et la haute.

crossed over to Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island). In 1752, he extended his peregrinations to Quebec, Three-Rivers, Montreal, Lake St. Sacrement; during his three years stay in Canada, he visited and reported on innumerable forts. It is some of the memoirs he wrote about this time, I purpose to examine and comment.

In 1754, Franquet returned to Louisbourg in company with the Chevalier de Drucourt to put in order the old works of defence, and carry out the instructions of the French king as to new works. Franquet was even more than an experienced engineer officer; his memoirs exhibit him as possessed of literary attainments; he evidently was a close observer of men and things generally, though his timely reports to the king on existing abuses and needed reforms seem to have remained unheeded in those degenerate days, in which coming events were already, though dimly, casting their lurid shadow before them.

New France in 1751–4 was administered by the Marquis Duquesne. Duquesne de Menneville, a captain in the Royal Navy, was a descendant of the famous admiral Duquesne, who had shed lustre on the reign of Louis XIV. He was brave and able, but a blight affected the colony: the profuse expenditure and in some cases, the wholesale pilfering of some of its high officials. A burthen to France it was even in 1751, losing gradually its former prestige. Was the Marquis gifted with a species of second sight; and when in 1754, he asked for his recall, could he even then detect on the wall faint tracings of an ominous hand pointing to its loss to France a few years later? Some are inclined to think so.

In 1754, however, there were yet but distant mutterings of the gathering storm, and even Madame de Pampadour, the royal concubine, would have shrunk from daring to rejoice openly at the possible loss of Canada to France.

The Marquis Duquesne, who had landed at Quebec in July, 1751, was not long before setting earnestly to work to carry out his royal master's instructions concerning the measures to be taken to eject English traders from the valley of the Ohio. One of his first tasks was to order a general review of the regulars and militia available and to enforce discipline: the country could furnish 13,000 fighting men, it was found. The following year was spent in preparations for the coming campaign. In the spring of 1753, Capts. Marin and Péan were dispatched with men towards the seat of the threatened trouble, in accordance with plans matured the winter previous; this brings us to the 14th January .1753, when His Excellency started by land, of course, to make arrangements at Montreal for the king's service, Col. Franquet will be our cicerone. Franquet's M. S. S., procured, in 1854, from the archives of the war office in Paris, was that year added to the collection of Canadian historical documents.

It remained for long years ignored, except to a few curious students of Canadian annals. In 1876, it was my good fortune to obtain for the first time access to these instructive memoirs. In 1889, the *Institut Canadien* of Quebec made a selection of their contents for publication in its *Annuaire*. Under date, 14th January 1753, Col. Franquet describes the trip by land, he was invited to take under the considerate charge of Intendant Bigot, from Quebec to Pointe-aux-Trembles, to escort the Commander-in-Chief, on his annual voyage to Montreal.

"Each year," says Franquet, "it is customary, nay necessary, that the General in the colony should go to Montreal in January, returning to Quebec in the ensuing month of August. Among other official business, the following appear to be the principal duties which attract him there."

1st. To select and name suitable officers to command

at the king's posts in the upper country—*les pays d'en haut.*

2nd. To regulate the number of soldiers required at each post.

3rd. To limit the proportion of vehicles for their conveyance and the amount of provisions necessary for the route.

4th. To provide each post with the arms and stores requisite for their defense and maintenance for one year.

5th. To deliver permits to traders for leave to trade at these posts.

6th. To fix the number of assistants required by the traders and by others for the king's service in order to be able each year to keep exact count of the number of persons leaving the colony.

7th. To receive the delegates of Indian tribes, who each year visit Montreal to bring offerings to the king; to warn and advise them of what the French sovereign expected of them and to present these delegates with necklaces as tokens of their good faith.

There were several other important subjects which engaged the attention of the General-in-Chief, in his annual visit to Montreal, embodied in other memoirs addressed by Franquet to his sovereign.

The 14th January was the date selected for the departure of the quasi-regal expedition for Montreal, quite a gala day. An invitation from the courtly Marquis to form part of it was as highly prized at Quebec as was an invitation from the French sovereign to a courtier to join the royal excursion from Paris to Marly, so says Franquet. Bigot had selected a party of the *elite*, ladies and gentlemen, to accompany with him the General as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles west of Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence; all were to be Bigot's guests at dinner that day and, at breakfast, the following morning.

The Marquis's staff consisted of Capts. de Vergor, St. Ours, La Martinière, Marin, Péan and Lieuts. St. Laurent, Le Chevalier, de la Roche and Le Mercier, whilst Bigot's party comprised Mesdames Péan, Lotbinière, Marin, de Repentigny and du Linon, with Col. Franquet, Capts. St. Vincent, Dumont, Lanaudière and Repentigny. The gay cavalcade in single sledges or in tandem left the upper town at 10 a. m. The meet took place most probably, facing the chateau St. Louis, where the great Marquis held his little court. An old-fashioned storm attended with intense cold then prevailed; the usual salvo of guns at the departure of a Governor could scarcely be heard in the howling blast, and blinding snow drift, as the party drove through St. Louis Gate. Soon, we are told, diverging north to follow the Ste. Foye road, passing close to Ste. Foye church, until it reached the heights of Cape Rouge, where the road skirted the hill: a dangerous spot and liable to end in an upset and violent descent into the valley below, had it not been lined with trees, which kept the vehicles from rolling down from this dizzy height. No bridge existed in those days on the St. Augustin stream. His Excellency crossed on the ice. "In summer a canoe is used to ferry across foot passengers; horses ford the stream at low tide, or are made to swim across at high tide."

On ascending a hill, the road runs on the St. Augustin heights to a grist-mill, which adheres to the face of the hill and is set in motion by a mill-race and wooden viaduct built on trestle-work over the high-way. The travellers then descended by a steep and narrow road to the shore of the St. Lawrence, where the parish church of St. Augustin was erected. From there the party took to the ice on the St. Lawrence, and then ascended Dubois' hill, which was so encumbered with snow that the drivers had to assist one another to get the sledges safely past one by one. After a few miles more of arduous wintry travel, Franquet dwells on the

imperative duty devolving on land owners, to beat and shovel their frontage roads and to mark out the various path, with evergreen boughs, *balises*, to guide travellers after storms ; elsewhere, he notices the laborious occupation of that important official, the *Grand Voyer*, whose usefulness ceased nearly a century later in 1840 (1), when rural municipalities undertook the care of country roads, by act of Parliament.

The seigniory of Pointe-aux-Trembles de Neuville, the projected stopping place, then belonged to M. de Meloises, Madame Péan's father. The vice-regal party next drew rein at the door of a convent of Congregation Nuns, founded there, in 1713, by a Mr. Basset, a native of Lyons, France ; two of the pious sisterhood were then in attendance. The Governor made it his head-quarters, and his followers lodged in the neighboring dwellings. Col. Franquet sought for shelter at the *presbytère* of the resident priest, Revd Messire Chartier de Lotbinière, the brother-in-law of Madame de Lotbinière, one of the party. The Governor General came there also and claimed a bed ; the *chef de cuisine* and his staff, were duly installed at the convent, where the unfailing game of cards took place at 5 p. m : supper was served at 10 p. m. ; this dispatched, all retired " to court balmy, " the sweet restorer, sleep. Franquet notices that on the arrival of the Commander-in-chief, the *Capitaine de la côte* had as usual turned out the militia, 20 to 25 of whom, in a double row, lined the street, through which the General reached his stopping-place from his cariole. This guard stood sentry all night notwithstanding the severity of the weather ; the guard was dismissed after the departure of the Marquis. From which one can infer that the passage of a French Governor, on a cold, blustery, January night, was not always unallowed bliss, to the local militia at least in country parts.

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(1) 4 Vict., Cap. 4, Sect. XLVI.

On the 15th January, His Excellency, left at 9 a. m. for Montreal with his staff, Duchesnay, captain of his guards, Merelles, his secretary, his lackeys and two soldiers, whilst five or six carioles, with his equipage preceded his vehicle to beat the road.

On his leaving, Intendant Bigot, came to the front and took his place. He then suggested that the remaining company should spend that day at Pointe-aux-Trembles, adding that his Majordomo had brought ampie supplies of good things and that they would all drive back the next day after dinner; motion carried, *nem. con.*

The gambling was brisk "*l'on y joua beaucoup,*" and the entertainment was on the same elegant style, as at Bigot's palace, in Quebec. Next day, was cold, but bright and sunny; the whole cavalcade retraced their steps in the direction of Quebec, stopping merely, at the ferryman's house, at St. Augustin for the ladies to go in and warm themselves.

5 o'clock p. m.—by the way, the fashionable hour for a five o'clock tea—found the party re-entering the city, where a sumptuous meal, awaited them at Madame Péan's elegant mansion in St. Louis street; the party broke up there at 10, in the evening.

Such is the short but graphic sketch furnished by an eye-witness, Col. Franquet, of a winter *partie de plaisir* at Quebec, in 1753.

Franquet has left a spicy description of a summer excursion, with the gay Intendant, by water from Quebec to Montreal. Bigot, evidently from the first, considered that such an important official as Col. Franquet, ought to be "dined and wined" properly, when he asked the Royal Inspector to join him in a voyage to Montreal. The Government *Gondola* a long flat bateau, propelled by sails as well as by oars, left the Cul-de-Sac, at Quebec, on the 24th July, 1752. It could carry 8,000 lbs, burthen, with a crew of fourteen sailors. In the center there there was a space about six

feet square enclosed by curtains " with seats with blue cushions "; a dais over head protected the inmates from the rays of the sun, and from rain. Choice wines, cordials, spirits, eatables, even to ready cash; everything necessary to human sustenance or pleasure was abundantly provided. There was nothing ascetic, about the bachelor Bigot. Ladies of rank, wit and beauty, felt it an honor to join his brilliant court, where they met most charming *cavaliers*, young officers of the regiments stationed at Quebec. Col. Franquet seems to have enjoyed himself amazingly, having " a good time " all through, and describing some of the merry episodes which occurred on the trips at Three-Rivers and other trysting-places of the magnificent Intendant. What a terrible awakening, six years later, in Paris, for the faithless official when the grim old Bastille opened its remorseless portals to immure Bigot and his public plunderers of France and of Canada!

The remainder of this memoir contains some appropriate remarks on the various items of expenditure involved in these official excursions of high French Officials. Each vehicle in winter, except those for the servants and the supplies, are drawn by pairs; each day's expenses of the driver foot up to 70 and 75 francs. To which are to be added the expenses incurred by the *Grand Voyer*, who has to start a few days in advance of the General or Intendant, to have the roads beaten; exclusive of extras, his charge varies from 7 to 10 francs a day: in winter the country folks have to provide their own horses and carioles to execute his orders. The alacrity with which they turn out indicates their more or less zeal for the king's service; relays of horses have also to be furnished by the parishioners whenever the General travels and summary punishment is sure to evertake trangressors in this respect-shorter or longer periods of incarceration. Services to the king are generally paid in Canada; too much so. The state pays for the vehicles, the board and

lodging of the drivers, the services of public officials or any special mission. Franquet, in his memoirs, proposes the following remedies to these growing and ruinous abuses :

1. The heads of the Government to travel merely on sheer necessity.

2. That, as a suitable escort, four tandems only be allowed for conveying them—their secretaries, captain of the guard and lackeys and six one-horse vehicles to convey their equipage on the road.

3. That 30 *sols* be allowed for lodging over night in the country parts for the master and 15 *sols* for his servant, each to pay for his meal.

4. That to diminish *corvées*, the number of carioles in winter to be furnished by the peasantry, to precede high public officials be limited; that the militia guard be suppressed; that the king should open out public roads, twenty feet broad, to be kept up by the owners of the land under the direction of the militia captain of the parish. This, says Franquet, would do away with the expenditure of keeping up a *Grand Voyer*. The shrewd engineer officer was right, but *Grand Voyers* (1) continued to flourish in Canada for nearly a century later, until 1841. Franquet was clearly in advance of his age.

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(1) The last *Grand Voyer* was the genial and handsome Lieut.-Col. Antrobus, subsequently appointed A. D. C. to the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada.

[From *The Land we live in*].

QUEBEC SOCIETY, AS IT WAS.

We are indebted to J. M. LeMoine, the Historian of Canada, for the following extract from a letter evidently written in 1759, by Major Robert Stobo (1), a famous Virginian officer,—then a prisoner of war at Quebec,—to Col. George Washington. Mr. LeMoine says that this extract is all he could find of this interesting letter, in searching through the family papers of an antiquarian friend; there is yet enough of it to show that "Still to the last, kind vice clung to the tott'ring wall" of the French dynasty in Canada.

"DEAR GEORGE.—You will find this a lengthy epistle, let me hope, a curious tale of colonial doings. I can put forth no other apology for boring you, than the imperative necessity I experience of occupying my mind: else *ennui* and nothing to do would, I fear, soon drive me hopelessly mad. Four years of prison life for a full-blooded Virginian is rather too much at one stretch.

I will prepare for your eye a startling, but truthful record of court intrigues, elegant profligacy and public plunder. Some years ago, on my visiting London, my kind protector, Lord Bute, procured me an *entrée* to the fashionable society of the metropolis. I saw its great men. I saw their vices. I have not forgotten my disgust at seeing the vices of some of the painted jezabels surrounding our king—around virtuous Queen Caroline. I noticed those visions of purity and loveliness, the Bellendens, the Lepells; my friend Smollett introduced me to the patriotic Pitt, the brilliant Walpole; one figure especially did I loath, that Royal favorite, Lady Yarmouth; she who sold a bishopric for £500. Peg Woffington

(1) Robert Stobo, a hostage at Fort Duquesne, sent down to Quebec, in 1755, as a prisoner of war, escaped and served under Wolfe, at Quebec in 1759.

is a marvellous creature, but what say you of her *preux Chevalier*, Edmund Burke?

Hampton Court was not a bit worse, nay, in fact, it was much less dissolute than Versailles. The Hanoverian King had La Walmoden; the French monarch, La Pompadour; his Minister of Finance, at Quebec, has la ———. If vice and profligacy flaunt in open day at the French Court, amidst *le beau monde*, do not imagine that the *beau monde* of Quebec is free from it.

There are of course here exceptions: Montcalm, Vaudreuil; several of the old families are free from the taint; but there is a *coterie* vile and profligate, and some add to their vices, lowness of birth; one link connects all this clique—public plunder.

The French Treasury is robbed on a colossal scale by the Intendant Bigot and his minions. La Walmoden and La Pompadour have, at our little Canadian Court, a not unworthy representative. If a man wants place or promotion in Canada he must stand well with Bigot's fair charmer.

Madame Péan is unquestionably a *femme charmante* a smiling, benevolent, *spirituelle* beauty. Her marriage by Bishop DuBreuil de Pontbriand dates of January, 1746. Her husband is a Captain in the colonial troops, and Town Major of Quebec.

You won't wonder at my minute information respecting every man connected with the government of the colony, when you recollect the facilities I enjoyed during several months that I was free, on *parole*, to roam far and wide in Quebec and even as far as Montreal.

Since my close captivity, I have had many visitors in my prison, and the honorable family, whose head I saved, as you know, from impending death, has not deserted me in my hour of trouble, even though many of the fashionables have done so. Monsieur Duchesnay, Madame and her two lovely daughters have done all which lies in their power to soften the horrors of my captivity; one of these daughters is a perfect angel of love and intellect. With your permission, I shall describe *seriatim* Bigot and his group.

François Bigot, the thirteenth French Intendant at Quebec, is as warlike a little Game Cock as ever strutted amidst a flock of submissive hens. He is a native of Guienne and belongs to a family distinguished at the bar; before his appointment, at Quebec, he had been Intendant of Louisiana. In stature, rather short; his frame is well knit, his carriage erect, his courage beyond question. He loves show and pleasure to excess, dotes on cards, hunting and good living. The government expect him to entertain suitably the highest officials; they pay him niggardly and allow him to make profits out of the traffic in peltry, merchandize, etc., like his predecessors.

This is wrong. Dabbling in trade, speculating in fur and provisions is not the thing for an official whose *status* is only second to that of the governor of the colony, and whose palace and surroundings is far more luxurious than the *Château St. Louis.* the Vice-regal residence in Quebec. Bigot robs the French Treasury and has done so for years. A successful scheme has been concocted by our worthy Intendant to further this object.

He has formed a partnership with his Secretary, Dechenaux, his Commissary General, Cadet, and the Town Major, Capt. Hughes Péan, the Treasurer of the Province; Imbert, seconds them. Péan, however, pays a higher price than an honorable man should for the gold he pockets; so say the scandal mongers, and his beautiful spouse is much too intimate with the gay bachelor Intendant.

Vaudreuil, in his stately chateau, overhanging the St. Lawrence, is quite a secondary object of attraction for the giddy crowd of fashion and elegant vice, which weekly sit down to cards and suppers at Bigot's palace, facing the St. Charles, on the north side of the capital.

It is there you will see the jolly Intendant, pirouetting in a dance round the festoned walls and gilt awnings which decorate this fairy abode, whilst the people are starving in the streets. I myself was more than once asked to partake of those luscious *petits soupers* where *pâtés aux foies gras* and Burgundy wine lit up more than one youthful face; my poverty alone shielded me from the dangers of *ecarté, piquet* and *vingt-et-un.* Bigot, 'tis said, in one season lost as much as 200,000 livres, equal to £10,000.

Major Péan's duties often take him away from the city. In 1753, he was selected to explore our frontier; he owns large flour mills at Beaumont, which he frequently visits; he either does not know or does not care what *Madame* does to beguile the tedium of his absence.

Madame Péan occupies a spacious dwelling in St. Louis street, where her entertainments are much sought after. There is not a young French Lieutenant, not a Commissary Clerk, who would not fight a dozen of duels if her fame required it.

The Intendant is a constant visitor at her house. Place and patronage, from the highest to the lowest in the colony, is bestowed at her recommendation. She quite beats poor Lady Yarmouth, who merely sold a bishopric for £500. More than one old family refuses to visit her.

Brassard Dechenaux, Bigot's Secretary, is of low degree. His father was a poor shoemaker; he was born in Quebec and received the rudiments of his education from a notary, who had boarded at his father's house.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Mr. George Murray will receive the thanks of students of Canadian history for the interesting note by him, which appeared at p. 161, Vol. I, Canadiana, on the death of General James Wolfe. He therein impartially reviews the conflicting accounts of the mode of his death and furnishes the names of the various persons who helped carry the hero to the rear when wounded. There are for the honor, more than one Richard in the field; four champions so far.

Lt. Brown's letter to his father subsequently the Earl of Altamonte, could not be more circumstantial; "he was the person who carried Wolfe off the field," and the General died in his arms. But "a grenadier of the 28th (Bragg's) and a grenadier of the 58th (Anstruthers'), also lay claim to assisting the dying warrior; whilst a faithful Highland sergeant, by name James McDougal, like a loyal Scot, is stated to have attended Wolfe dying". Each of the above may have had a share in the coveted privilege; let us consult a standard authority on Canadian history on this disputed point.

Few writers in America or elsewhere, have devoted to the study of our annals a whole life-time; few have had access to such masses of documents, siege-narratives, etc., as Francis Parkman, the conscientious and brilliant historiographer of MONTCALM and WOLFE. Not confining himself to books, Mr. Parkman made special visits to Quebec, to study every inch of the battle-field of 1759, and of the sites adjoining. I am in a position to testify to the fact, by personal experience, having among other occasions a recollection of a prolonged and

minute survey he and I made, in 1878, at his request, of the historic *locale*, at Wolfe's cove where the English troops disembarked at early dawn on the 13th September, 1759, in furtherence of his great work, "MONTCALM —WOLFE," which he was then preparing, and which appeared in 1884. Parkman's description of the death scene is as follows: "Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery, who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment later one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run"! "Who run?" Wolfe demanded like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir; Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled."

It will be noticed that Parkman associates four of Wolfe's comrades-at-arms to the honour claimed by Lieut. Brown, of attending the dying hero in his last hour.

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This reminds one of another debated point of Canadian history; the name of the man who fired the shot, which at Près-de-Ville, on that fatidical Sabbath, the

31st December, 1775, laid low Brigadier General Richard Montgomery, the brave but luckless leader of the invading host from New England.

Sanguinet's Journal mentions two distinguished officers in the French Canadian Militia, Chabot and Picard. One English account gives the credit to Barnsfare of Whitby, the captain of a transport wintering that season at Quebec, whilst another siege-narrative selects as the hero of the day, Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, R. A., who expired in Champlain street, Quebec, in 1812.

On examining the testimony set forth, the case might in my opinion, be summed up thus : Lieut. Chabot and Picard were undoubtedly on duty at Près-de-Ville post, on the morning in question, Captain Barnsfare pointed the fatal cannon, and Sergent Hugh McQuarters applied the match.

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Another inference may be drawn from Parkman's narrative of the death of Wolfe; it will be noticed that no mention occurs of the part alledged to have been played in the tragedy by the English deserter, whose story appears in Hone's " Table Book ". Parkman spent years searching through the archives of Canada, France and England, and acquired the most complete and reliable *data* possible, on even the minutest incidents of the great siege of 1759. It has been my privilege, on several occasions, during his many visits to Quebec, to discuss with him the particulars of the death of both heroes of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and never was the mode of death suggested by the *Table Book* mooted. I was well aware and so was the learned historian, of an analogous anecdote, contained in a foot note, to be found in DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, concerning the death of Montcalm, and as the incident may be new to several. I herewith subjoin the passage and

foot note, as related by an eye-witness, Levi's aide-de-camp, the Jacobite Johnstone, serving under Montcalm at the battle of the Plains of Abraham : " The Marquis of Montcalm, says Chevalier Johnstone, endeavoring to rally the troops in their disorderly flight, was wounded in the lower part of the belly (1). He was conveyed immediately to Quebec, and lodged in the house of Mr. Arnoux, the King's surgeon, who was absent with Mr. de Bourlamaque ; his brother, the younger Arnoux having viewed the wound, declared it mortal..... He begged of Arnoux to be so kind and outspoken as to tell him how many hours he thought he might yet live ? Arnoux answered him that he might hold out until three in the morning". I may hereafter refer again to the spot where the brave Marquis expired: another disputed point in Canadian history.

As to the Windsor painting by West, of the death of Wolfe, I have about as much faith in it as Sir Robert Walpole is said to have had in history. That big Indian, depicted by the artist, in a sitting position on the Plains of Abraham and watching disconsolately, the dying General, is quite enough to stamp the whole scene as unreal — a picturesque *mise en scène* for effect, invented by the genius of the eminent American painter. *Wolfe had no Indian in his ranks*, at least history mentions none.

If any Red-skin lurked in the neighborhood, he must have been one of the Lorette Hurons amongst Montcalm's auxiliaries ; the chief interest, he would have felt towards the English chieftain, would have been a longing for his red-haired scalp, to add to his savage trophies.

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(1) " It was reported in Canada, that the ball which killed that great, good and honest man, was not fired by an English musket. But I never credited this." (Foot note to Chevalier Johnstone's DIALOGUES).

In an old engraving of the death of the hero in my possession and for which I am indebted to the sporting antiquarian, George M. Fairchild, jr., of Ravenscliffe-Manor, near Quebec, Wolfe is depicted on the ground, lying on his side, apparently in great pain, supported and surrounded by six men in uniform, one of whom bears the regimental colours.

West's big Indian is dropped out. Under the plate may be read the inscription :

General Wolfe expiring on the Heights of Canada.

A CHAPTER ON CANADIAN NOBILITY.

"The names and memories of great men are the dowery of a nation. They are the salt of the earth, in death as well as in life. What they did once, their descendants have still and always a right to do after them."—*Blackwood.*

A Quebec barrister, snatched too soon from fame and friends, thus embodied in verse Canada's motto :

"Sur cette terre encor' sauvage,
Les vieux titres sont inconnus ;
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus."

F. R. ANGERS.

True nobility must consist, for us, in courage, talent and virtue; such we consider the genuine guinea's stamp; the rest is all plated ware, which once tarnished by vile acts or unworthy sentiments, not all the blue blood of all the Howards could rescue from contempt.

On one point the Latin and the Teuton of Canada do seem to understand one another thoroughly, viz., in their estimate of monarchical ideas. They respect the sovereign and honor his chief men, the nobles — not the men of pleasure such as those with whom Louis XV, surrounded his throne and oppressed his subjects, but honorable men such as Victoria and the English people are proud of; well represented by that aristocracy of merit "specially charged to perpetuate traditions of chivalry and honor;" whose door is open to the people, as their highest recognition of popular merit; whose worth is testified to by the English as well as by the French; who is eulogized in high terms by men of commanding intellect, such as Montesquieu,

Montalembert, Guizot, Chateaubriand. (1) Merit is then the touch-stone which wrung from these brilliant writers the unqualified praise they bestowed on the nobility of Great Britain.

Let us see whether we can apply this test to one of the oldest and most honored names in our own history; we mean that of the Baron de Longueuil.

In former times, we had bloody wars to wage; merciless foes existed on our frontiers; the soil then found generous and brave soldiers to defend it: men who went forth each day with their lives in their hands, ready to shed the last drop of blood for all they held dear, their homes, their wives, their children. Has the stout race of other days degenerated, grown callous to what its God, its honor, its country may command in the hour of need? We should hope not. We said the Baron de Longueuil.

Who was the Baron de Longueuil? With your permission, kind reader, let us peruse together the royal

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(1) "The nobility of Great Britain is the finest modern society since the Roman Patriciate," has said the illustrious Chateaubriand. His vast researches, his presence at the English court as French ambassador, in 1822, had given him ample opportunity of judging. This estimate does not quite agree with that of the author of "Representative Men," Emerson: "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike; they took everything they could carry. They burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these petty thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

"It took many generations to trim, and comb, and perfume the first boat-load of Norse pirates into royal highnesses and most noble knights of the garter; but every sparkle of ornament dates back to the Norse boat."—*English Traits.*

patent erecting the seigniory of Longueuil into a barony: it is to be found in the Register of the proceedings of the Superior Council of Quebec, letter B, page 131, and runs thus: "Louis, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all present, Greeting: It being an attribute of our greatness and of our justice to reward those whose courage and merit led them to perform great deeds and taking into consideration the services which have been rendered to us by the late Charles Le Moyne (1), Esquire, Seigneur of Longueuil, who left France in 1640 to reside in Canada, where his valour and fidelity were so often conspicuous in the wars against the Iroquois, that our governors and lieutenant governors in that country employed him constantly in every military expedition, and in every negotiation or treaty of peace, of all which duties he acquitted himself to their entire satisfaction;—that after him, Charles Le Moyne, Esquire, his eldest son, desirous of imitating the example of his father, bore arms from his youth, either in France, where he served as a lieutenant in the Régiment de St. Laurent, or else as captain of a naval detachment, in Canada, since 1687, where he had an arm shot off by the Iroquois when fighting near Lachine, in which combat seven of his brothers were also engaged;—that Jacques Le Moyne de Ste. Hélène, his brother, for his gallantry, was made a captain of a naval detachment, and afterwards fell at the siege of Quebec, in 1690, leading on with his elder brother, Charles Le Moyne, the Canadians against Phips, where his brother was also wounded; that another brother, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, captain of a sloop of war, served on land and on sea, and captured Fort Corlard in Hudson's Bay, and still commands a frigate; that Joseph Le Moyne de Bienville was commissioned

(1) He was nephew to the celebrated Surgeon Adrien Duchesne, his protector at Quebec.

an ensign in the said naval detachment, and was killed by the Iroquois in the attack on the place called Repentigny; that Louis Le Moyne de Chateauguay, when acting as lieutenant to his brother, d'Iberville, also fell in the taking of Fort Bourbon, in the Hudson's Bay; that Paul Le Moyne de Maricourt is an ensign in the navy, and captain of a company in the naval detachment, acting in the capacity of ensign to his brother d'Iberville; that, in carrying out our intentions for settling Canada, the said Charles Le Moyne, the eldest son, has spent large sums in establishing inhabitants on the domain and seigniory of Longueuil, which comprises about two leagues in breadth on the St. Lawrence, and three leagues and a half in depth, the whole held from us with *haute, moyenne et basse justice*, wherein he is now striving to establish three parishes, and whereat, in order to protect the residents in times of war, he has had erected at his own cost a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guardhouse, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility; a spacious farm yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep-pen, a dove-cot, and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort; next to which stand a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages, the cost of which buildings amount to some 60,000 livres; so much so that this seigniory is one of the most valuable of the whole country, and the only one fortified and built-up in this way; that this has powerfully contributed to protect the inhabitants of the neighboring seigniories; that this estate, on account of the extensive land clearings and work done and to be done on it, is of great value, on which thirty workmen are employed; that the said Charles Le Moyne is now in a position to hold a noble rank on account of his virtue and merit: for which consideration we have thought it due to our sense of justice to assign not only a title of honor

to the estate and seigniory of Longueuil, but also to confer on its owner a proof of an honorable distinction which will pass to posterity, and which may appear to the children of the said Charles Le Moyne, a reason and inducement to follow in their father's footsteps: For these causes, of our special grace, full power and royal authority, We have created, erected, raised and decorated, and do create, erect, raise and decorate, by the present patent, signed by our own hand, the said estate and seigniory of Longueuil, situated in our country of Canada, into the name, title and dignity of a barony; the same to be peacefully and fully enjoyed by the said Sieur Charles Le Moyne, his children and heirs, and the descendants of the same, born in legitimate wedlock, held under our crown, and subject to fealty *(foi et hommage avec dénombrement)* according to the laws of our kingdom and the custom of Paris in force in Canada, together with the name, title and dignity of a baron;—it is our pleasure he shall designate and qualify himself baron in all deeds, judgments, &c.; that he shall enjoy the right of arms, heraldry, honors, prerogatives, rank, precedence in time of war, in meetings of the nobility, &c., like the other barons of our kingdom—that the vassals, *arrière-vassaux*, and others depending of the said seigniory of Longueuil, *noblement et en roture*, shall acknowledge the said Charles Le Moyne, his heirs, assigns, as barons, and pay them the ordinary feudal homage, which said titles, &c., it is our pleasure, shall be inserted in proceedings and sentences, had or rendered by courts of justice, without, however, the said vassals being held to perform any greater homage than they are now liable to.....This deed to be enregistered in Canada, and the said Charles Le Moyne, his children and assigns, to be maintained in full and peaceful enjoyment of the rights herein conferred.

"This done at Versailles, the 27th January, 1700, in the fiftieth year of our reign.

"(Signed) LOUIS."

We have here in unmistakable terms a royal patent conveying to the Great Louis' loyal and brave Canadian subject and his heirs, rights, titles, prerogatives, vast enough to make even the mouth of a Spanish grandee water. It is a little less comprehensive than the text of the parchment creating Nova Scotia knights, but that is all.

The claims of the Longueuil family to the peaceable enjoyment of their honor are set forth so lucidly in the following document, that we shall insert the manuscript in full;—it was written in Paris by an educated English gentleman, M. Falconer.

"When I was in Canada, in 1842, a newspaper in Montreal contained some weekly abuse of the Baron Grant de Longueuil, on account of his assuming the title of Baron de Longueuil. It appeared to me to be somewhat remarkable that a paper which very freely abused people for being republicans, and effected a wonderful reverence for monarchial institutions, should make the possession of monarchial honors, in a country professedly governed by monarchial institutions, the ground of frequent personal abuse, and was certainly a very inconsiderate line of conduct.

"But it was in fact the more blameable, as the possession of that honor by Baron de Longueuil is connected with some historical events in which every Canadian ought to feel a pride, as being part of the history of his country.

"I can of course only give a short note of the family of Longueuil.

"In the early settlement of Canada, one of the most distinguished men in the service of Government was Charles Le Moyne; he was in the war with the Iroquois, and contributed very materially to the pacification of the country and the defence of the frontier. He dad eleven sons and two daughters; the names of the sons were—

"1st. Sieur Charles Le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil. He was *Lieutenant du roi de la ville et gouvernement de Montréal.* He was killed at Saratoga, in a severe action.

"2nd. Sieur Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène. He fell bravely at the siege of Quebec in 1690, was burried, in the *Cimetière des Pauvres,* in rear of the Hôtel-Dieu, at Quebec.

"3rd. Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, who was born at Montreal, in 1662, was the third son. He made his first voyage to sea at fourteen years of age. In 1686, he was in an expedition to Hudson's Bay, under Sieur de Troyes. In the same year

the Marquis de Denonville made him commander of a fort, established in this expedition, and for his conduct in this post he received the thanks of the Governor of Canada. In 1690, with his brother, de Sainte-Hélène, he attacked some Iroquois villages, and prevented the attack of some Indians on Lachine and La Chenaye. He was made captain of a frigate in 1692—his instructions being dated 11th April of the same year. In 1694 he made an attack on Fort Bourbon, where his brother, de Chateauguay, was killed—but the fort was taken. On the 21st October, 1695, M. de Pontchartrain wrote to him a letter of commendation. In 1696 he carried troops to Acadia. He visited France in 1698. He left it with three vessels, in order to make a settlement in the Mississippi; he was the first person of European origin who entered the Mississipi from the sea; he ascended the river nearly one hundred leagues, established a garrison, and returned to France in 1699; in consequence of this success, he was decorated with the cross of the order of Saint Louis. In 1699 he was again sent to the Mississippi; his instructions were dated 22nd September of the same year, and directed him to make a survey of the country and endeavor to discover mines; this voyage was successful, and he returned to France in 1700, and was again sent to the Mississippi, in 1701, his instructions being dated August 27th, of that year; he returned to France in 1702, and was made "Capitaine de vaisseau." On July 5th, 1706, he again sailed for the Mississipi, charged with a most important command; but in 1706, on July 9th, this most distinguished discoverer and navigator died at Havannah. He was born at Montreal, and obtained an immortal reputation in the two worlds.

" 4th. Paul Le Moyne de Maricourt, *capitaine d'une compagnie de la marine.* He died from exhaustion and fatigue in an expedition against the Iroquois.

" 5th. Joseph Le Moyne de Serigny, who served with his brother, d'Iberville, in all his naval expeditions; we subsequently find him holding a lieutenant's commission in the navy at Rochefort.

" 6th. François Le Moyne de Bienville, *officier de la marine.* The Iroquois surrounded a house in which he and forty others were located, and, setting fire to it, all except one perished in the flames.

" 7th. Louis Le Moyne de Chateauguay, *officier de la marine.* He was killed by the English at Fort Bourbon—afterwards called Fort Nelson by the English, in 1694.

" 8th. Gabriel Le Moyne d'Assigny—died of yellow fever, in St. Domingo, where he had been left by his brother, d'Iberville, in 1701.

" 9th. Antoine Le Moyne—died young.

" 10th. Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, ' Knight of the Order of St. Louis,' whose name is still remembered with honor among the people of New Orleans; he was, with his brother, a founder of that city, and *Lieutenant du Roy à la Louisiane*, in the Government of the Colony.

" 11th. Antoine Le Moyne de Chateauguay, second of the name *Capitaine d'une compagnie de la Marine à la Louisiane.* He married Dame Marie Jeanne Emilie des Fredailles.

" Such are the names of eleven sons; ten of whom honorably, and with distinction, served in the government of their country, receiving in the new colonies the honors and rewards of the King, who made no distinction between the born Canadian and the European.

" There were two daughters, sisters of the above; the eldest married Sieur de Noyan, a naval officer, and the second Sieur de la Chassagne.

" In a memorial of M. de Bienville, dated New Orleans, January 25th, 1723, after setting forth his services, he describes himself as Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, and Commander General of the Province of Louisiana; he states in it, that of *eleven* brothers, only four were then surviving: Baron de Longueuil, himself, Bienville, Serigny, and Chateauguay, and that they had all received the cross of Knights of St. Louis.

" The patent creating the Seigniory of Longueuil into a barony is dated 19th May, 1699. It relates that the late Charles Le Moyne, Seigneur of Longueuil, emigrated from France to Canada in 1640, and had highly distinguished himself upon many occasions—that his son, Charles Le Moyne, had borne arms from an early age, and that Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène, was killed by the English at the head of his company when Quebec was attacked, on which occasion, the said Charles Le Moyne, leading on the Canadians, was also wounded. It also names with honor d'Iberville, de Bienville, de Chateauguay, de Maricourt. The patent then states that on account of the services rendered by the family, Louis XIV had determined to give to the Seigniory of Longueuil, as well as to the said Charles Le Moyne himself, a title of honor, in order that an honorable distinction should pass to posterity, and be an object of emulation to his children to follow the example which had been set to them. It therefore creates and erects the Seigniory of Longueuil into a barony, to be enjoyed by the said Charles Le Moyne, his children and successors, et *ayants cause*, and that they should enjoy the honors, rank and precedence in the assembly of nobles, as are enjoyed by other barons of the kingdom of France.

" This patent is remarkable therefore for creating a territorial barony—that is, whosoever possesses Longueuil, whether

male or female, is entitled to the title and distinction of a baron of the kingdom of France. I had some doubts if it was so, but submitted the case to a very eminent lawyer, at Paris, who assures me that there can be no dispute on the subject.

"There was another barony erected in Canada, in 1671, in favor of M. Talon, the Intendant of the Province: it was called (1) 'La terre des Islets,' which I believe is at this time owned by some religious community. However, I have pointed out above the title which, under a monarchy, this family has to distinction in Canada.

"The cession of Canada by France to England made no change in the legal right to hold honors, and a title to honors is as much a legal right as a title to an estate.

"No person by the cession was deprived of any legal right. At Malta, the old titles of honor are respected, and the Queen recognises them in the commissions issued in her name in Malta. Whatever right French noblemen had in Canada under the French government continues at this time: in this instance the honor is greater than most titled European families can boast of.

"It is not, however, as a family matter I regard it. I wish you to remark that it was a Canadian who discovered the Mississippi from the sea, (La Salle having failed in this though he reached the sea, sailing down the Mississippi), and also that the first and most celebrated Governor General of Louisiana was a French Canadian."

Here ends M. Falconer's ably written paper. The Le Moyne originally descended from the Count of Salagne, *en Biscaye*, who enlisted on the side of Charles VII, in 1428. This count married Marguerite de la Tremouille, daughter of the Count des Guines, and Grand *Chambellan de France*, one of the oldest families of the Kingdom. We must now leave to our readers to decide, and we are willing also to accept for the house of Longueuil (2) the motto—

"Sur cette terre encor sauvage
Les vieux titres sont inconnus;
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus."

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(1) Château Bigot stands within its limits.

(2) The Baron de Longueuil was succeeded by his son Charles, born 10th December, 1656. He served quite young

The gracious act of Queen Victoria, in officially recognising the rank and title of Baron de Longueuil, the most distinguished colonist under the French regime whilst it rendered tardy justice to colonial merit, has,

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in the army, where he distinguished himself, and died Governor of Montreal, 17th of January, 1729—he was the father of upwards of fifteen children. The third Baron of Longueuil was Charles Jacques Le Moyne, born at the Castle of Longueuil, 26th July, 1724; he commanded the troops at the battle of Monongahela, 9th July, 1755. He was also made Chevalier de St. Louis and Governor of Montreal, and died whilst serving under Baron Dieskau, as the Marquis of Vaudreuil states in one of his dispatches, the 8th September, 1755, at 31 years of age, the victim of Indian treachery on the border of Lake George. His widow was re-married by special license, at Montreal, on the 11th September, 1770, to the Hon. William Grant, Receiver-General of the Province of Canada; there was no issue from this second marriage, and on the death of the third baron the barony reverted to his only daughter, Marie Charles Josephte Le Moyne de Longueuil, who assumed the title of baroness after the death of her mother, who expired on the 20th February, 1782, at the age of 85 years. She was married in Quebec, on the 7th May, 1781, to Captain David Alexander Grant, of the 94th, by the Rev. D. Francis de Monmolin, chaplain to the forces. Capt. Grant was a nephew of the Honorable William Grant; his son the Honorable Charles William Grant, was fourth baron, a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and seigneur of the barony of Longueuil. He assumed the title of Baron of Longueuil on the death of his mother, which event occurred on the 17th February, 1841. He married Miss N. Coffin, a daughter of Admiral Coffin, and died at his residence, Alwing House, at Kingston, 5th July, 1848, aged 68. His remains were transferred for burial in his barony. The fifth baron who assumed the title married in 1849, a southern lady, and for a time resided at Alwing House, at Kingston. The house of Longueuil is connected by marriage with the Babys, De Beaujeus, LeMoines, De Montenach, Delanaudières, De Gaspés, Delagorgendières and several other old families in Canada.

(Since these lines were written, a full History of Longueuil has been published in Montreal by Messrs Alex. Jodoin and J. L. Vincent, with a ground Plan of the Baron's Fort and Château, at Longueuil).

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also had for effect to draw attention, to a phase in our annals, at one time obscurely known: the resident french nobility. Although primitive Canada, carries on her escutcheon, many of the famous names of old France: Richelieu, the Prince of Condé, the marquis de la Roche, the count of Soissons, le chevalier de Montmagny, Laval, the marquis of Tracy, count La Galissonnière, the marquis of Beauharnois, the marquis of Montcalm, Levi, several of these proud dignitaries, though watching over the cradle of the nascent colony, were never residents of New France.

A memoir (1) of 1667, attributed to Intendant Talon, mentions that the nobility " La Noblesse " counts but four old nobles, in the colony, adding that four other heads of families, were honored the year previous, by the French King, with *Lettres de Noblesse*—in addition to the nobles among army officers, who had settled in Canada, the worthy Intendant, thinks this number insufficent to uphold the king's authority and suggests to the minister, that His Majesty should increase it by sending in blank, eight Royal *Patents of nobility* for eight of the most meritorious colonists, to be selected; such practice having taken place the year previous."

In a subsequent memoir (2), attributed to Intendant Hocquart, and apparently written about 1736 when the Marquis de Beauharnois was Governor and Hocquart Intendant, it is stated that " there were a few noble families in Canada, but that so many sons are born to them, that it produces a number of *Gentilshommes*, younger sons, of gentle birth to be provided for.

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(1) *Mémoire sur l'état présent du Canada*, 1667. Documents publiés en 1840, par la *Société Littéraire et Historique*, Québec, p. 5.

(2) *Mémoire sur le Canada*, d'après un manuscrit, aux Archives de la Marine, à Paris, 1736, p. 2.—Document publié par la *Société Littéraire et Historique*, Québec, 1840.

The memoir then quotes as follows, the names of these leading families :

Families.	Branches.
" Le Gardeur	Repentigny, Courcelle, Tilly de Beauvais.
Denys	Denys de la Ronde, De St. Simon, Bonnaventure.
D'Aillebout	Perigny, Manthet, D'Argenteuil, Des Mousseau.
Boucher (1)	Cette famille est établie à Boucherville, près de Montréal. L'aîné qui est âgé de près de quatre-vingt-dix ans, a plus de cent quatre-vingt-dix enfants, petits enfants, frères, neveux et petits neveux.
Contrecœur La Valtrie St. Ours Meloises Tarrieu de la Pérade.	Toutes ces familles viennent du régiment de Carignan, envoyé en Canada en 1667.
LeMoyne	C'est la famille des Longueuil.
Aubert	.....
Hertel Godefroy	Ces deux familles sont très nombreuses."
Damours	.....

The memoir among other matters suggests, that of reserving for the sons of the Canadian nobility commis-

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(1) The family of the venerable Governor of Three-Rivers, Pierre Boucher, has branched off into many septs and revives to this day, in the (Boucher) de LaBruyère, de Montizambert, de Niverville, de Montarville, de Grosbois and *alii*.

sions in the French navy " so as to draw closer to the mother-county, the Canadian nobles and the settlers. "

A cursory glance at the above, " will show that with the exception of the LeMoyne, the St. Ours, the Boucher, the others named have well nigh disappeared, as notable families in Canada. The third Baron de Longueuil, who was killed in the action at Ticonderoga, in 1755, left one daughter, who succeeded him as Baroness de Longueuil in her own right. Her cousin as the male heir, brought an action claiming the title. The case was tried in Paris, and the High Court decided against him. This lady married Capt. Grant, of the 94th Regiment, and the title descended through her to her son, grand-father of Charles Colmore Grant, the present Baron de Longueuil.

In a reply to " *Modern Society,* " a London journal, who had asserted that " the title of Baron de Longueuil possessed no legal existence " the Baron wrote :

" When my father died I determined that unless the title were officially acknowledged I would not use it. I therefore brought the matter before the Canadian Government, claiming the recognition of the title by Her Majesty. After a most searching investigation they decided that, according to the law of Canada, the title legally existed there, and that under the treaty by which Canada was ceded to England I was strictly within my right in claiming an official recognition of it. The claim was accordingly forwarded by the Canadian Government to the Colonial Office, who again subjected it to a strict investigation. After some delay, caused by questions which arose between the two Governments on international law as affecting the case, the Secretary of State for the Colonies submitted the question to Her Majesty in person, who was graciously pleased to give orders for the recognition to be at once accorded. It was gazetted, and I was presented at the next Levée by the Secretary of State for the Colonies (1) as upon the recognition of the title. The matter from the beginning was a strictly legal question, and was settled in a

(1) " The Queen held a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on the 25th of February, 1881, when the following presentations were made: Baroness de Longueuil, by the Countess of Kimberley, also Baron de Longueuil, of Longueuil, Province

strictly legal manner through the proper channel; interest had nothing to do with it. I may add that the title is historic in Canada, and that the barony belongs to me now."

[From *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, 30th December, 1880.]

A NEW BARON DE LONGUEUIL.

We are permitted to extract from a letter by yesterday's mail, to our fellow-townsman, J. M. LeMoine, from Charles Colmore Grant, Esq., of London, enclosing the following official excerp from the London *Official Gazette*, resuscitating the most honored French title of the Province of Quebec.

Extract from the "London Gazette" of December 7th, 1880:

"Downing Street, December 4th, 1880.

"The Queen has been graciously pleased to recognise the claim of Charles Colmore Grant, Esq., to the title of Baron de Longueuil, of Longueuil, in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

"This title was conferred upon his ancestor Charles Le

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of Quebec, Canada, (on recognition of the title) by the Secretary of State for the Colonies."

"Debrett's Peerage" for 1881 thus writes of "Canada's only Baron":—The recent recognition by Her Majesty of a Canadian barony in an exceptional circumstance, and the gentleman (Baron de Longueuil) whose title has been acknowledged holds the remarkable position of being the only subject of the Queen who is a colonial peer, and who at the same time has not any precedence. The feudal barony is entirely exceptional, and is the only Canadian hereditary title existing. The patent of nobility signed by King Louis XIV, granting this title to Charles Le Moyne for distinguished services is remarkable as creating not only a territorial barony, but also conferring a title of honour on himself and his descendants, whether male or female. The cession of Canada to England by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, made no change in the legal right to hold honors. Since this period each successive head of the family has, by assumption of right, used the title; but it was not officially recognized by the British Government until December 4th, 1880.

Moyne, by Letters Patent of Nobility, signed by King Louis XIV, in the year 1700."

" 18 South Park Lane,

London, December, 1880.

Dear Mr. Le Moyne,

I write to tell you the news which I am sure will interest you: the Queen has recognised my claim to the title of my family. I enclose you a cutting from the *Gazette*, giving the official recognition.....

I need hardly say, that I feel very proud to have been the means of rescuing an old and honored name in the history of our country from oblivion and of showing the world, not only that in days gone-by Canada gave birth to men who left their mark upon the times in which they lived, but also that the Canada of to-day is not ashamed to honor their memory in the person of their descendants. For this result I have greatly to thank Sir John Macdonald and Lord Lorne.....

My thanks are also due to yourself for your kindness in assisting me with regard to the history of my family, and I hope next spring to have the pleasure of seeing you again and conveying my thanks in person.

With kind regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

G. DE LONGUEUIL.

J. M. Le Moyne, Esq.,
Spencer Grange, Quebec.

ST. LOUIS STREET—ITS STORIED PAST.

One of those soft, bright September evenings, just as the lessening beams of the setting sun glinted over our church spires, and over the gilt vane of the new city gates,—Lord Dufferin's parting token of interest in the "Walled city of the North," I happened to be standing on the lofty arch which spans St. Louis Gate, in company with a trusty friend of the Ancient Capital, Wm. Kirby, F. R. S. C., the admired author of the "Golden Dog" novel,—that day, my honored guest, at Spencer Grange.

Our gaze took in from end to end the suggestive panorama disclosed by this aristocratic thoroughfare. "Why not compare notes," said I, "on the men and incidents of the past, connected with the dwellings lining the street?"

As I proceeded, quoting history and naming the old and new residents, my esteemed friend, the Niagara poet and novelist, seemed as if inspired by this pensive, dreamy scene. How often since have I regretted not having prevailed on him to commit to paper his glowing thoughts?

—"St. Louis Gate!" said Kirby,—"I mean the old gate—why that takes one back more than two hundred years. One would like to know what King Louis XIII replied to his far-seeing Prime Minister, Cardinal de Richelieu, when he reported to him that a crooked path in wood-crowned Stadacona, leading through the forest primeval, by a narrow clearance called *la Grande Allée*, all the way to Sillery, was named Louis street; that he, Richelieu, had ordered that his own name

should be given to another forest-path near the Côteau Ste. Geneviève, now Richelieu street, and that it ran paralled to another uneven road, called after a pious French Duchess—d'Aiguillon street, whilst the street, laid out due north parallel to St. Louis street, took the name of the French Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria. Did the royal master of Versailles realise then what a fabulous amount of Canadian history would be transacted on this rude avenue of his budding capital in New France?" "Suppose," said I to the poet, "we saunter down the street as far as Dufferin Terrace, refreshing our memory and feasting our eyes on the pageants and stirring events of yore—of which this street has been the arena?"

—"A sight which doubtless powerfully appealed to every British heart must have been the spectacle presented at St. Louis Gate, on the afternoon after the surrender of the keys of Quebec, by de Ramsay, to Brigadier General Townshend: the 18th September, 1759. Let us peer through the mist of years, and watch the measured tread of Wolfe's veterans. The three companies of Louisbourg Grenadiers and some light infantry, under the command of Lt. Col. Murray "preceded," says Capt. Knox, their comrade in arms, "by fifty men of the Royal Artillery and one gun with lighted match, and with the British colours hoisted on its carriage, the Union flag being displayed on the citadel." "Captain Paliser with a large body of seamen and inferior officers at the same time took possession of the low town, and hoisted colours on the summit of the declivity (Mountain Hill) leading from the high to the low town".....

Halt! says Murray to his victorious men, on reaching through the battered city, "the grand parade (the Ring) where the flag-gun will be left-fronting the Main guard."

Such says this contemporary historian, Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, the mode of taking possession of Quebec.

—"There, on your right, I added, is the steep, winding ascent to our famous Citadel, built on plans originated about 1756, by the celebrated engineer de Lery and submitted by the Royal Engineers, approved of by the Duke of Wellington, and constructed, 1821-32, at a cost of $25,000,000. Up to 1693, the French had not thought necessary to fortify Cape Diamond; in 1694, St. Louis and St. John's gates were erected. In 1775, Capts. Gordon and Mann, R. E., had drafted a plan for a temporary Citadel. In 1779, it was begun by Capt. Twiss, R. E. In 1793, Capt. Fisher reported it had gone to decay and applied at head-quarters for plans to protect St. Louis and St. John's gates.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dufferin selected this very airy post for his summer, holiday home after each Parliamentary recess. A noble terrace and ball-room were since added; Princess Louise, one of Queen Victoria, daughters, and her consort of the lordly house of Argyle, occupy it at the present moment. Let us not intrude, at this late hour, on the privacy of these cultured city guests. Her R. H. may possibly, at this very instant, be engaged in painting, from the Prince's Feather Bastion,—a gorgeous Canadian sunset just as the sun god is giving his last kiss to the green groves of Levis and dropping an expiring ray on the chasm of placid waters 350 feet below, rushing their wavelets to the ocean, whilst Lord Lorne is revolving in his own mind, the best means to secure long life and success to his pet creation, the Royal Society of Canada.

Art and Literature, stalking hand in hand; is this not a winsome sight for you and me, my dear poet?"

But to revert to our grim, casemated citadel, who now will indite the garrison chronicles of the hundred and one dashing British regiments, previously quartered there?

They too, had their days of scares and of dire alarms, in 1837-8, when those rank rebels, the *Chasseurs*

Canadiens, (1) meditated mischief and were only, as they later on pretended, prevented by a bright moon, from creeping up, under the veil of night to surprise the sentries and take possession of the impregnable fortress, to which had been removed for safe-keeping, the specie of our Canadian Banks. If successful, according to some rabid tories of that period, *les Anglais* were all to be " shot, piked or hamstrung ! "

Life in the casemates and on the hog's back was not, however, always perilous, precarious, uncertain. Times were, when returning after the Saturday tandem drive, in winter, from Billy Button's noted rustic hostelry, at Lorette, the absorbing topic at mess, was a projected garrison ball on the citadel, or a moose or cariboo hunt on the Laurentian ridge, north of Quebec, or at *Les Jardins*, in rear of Baie St. Paul, under the guidance of Vincent, Gros Louis, Tahourenché or Tsioüi, the trusted Huron Nimrods of Indian Lorette. There were also for the jolly red coats and the city belles, days of tears or of joy, when the regiments on their removal to other garrisons, claimed or forgot to claim some of the Quebec or Montreal fair ones as their not unwilling brides.

As we hurry past, let us glance, at the gorge of the west bastion on the ascent, the spot, where rested from the 4th January, 1776, to the 16th June, 1818, the remains of Brigadier General Richard Mont-

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(1) To a stalwart old *chasseur* of 1837-8, J. P. Rhéaume, I am indebted for the form of the oath taken. The candidate for initiation was admitted in a room, then blindfolded and made to kneel between two men, one of whom held a pistol to his ear, the other pointing a poniard to his heart. The form of oath was then read. The candidate swore to keep secret the proceedings of the *Patriotes*, in the approaching rising, consenting to have his throat cut if he failed. The bandage was then removed and the oath signed.

(For further particulars, see p. 252-3 of " Picturesque Quebec.")

gomery, until their removal to St. Paul's Church, New York, at the request of Jane Livingstone, his sorrowing widow who had a suitable monument erected to his memory. Let us hail, as we pass the Garrison Club, founded on the 11th September, 1879, the shades of all those eminent Royal Engineer officers, who, of yore, vied with one another in devising plans to make our fortalice impregnable: Gother Mann, Twiss, Bruyères, Durnford, Duberger, By, the founder of Bytown, now Ottawa. In this long, low building, for years the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers, the Quebec Garrison Club now holds forth; (1) adjoining, enshrined in garden plots and shade trees, still stands the old Sewell manor,

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(1) The early history of the R. E. office in Quebec is interwoven not a little with our old system previous to Responsible Government, when the commanding officer of Royal Engineers was a most important personage, and second only in authority to the Governor-General himself, who was also a military officer and commander-in-chief. In those days, before the Crown Lands were vested in the Provincial Government, the C. R. E. sat at the land-board, in order to retain reserves for the Crown, or for military purposes, and in other ways to advise the Governor-General in such matters; but unfortunately all the old and interesting records of that period were removed with the head-quarters under Sir John Oldfield, R. E., to Montreal, in 1839 and destroyed by the great fire in 1852.

At a very early date after the conquest, the R. E. office was located in a wing of the Parliament House, near Prescott Gate, and also in the old Château St. Louis; but upon the purchase of the present building, with the land attached, at the foot of the Citadel hill, from Archibald Ferguson, Esq., on the 5th July, 1819, removed thither, and there remained as the C. R. E. quarters until the withdrawal of the troops, a few years ago, in accordance with the change of policy in England, in regard to the Colonies, requiring Colonel Hamilton, R. E., the last Imperial Commandant of this garrison in 1871, to hand it over to the care of the Canadian Militia, whose pride it ever will be to preserve and perpetuate the memories of the army of worthies and statesmen who have sat and worked within its walls." — (*Morning Chronicle, Christmas Supplement*, 1881.)

built by Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, in 1804, where this eminent jurist and ripe scholar closed his long and distinguished career, on the 12th November, 1839. The chronicles of his spacious, old mansion, now the quarters of the commandant of B Battery, would, alone, fill a volume.

At the corner of d'Auteuil and St. Louis streets, on a lot owned, in 1791, by the Chief Justice's father-in-law, Hon. Wm. Smith, an eminent U. E. Loyalist and our Chief Justice in 1786, a double, modern residence now stands. It was occupied, in 1860, by our Governor-General, Lord Monck. Divided since, into two tenements, it is owned and tenanted by Judge G. N. Bossé and by Judge A. B. Routhier, F.R.S.C. At the next house, resided and died on the 17th December, 1847, the Hon. W. Smith, son of the Chief Justice and the author of Smith's *History of Canada*, the first volume of which was published at Quebec, in 1815. In 1812-3 the American prisoners taken at Detroit, &c., occupied for a time this tenement. For years, it was the cosy mansion of the late Sheriff Alleyn, and has been since fitted up and leased as the Union Club.

We have just walked past a wide expanse of verdure, fringed with graceful maples and elms, sacred to military evolutions, the Esplanade, extending from St. Louis to St. John's Gate, facing the green slope, crowned by the city fortifications. On our left, you can notice a low, old rookery. One hundred years ago it sheltered a brave U. E. Loyalist family, the Coffins ; it was since purchased by the City Corporation. In this penurious, squeezed-up local, the Recorder daily holds his Court. Next to it, with a modern cut-stone front occurs our modest City Hall, acquired from the heirs Dunn, at present quite inadequate to municipal requirements. On one corner, opposite, dwells the Hon. P. Pelletier, Senator ; on the other, Sir H. L. Langevin, for years one of our leading statesmen. Within a stone's throw up St. Ursule street, still exists the massive, spacious

mansion of the late Sir James Stuart, Bart. This eminent jurist closed there his career in 1853. The house was afterward bought by his nephew, the late Judge of Vice-Admiralty, George Okill Stuart, who expired in it, in April, 1884. At the death of Judge Geo. Okill Stuart, this spacious homestead, was purchased in 1894 by Mr. Wm. McPherson, son of Sir David McPherson.

One would imagine the street was predestined to be the head-quarters of our ermined sages, ever since the Court of *La Sénéchaussée* sat about 1660, at the eastern end in a stately building, since removed. On, or near, the site now stands the dwelling and study of James Dunbar, Q. C. Let us try and name some of these eminent gentlemen of the long robe : Judges Lotbinière, Mabane, Monk, Dunn, Elmsley, Sewell, René Edouard Caron, (subsequently a respected Lieutenant-Governor), Van Felson, Jos. N. Bossé, Tessier, Bonaventure Caron, Guillaume Pelletier, G. Bossé, Routhier, Duval, Taschereau, Fiset, Maguire, La Rue, Crémazie, Chauveau. The sons of Esculapius, have of late invaded the locality, without, however, any perceptible increase in the death rate ! Some barristers have held out in that street for more than a half century. Sir N. F. Belleau occupies still the house he acquired in 1835. One land mark of our Republican neighbors will some day or other disappear, cooper Gobert's little shop, where were laid out, on Sunday, 31st December, 1775, Richard Montgomery's stiffened remains brought in from Près-de-Ville. Two handsome new structures now replace the Montgomery house, indicated by an inscription.

There stands solitary, half-lit up by the departing orb of day, a roomy, old, not very ornate edifice, familiar to you. In rear is seen from the street the lofty, solid wall of historic Mount Carmel ; Judge Geo. J. Irvine's dainty floral walks, and some lith Lombardy poplars, occupy the place where of yore was erected Dupont de Neuville's wind-mill and cavalier. No trace now of the frowning, three-gun battery, in position in October,

1690, a portion of the city defences against Admiral Phips.

On this site, a deal of stirring and some social incidents of Canadian history were enacted. Here was the mansion, where on 4th February. 1667, Judge L. Théantre Chartier de Lotbinière, Lieutenant General of the French King, gave the first grand ball in New France, possibly, in North America. Watch the magnificent Marquis of Tracy, introducing to the distinguished host, his gorgeously, habited young guardsmen, sprigs of the French nobility; he is followed by Governor de Courcelles, Intendant Talon and other dignitaries. Such a novelty as a grand ball—among *la crême de la crême* of society, at Quebec, did not pass unheeded; a pious ecclesiastic wrote an account of it to France, expressing, hesitatingly, the hope "that no evil results might follow"!

Nearly a century later, stood here the head-quarters of Brigader-General James Murray—the Commandant at Quebec. Old memoirs tell how rudely our first Governor's sleep was interrupted on the night of the 26th April, 1760, by the officer of the watch, admitting to his presence, the half-frozen French cannonier, whom Capt. McCartney, of the sloop-of-war "Race Horse," had had rescued that night from the ice-floes carried by the tide past Quebec. British troopers conveyed him up Mountain Hill, to General Murray's official head-quarters on a "sailor's hammock". The ill-fated sergeant before expiring had just, on swallowing cordials, recovered enough strength to tell, defiantly one may suppose, the alarming tidings of the arrival of Levi's 12,000 men at St. Augustin, on their march to Quebec. Sleep did not revisit the astounded warrior that night. Orders were promptly issued for a large body of troops to go, at break of day, and gather in Murray's detachments at the outposts, at Sillery, Ste. Foye, Ancient Lorette, &c.

This was not, however, the only exciting experience the stern General was doomed to encounter, at Quebec. On the 9th May, 1760, writes Sergeant James Thompson one of Murray's stalwart troopers, General Murray was startled by the news of the appearance round Pointe Levi, of a ship-of-war, the "Leostoff," a fresh arrival from sea, "seen tacking across and across between Pointe Levi and the opposite shore." Was she English or French? As yet she had showed no colors. Was she a friend from the white cliffs of old England, or a foe from Brest or L'Orient? Hope and relief or defeat and surrender?

The news he says, "electrified" the General, who was at that moment "in a meditative mood, sitting before the fire in the chimney place." All uncertainty ceased when the "Leostoff" hoisted the meteor flag of England, in response to the English colors, ordered by Murray to be displayed from the Citadel. The whole city guns roared out a salute; on the 16th, the arrival in port of the "Vanguard" and the "Diana," other english frigates, meant that the old *régime* was closed for ever.

The French legions, expecting an immediate attack on their trenches, took to flight, leaving their breakfast still cooking in camp.

This solid edifice, the bright home of Judge Elmsley at the dawn of the century, was subsequently acquired by the Ordance Department, as an officers barracks for one of the regiments of British troops stationed at Quebec, and has remained ever since as quarters to the Dominion staff of officers.

A plan of Quebec, dated 20th May, 1756, signed by Land Surveyor LeMaistre-Lamorille, and contersigned by Intendant Bigot, assigns M. Péan, as proprietor of lot No. 17, on the plan in rear of the "Officers' Quarters" and opening up on St. Geneviève street, whilst M. de Meloises appears to have owned lot No. 30 to the east, comprising also a mill on Mont Carmel (de

Neuville's Mill of 1690,) and also the lot where the Officers' Quarters now stand.

In the dwelling existing there, prior to 1800, according to M. de Gaspé, originated the fire, which burned down the Jesuit's Church and Convent, on the 6th September, 1796. The site is now partly occupied by the Anglican Cathedral, erected 1800–4. A blazing shingle carried from St. Louis street, by a violent west wind, set fire to the roof of the Recollet Church. M. de Gaspé, a spectator, has left a most graphic account of the conflagration.—(Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspé.)

Colonel Forrest, who has had access to the title deeds of the ancient mansion, writes thus:—

" Quebec, 15th April, 1891.

J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your note of 14th instant, I beg to say that I am anxious myself to learn the truth regarding this old building. I have gathered some scraps of information which though disconnected, I shall now furnish in the hope that they may be useful to you in supplying some missing link in your interesting notes on St. Louis street.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

The property in question served as officers' quarters to the regiments assigned to the old Jesuits barracks during the many years that British troops were stationed in Quebec, the officers occupying the present building.

The grounds are 132 feet broad, fronting on St. Louis street, 135 feet on Ste. Genevieve street, with a depth of 401 feet. This property is said to have belonged to the Ladies of the Hôtel-Dieu, who conceded it to Jean B. Morin, Sieur Rochebelle, on 19th October, 1670.

Then follows a long interval, which to me is a blank, as I know nothing of the vicissitudes through which this property passed, until it came in the possession of the Intendant Bigot, or rather of his favorite, Madame Angélique de Péan; nor can I find out who occupied it between the years 1759 and 1796; when this building was, on 6th September, 1796, burnt down.

On 3rd January, 1803. (There seems to be a misprint in these figures. Mrs. Elmsley became a widow only on 29th April, 1805, when her late husband, the Hon. John Elmsley, Chief Justice and President of the Legislative Council and member of the Executive Council, expired at Montreal much regretted. Quebec *Mercury* of 4th May, 1805), Mrs. Widow Elmsley acquired this property from Hon. James Monk, and on the 5th April, 1811; she sold it by her procurator, Hon. John Hale, to Deputy Commissary-General Edward Couch, representing the English Government. It consisted of the grounds already described, a two story stone building, fronting on St. Louis street, together with a stable and coach-house in rear.

The following year, 1812, Lt.-Col. Sheaf, R. E., acting under instructions from England, built on the south west corner of the property the "Garrison Hospital," (until lately occupied as the District Court House, since the conflagration of the latter on 1st February, 1871,) for the use of the troops quartered in Quebec, and especially for that of the 44th Regiment, then stationed here. The stable and coach-house were subsequently replaced by the two small buildings used respectively as offices for the Quarter-Master General and for the Purveyor.

The main building was, as you know, occupied by the British Regiments as "officers' quarters" until 1871, and on the following May, I was placed in charge of it and have occupied quarters there ever since; and yet, neither the beautiful Angélique, nor the terrible La Corriveau have ever come back to inform us whether,

it is indeed the veritable building, in which they together plotted their nefarious schemes, or whether the real Bigot Mansion was totally consumed by the fire of 1796, and the present building altogether another and different one, although built upon the same spot and sprung, Phœnix-like, from the same as his."

Ever yours truly,

W. H. FORREST.

Col. Forrest's letter, among other valuable information, furnishes a clew, to the oft' debated origin of the old Military Hospital, where judges, jury and lawyers have had to do penance for nearly twenty years—sweltering during the dog-days amidst the tainted atmosphere of those dark hospital walls—reeking with the fever microbes and *bacilli* of 60 summers. It was indeed, a relief, to remove to the new Court House!

I was here interrupted by my genial friend. You have omitted one not unimportant episode. Here also, added Mr. Kirby, lived and flourished the beautiful Angélique de Meloises, Madame Hughes Péan, Intendant Bigot's charmer. In the rosy days of my youth and romance, when Quebec appeared to me like a poem, I described it as follows: "The family mansion of the des Meloises was a tall and rather pretentions edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue Saint Louis, where it still stands, old and melancholy, as if mourning over its departed splendors. Few eyes look up nowadays to its broad facade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angélique sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows, where they could see and

be seen to the best advantage, exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along the lively thoroughfare."

—"Enough! Enough! Poet, my friend. These were festive times, but was there aught in them to make us proud?" (1)

Now my dear friend, we are getting near to sacred ground. Shall I say "*Sta, viator, heroem calcas!*" for, a hero expired here; I do verily believe.

Tarry with me one moment, within the lobby of this long, narrow, high-peaked, antique, French tenement facing Parloir street. Doubtless its active present proprietor, Mr. P. Campbell, livery stable keeper, will ere long replace it, alas! with some modern structure more suitable to his calling. (He has done so).

With due deference to the opinions of others, methinks this was in September, 1759, the surgery of Dr. Arnoux, Jr., where Montcalm was brought wounded from the Plains of Abraham, through St. Louis Gate and where the illustrious patient had his wounds, attended to. (2)

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(1) It sometimes happened, says Col. Cockburn, R. A., in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's *chère amie*, was a handsome Madame P——, in consequence of which as a matter of course, Mr. P. became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the Officers Barracks, in St. Louis street *now stands;* one New Year's Day, he presented this house to Madame P——, as a New Year's gift; such was the magnificence of this gentleman."

(*Quebec and its Environs in* 1831).

(2) At 8 p. m., on the 14th, his mortal remains, in a rude coffin, were laid in the hole, within the Ursuline Chapel—which a shell from the English fleet had made. We notice, as we pass, the entrance to the hoary old Monastery alive with memories of eld.

"A curious pictorial plan or map of the original Convent

—"On what grounds, enquired Mr. Kirby, do you settle on this spot, as the locality where expired the hero? No one yet has cleared up this debated point."

Captain John Knox, a contemporary, appears to me quite astray, in his account of the event; even Frs. Parkman and subsequent historians, have failed to solve the problem.

—"Well, I replied, the disquisition would involve much more space than this sketch could afford."

I challenged investigation, in a French essay, in 1871, in *l'Album du Touriste*; I repeated the challenge in an English review, in 1890, the *Canadian Antiquarian*, of Montreal, but no one, so far has picked up the glove.

What a sorrowful sight, this artistocratic thoroughfare must have disclosed, about noon, on the 13th September, 1759, when Wolfe's intrepid rival, with face bronzed by Italian and Canadian suns, was returning

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is still in existence. In this St. Lewis street appears merely a broad road between the original forest street, and is called "La Grande Allée," without a building immediately on either side.

"At a little distance to the north of "La Grande Allée," is a narrow path called 'le Petit Chemin,' running parallel, and leading into the forest. The house of Mde de la Peltrie, the founder of the Convent, is described as occupying, in 1642, the corner of Garden street. The Ursuline Convent stood at the north west of Mde de la Peltrie's house, abutting on "Le Petit Chemin," which ran parallel to St. Louis street, and fronting towards Garden street. It is represented as being a well proportioned and substantial building, two stories high, with an attic, four chimneys, and a cupola or belfry in the centre. The number of windows in front was eleven. In other compartments of this interesting map, are seen *La Mère de l'Incarnation* instructing the young Indian girls, under an ancient oak tree, and other nuns proceeding to visit the savages. In La Grande Allée, the present St. Louis Street, we see Mr. Daillebout the Governor on horseback, and Mde. de la Peltrie entering her house, &c.

"This plan is probably the most ancient, as it is the mos interesting representation extant of any portion of Quebec.'

from his last battle-field, supported by two grenadiers, on his black charger, and courteously greeting, but with down cast countenance, some poor women, horrified at his appearance, and telling them that he was not seriously hurt and not to weep for him !

Varied indeed are the incidents and spectacles recalled by this historic street.

At the corner opposite to this spot lived Abbé Vignal, previous to his joining the *Sulpiciens*, in Montreal. In October, 1661, he was captured by the Iroquois, at *La Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal, roasted alive and partly eaten by these fiends incarnate.

On a cold, blustery Sunday morning, in December, 1775, the peaceable denizens of St. Louis street, were startled from their sleep at 5 a. m., by the loud voice of the officer on duty, Capt. Fraser, rushing down the street, towards the main guard at the Recollets, exclaiming at beat of drum " *To arms ! To arms ! !* " The solitary sentry making his rounds on the St. John bastion, in the gathering storm, had reported an armed body of men, as if marching to assault the city gates. It was the feint entrusted to Col. Livingstone, while the Commander-in-Chief, Richard Montgomery, and his intrepid lieutenant, Col. Benedict Arnold, were marching under cover of night intending to meet him at the foot of Mountain Hill which they were to ascend and storm Quebec.—*Sed Diis aliter visum !*

Facing Garden street we shall meet the *Academy of Music* and next to it, the *St. Louis Hotel.*

On, on we go, past the imposing new Court House, completed on the site of the former one, dating back to 1814 and destroyed by fire 1st February, 1871.

In this neighborhood also, in 1764, Brown and Gilmore printed, twenty-four years before the *London Times*, the first number of the *Quebec Gazette* " two doors higher than the Secretary's office " wherever the latter may have been. The venerable sheet died of old

age 110 years later, in 1874, merged into the *Quebec Morning Chronicle.*

There still stands on the east corner of Haldimand and St. Louis streets, the spacious, modernized old Kent House, the winter-quarters, 1791-94, of H. R. H. Prince Edward, Queen Victoria's father, the colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, at that time in garrison at Quebec.

The *Quebec Gazette* of the 4th March, 1794, advertises the mansion as " Miss Mabane's elegant house, No. 6 Port St. Louis street "; it was then occupied by the Lord Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop.

Next to it, is the high peaked, antique Commissariat Building, purchased in the early part of the century, from old Peter Brehaut—fitted out with solid iron shutters, by the Imperial Government for the safe keeping, before the era of banks and police in Quebec, of the specie paid out to the troops and army contractors. At the departure of the Commissariat Staff, in 1871, it was put in thorough repair by the Dominion Government, and is now used as the Militia Bureau and residence of the D. A. G., Lt.-Col. T. J. Duchesnay, Commanding 7th Military District, and President of the Quebec Garrison Club.

Now we have reached the east end of St. Louis street, where it is intersected by Des Carrières street, leading to the Cape. I can scarcely forbear telling you of a sight I witnessed here in the troublous days of 1837-8. General Theller and Colonel Dodge, the Yankee sympathizers, had escaped the night previous from their cells on the Citadel, by drugging with laudanum in porter the British sentries on their beat; it was established that they had then let themselves down from the Bastion by using the flagstaff haliards. All Quebec was on the alert. The Commandant of the garrison, Sir James Macdonald, an old Waterloo veteran, had worked himself into a white heat, when he heard of the escape of the American prisoners. The sentries were

doubled at the city gates; no vehicles allowed to leave, except after undergoing a searching investigation.

I can re-call the bakers' carts and other vehicles filing down St. Louis street to Prescott Gate; and fancy I can yet hear the profane language uttered by the Jehus on being challenged and stopped by the sentries. Few then were aware of the mode of escape of the distressed warriors; the captives had been concealed by those rank rebels, the "*Chasseurs Canadiens*, a secret and daring club, each member bound by a *terrible* oath to promote the rising of the *patriotes*." The *Grande Place* (or Ring) to the east of the Court House for two centuries or more played an important part in city pageants, public meetings, military parades. Until the year of the castle's destruction by fire, in 1834, the Tandem and Driving Clubs in winter used to meet there and the first drive each fall, presided over by the English Governor, occupying the adjoining chateau, was a memorable one. The Ring was planted with shade trees by the Mayor of Quebec, Thomas Pope, Esq., in 1862; recently, it has been provided with a fountain and a *jet d'eau*.

On the site adjoining the residence of James Dunbar, Esq., Q. C., No. 1 St Louis street, one would now seek in vain for any vestige of the *Palais* or *Sénéchaussée* of 1664, where sat the Sovereign Council. In 1665 it was allotted as the residence of the proud Marquis of Tracy, on his arrival from France. Francis Parkman will acquaint us with this great dignitary of the *ancien régime*:—

"When Tracy set sail he found no lack of followers. A throng of young nobles embarked with him, eager to explore the marvels and mysteries of the western world. The King gave him two hundred soldiers of the regiment of Carignan-Salières, and promised that a thousand more should follow. On the thirtieth of June, 1665, he anchored in the basin of Quebec. The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed

the representative of royalty, and Pointe Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing-place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. The boats at length drew near, and the lieutenant-general and his suite landed on the quay with a pomp such as Quebec had never seen before.

"Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two years, portly and tall, 'one of the largest men I ever saw,' writes Mother Mary.

"The Chevalier de Chaumont walked by his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the King's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets; and thus while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above. Breathing hard, they reached the top, passed on the left the dilapidated walls of the fort and the shed of mingled wood and masonry which then bore the name of the castle of St. Louis, passed on the right the old house of Couillard and the site of Laval's new seminary, and soon reached the square between the Jesuit College and the Cathedral. The bells were ringing in a frenzy of welcome. Laval in pontificals, surrounded by priests and Jesuits, stood waiting to receive the Deputy of the King; and as he greeted Tracy and offered him the holy water he looked with anxious curiosity to see what manner of man he was."

Let me, in closing, point out the vanished splendor of the historic pile, which cost both France and England fabulous sums, from 1620 to 1834, to keep it in repair. How many proud French Viceroys held here their quasi-regal court, to impress the surrounding savage tribes, with the idea of French power? How many distinguished

English noblemen succeeded them? Champlain,de Montmagny, d'Aillebout, de Lauzon, d'Argenson, d'Avaugour, de Mesy, de Courcelles, de Vaudreuil, de la Galissonnière, de Ramezay, de Beauharnois, de Longueuil, de la Jonquière, Duquesne; General Jas. Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir Fred. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir J. H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir J. Coap Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt, the Earl of Aylmer.

I am sure, my dear poet, you must have seen much in the antique chateau which the historian Parkman failed to discover.

Professor Pierre Kalm described it in 1749 as follows: —" The Palace is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure.

" The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and at the court-yard; and when the Governor or the Bishop comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor-General has his own chapel, where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to mass at the church of the *Recollets*, which is very near the palace."

—You, Mr. Kirby, have found the secret of surrounding the historic pile, where so much of Canadian history was transacted, with a rare glamour of romance.

Let me quote your own words: " The great hall of the

Castle of St. Louis was palatial in its dimensions and adornment. The panels of wainscotting upon the walls were hung with paintings of historic interest, portraits of the Kings, Governors, Intendants and Ministers of State, who had been instrumental in the colonization of New France.

" Over the Governor's seat hung a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies,—the emblems of French Sovereignty in the colony. Among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV) and present King (Louis XV), which hung on each side of the throne, might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organized the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic, a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land,—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac, was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called by reason of her surpassing loveliness 'The Divine.' Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois, who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp, intellectual face of Laval, its first Bishop who organized the Church and education in the colony: and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well-being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France,—the pale, calm, intellectual

features of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, — the first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, who in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France."

—" Well said," my eloquent friend ! I chimed in. You seem to have left little to add anent the whilhom splendor of the old Chateau St. Louis. One thing yet remains to complete the ornamentation of the historic site on which it stood : A MONUMENT TO THE IMMORTAL FOUNDER OF QUEBEC ; worthy of Champlain, worthy of Quebec. To me it is a dream of my youth. May we both be spared to see it ! "

SPENCER GRANGE,

Christmas Eve, 1890.

EARLY CANADIAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of *Canada*.

Benton, New Brunswick.

DEAR SIR,

I have pleasure in tendering the following for publication. It is the English version of a dry-as-dust document which an esteemed friend, now deceased, the late Henri Duchesnay, Esq., M. P., for Beauce county, P. Q., allowed me to transcribe from the voluminous French correspondence inherited by him from his sturdy ancestors, the Duchesnays, seigniors of Beauport, opposite Quebec.

Among the old *noblesse* of primitive Canada, few rank higher than the warlike Juchereau Duchesnays—now represented, at Quebec, by the athletic and worthy Brigade-Major and Deputy-Adjutant General, Lt.-Col. Théodore Duchesnay, and the numerous and highly respected clan of the Taschereau, of Beauce, P. Q., from which sprang our present archbishop, Cardinal Taschereau.

J. M. L.

Quebec, December, 1891.

[*Translation.*]

A GUSHING LETTER FROM A FRENCH SCHOOL GIRL.

Quebec, 1759.

REINE MARIE DUCHESNAY TO HERMINE TASCHEREAU.

My Dear Mine.—You doubtless are wondering why I did not write sooner to you. I have enjoyed my holidays very much, though not exactly as Mère St.

George would approve of; the fact is the town has been uncommonly gay. Our Intendant (Bigot), the young men say, is a *galant homme*. My mother, with a sneer, says he is *un peu trop galant*, and that she would rather cut our heads off, than that we should ever darken the doors of his glittering palace, for such, really he has made the *Intendance*.

There seems no hurry for school girls attending balls, either at the Intendance or at the *Château St-Louis*; though a young French Lieutenant I was introduced to, last week, told me he thought it an abominable shame that grown up ladies, like Clémentine and myself, should be debarred the pleasures of *la bonne société*, even if we should be younger than our appearance indicates; for you must know that I am quite as tall as my mother, though only fourteen years of age. Much of my time, this summer, has been taken up with showing round that handsome English Captain (1), who saved my good father's life just as the Indians were going to scalp him. This captain, as you know, is a prisoner on *parole*, and has had every liberty to wander about Quebec and the vicinity. Not only is he handsome, he is young and witty; his repartees would grace a Paris *salon*,—his daring and courage manifest themselves in his very foot-steps. He is full of *prevenances* for the ladies, accompanies my mother on the streets, dines occasionally with my father.

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(1) Major Robert Stobo, after three unsuccessful attempts succeeded in escaping from his prison in Quebec, in May, 1759. He was a hostage taken at Fort Duquesne in 1755, and brought to Quebec,—where he was to be tried as a spy. He was commander of a Virginia corps. He joined Wolfe's fleet at Louisburg, returned with him to Quebec, and is credited with having shown him the spot where to land and assault the city. Evidently our charming young friend was not proof against the fascinations of the brave, but unscrupulous, Virginia captain. A full account of his adventurous career, appears in *Maple Leaves*, 1873.

But of late my poor father, and it grieves him much, seems to mistrust the gay captain, whose only fault appears to be too great a curiosity to learn everything concerning the doings of our Government in Paris and in Quebec. His inquisitiveness at times certainly surprises all hands, and he is, when alone, constantly writing; some say he is gathering secret information, for his friends in Virginia; others, actually go so far as to say he is preparing a plan of Quebec and the fortifications; with what object I cannot see. Our gratitude towards the saviour of our father is, of course, as it ought to be, boundless. I speak unreservedly. I would not wish you to think for a moment that I could cherish for Captain Stobo any other feeling than that of esteem and gratitude.

For all that his *tournure*, conversation and looks are such, that many a girl would select him as *un héros de roman*. Major Péan, as you know, is often away, and his lovely wife, forgetting the early piety instilled in her at the Ursulines Convent as far back as 1735, gets herself much talked about. Her wondrous beauty, her accomplishments, her sweetness of manner, are calculated to create envy in this little world of ours; and I think there is no foundation for these slanders. As just stated, I do not yet form part of the *grand monde*, and do not know all that is going on. One thing I am sure of, one portion of the society is all that it ought to be; I mean the ladies and the gentleman, my father and mother associate with. We go to-morrow to sup with Monsieur Jean Taché, an eminent merchant who has a pretty country-seat on the south side of the Ste. Foye road—the same who was, as you remember, charged with a diplomatic mission to the court four years ago, to plead the cause of the colony with the King's ministers. Bigot and his gay *entourage* are not likely to be there. Your turretted old manor of Ste. Marie (Beauce) cannot be very gay, though your lively cousins, the LaGorgendières, are a host in themselves.

Do you still adhere to your former idea of keeping a diary of what may happen to you daily; if so, please copy into it my epistle and your answer, and when I go up to Beauce next summer we shall read over our letters, and ascertain the changes which have happened since the date on which the letters were written. I long to meet you in that noble avenue of waving elms, on the sounding banks of the river Chaudière. Cannot you sketch for me that dear old feudal dungeon of yours, elms and all, and make interest with the good old *curé* of the parish to take it to us in Quebec, as you have no post, nor postmen, yet!

A singular feeling, a craving for something, has come over me this summer. My harp and my drawing have ceased to please; I could (previously) practice for hours. Lieutenant Stevenson of the Rangers, to whom I complained, jestingly, said he could think of nothing so likely as love at my age, and that if Capt. Stobo were not so much my senior in years, he would swear the captain was for much in the case. Stevenson is not a bad fellow by-the-by, only I wish he would not be incessantly joking at my expense. My pious mother says that there is only one fault to be found with Stevenson: *he is a heretic.* She seems determined to bring him over to the true faith."

MAJOR ROBERT STOBO TO COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From my French Prison, Quebec,
Christmas Day, 1755.

DEAR GEORGE,—" Is not mine a glorious *finale*—for me, your trusty and well beloved *compagnon d'armes*: don't be surprised at my getting to learn French. I am now *prisonnier de guerre.* Here is your dashing leader

of a Virginia company, condemned to a *régime* of bread and water, instead of Madeira punch, prairie chicken and quail, as of yore. My luxurious campaigning seems now like the dreamy shadow of pleasures past, though not forgotten. In this lonesome French dungeon shall a descendant of Montrose give away to despair ? Never, never! Ah ! sweet hours of my childhood, ye are indeed far away. Dear old Glasgow, the Elysium of my youth, dare I recall thy cherished memories ? On the eve of closing my career, I can well retrace how it began. When a roving school-boy, I was playing the soldier, mustering and drilling my noisy squad of schoolmates, little did I then dream what life's realities had in store for me ! And you, my dear old relative, who taught me so early to live and die like a man, let me waft you my blessing across the broad Atlantic. John Mitchell, my sire, my early friend, I shall not die unworthy of you. I thank you for having nerved my arm and inspired my young heart with your thrilling stories of Bruce and Wallace, always closing your gentle advice with a request that I should remember that I was a descendant of James Graham, the great Earl of Montrose.

Yes, George, I shall never forget my grandfather's parting words, when I left Scotland for my adoptive country—for America. " Bob," said he, " my boy, watch the grand, the stern features in that picture on the wall ; see the eye following you ! Do you know what that great man lived for ? He lived for his country ; he left an undying fame as a soldier. Be worthy of him ! His name was Montrose ; some of his blood courses in your veins." I have no hesitation, my dear George, in this solemn moment to recall to you these family memories—to you, whose life has ever been inspired by similar sentiments. This is Christmas day, George. Twenty-one such days have revolved for you—twenty-eight, for me. We have both seen death on the battle-field, and Indian warfare has more that once added to it additional horrors, but neither you nor I ever shrank

from it, at the call of duty. You were the wise leader, the dutiful son, the truthful man, and I the rash cavalier, maddened with success, intoxicated by the praise of my fellow-men, bestowed more on my good looks and good dinners, than on my virtues. I am, however, prepared to seal my opinions with my blood, if the enemies of my country wish it,—but enough of this croaking.

If this should be my last letter, let it contain for my friends a record of what has occurred to me since that unlucky stroke of fate which has landed me where I am. Let me hope this letter will involve me in less trouble than my epistle of July 28th last, in which I enclosed the plan of Fort Duquesne. Poor Braddock! that fatal day, which brought him defeat and death, will also, seemingly, bring me to the block. Doubtless he thought my letter and plan safe in his custody, but the savages plucked the damning record from amongst his baggage. Therefore, I am, I am told, to grace a gibbet on the highest pinnacle of Cape Diamond. My French jailors load me with every opprobrious epithet. I have ceased in their eyes to be a hostage, as such inviolate in person by the law of nations; and if England has really disavowed the terms of the capitulation of the Fort, was I still to consider myself a hostage for the due execution of these terms? was I not then an ordinary prisoner of war, as such not precluded from aiding my country by communicating information about the enemy, even should I forfeit my life by so doing? But enough on this point; if ever we should meet on this side of Styx, of which, I confess, the chances seem faint at present, we will discuss this knotty point of the usages of war and the duties of a *paroled prisoner*. There are some incidents personal to myself at the taking of the fort, which I did not impart to you. For surrendering, we had excellent reasons. Those *nine hours* we stood exposed to the galling fire of the French and their murderous allies, the Indians, will

never be forgotten by any of those who survived. We could not hold out any longer; what would have availed us firing at foes carefully entrenched behind trees? No relief at hand, our palisades crumbling and defective, it would have been an act of inhumanity to sacrifice the lives of any more of our devoted Virginians. That merry fellow, Munro, my ensign, I shall never forget his rueful countenance when I conveyed to him your order to hoist the white flag. "What, Captain!" said he, "are we then reduced to this, you and I, who so lately organised this pleasure-party to thrash the French? Why, our good cheer was the envy of all! our venison, quail and comfits, with a full team behind to draw the King's ammunition, viz. a butt of Madeira, and crowds of camp followers. "Captain, captain, I shall never survive it!" But he did survive it. He was luckier than my poor lieutenant, to whom, on becoming a hostage, I surrendered my then useless sword. My dear George, did you not know my buoyant, mercurial nature, you would wonder how I could find space to record all these trifles, with death staring me in the face; but death has stared me in the face before this, and I generally succeed in staring the unwelcome monster out of countenance. You, no doubt, will be surprised to hear that the athletic French officer, Pean's friend, whom I purchased for forty pistoles from the Mohawks, just as they were preparing to scalp him, has turned up in Quebec. Whilst I was here on *parole*, I used to meet him in the best *salons*, at Vaudreuil's, and at the *petits-soupers* of that charming little rascal, Bigot. His name is Duchesnay: he is Laird of a *Seigneurie* facing Quebec. His manor, at Beauport, is within three miles of the city. It contains two budding beauties of uncommon promise. Gratitude made him extend to me, in my wretchedness, a helping hand; his doors were ever open to me. I sometimes wish I had never crossed the threshold."

BARON MASERES

ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR QUEBEC

1766–1769

The era from 1774 to 1791, that is, the seventeen years of our colonial existence governed by the constitution of 1774, known as the *Quebec Act*, without being particularly brilliant, of a surety challenges the serious attention of the investigator of the past. A poorly recorded era it certainly was; happily the documents throwing light on the same—scant though they were formely—are rapidly accumulating, since the creation at Ottawa, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, of a public archive office, presided over by the Genius Loci, Douglas Brymner.

To the modern annalist, the task of the historian is much less arduous than it was to our patient toilers who had to wade through piles of illegible manuscript. What was denied to students previous to Confederation, is now readily granted, since 1867: free access to the treasures of historical lore in the British Museum, the archives of the War Office, the Tower of London, and the British Public Record Office. These priceless stores of information, until Confederation, had been veiled for state reasons which it is unnecessary to discuss at present.

Several English jurists, without visiting Canada, the advocate-general, Sir James Marriott, the attorneys and solicitors-general Yorke, de Grey, Thurlow, Wedderburne, through the memoirs, official reports and state dispatches they were called on to lay before the English king, are either identified with this epoch, or else have helped to make its history.

Others, like Juge Mabane and Baron Masères, had the advantage of being located in our midst, and acquiring, through their official positions, the information they sought. The force of circumstances made them eye-witnesses of our struggles; they were privileged to study on the spot the varied and exciting phases of this era of transition.

A well-known antiquary, the Rev. Abbé Louis Bois, has written the biography of the first, the upright and persecuted Judge Mabane, who expired at his villa, Woodfield, Sillery, in 1792. I shall attempt to give a brief sketch of the second, Baron Masères, attorney-general for this province, from 1766 to 1769.

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On the 19th of May, 1824, England was mourning the loss of one of her most distinguished sons, Francis Masères, Baron of the Exchequer, jurist, mathematician, linguist, historian, publicist. The popular voice styled him "The Veteran of Science," while Literature proclaimed him the Mæcenas of men of letters in his town. That year death had closed his well-spent career. Masères, a fervent Christian, had bid adieu to the world, its pomp and vanity, at the advanced age of 93 years, in his beautiful villa of Reigate, in Surrey. Friendship had inscribed on his marble tomb, "*Quando ullum inveniam parem?*"—When shall we see his like?"

If Francis Masères, in spite of his Gallic name, was by his tastes, aspirations, convictions, loyalty, a true son of Albion, one might say, a typical Englishman; he never forgot, and more than once showed it, that for his ancestors there had been once a loved home beyond the white cliffs of England, that glorious old France, for which they had been ready to shed their blood, and which contained the sacred depot of their ashes.

It has been said that it takes three generations to

make a real English gentleman; three generations had sufficed to make Masères a true Englishman.

Francis Masères was born in London on the 15th December, 1731. His father practiced as a physician in Broad street, Soho. His great-grandfather, a native of France, professed the faith in which were born Henri IV, Catherine de Rohan, Condé and Coligny.

Three of his brothers had held commissions in the French army.

For the Masères, as well as for scores of distinguished French families, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, was the signal of departure; it meant poverty, sorrow, exile. Preferring the latter to the sacrifice of his religious views, Mr. Masères, the ancestor of the Baron, sailed for England.

King William III, cognisant of his merit gave him military employment in Ireland, and later, in Portugal. From thence he returned with the grade of colonel.

His son, a physician, having left Broad street, purchased a house in Rathbone Place, which ultimately went to his grandson; a brother of the Baron, occasionally spent there many happy days.

Francis Masères graduated at the University of Cambridge, 1752-55. The young M. A. very soon displayed rare aptitude for science and literature. He gave himself up, heart and soul, to these pursuits, without striving very hard to acquire riches, though that fickle Goddess, yclept Fortune, more than once smiled upon him.

Whilst at Cambridge, he published the following essay: "*A Dissertation on the Negative Sign in Algebra, containing a Demonstration of the Rule concerning it.*" His aim was to facilitate for beginners the study of that science. Masères abandoned the university to study law. On being admitted to the English Bar, he followed the circuits, without gaining much distinction. Later on, however, his knowledge of English jurisprudence was so profound that the

members of both houses of Parliament would come to him for advice. George III sent him to Quebec, in 1766 as attorney-general to replace George Suckling, who had succeeded J. A. Cugnet, an eminent French barrister. In 1765 the proclamation of the Stamp Act had set all New England in a blaze. Masères rendered at this juncture, by his writings, good service to England; he was subsequently made Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer.

" The most important (1) matter with which Masères was connected during the three years that he lived in Quebec was the famous law-suit of Walker, of Montreal. As Attorney-General he represented the crown in that cause, which at that time made so much noise, and which Masères relates with many details in his volume, bearing as title, " Additional Papers," published in 1776. Apart from his first " Plan of act of Parliament ", which he had printed in London before leaving for Canada in 1766, all his writings concerning Canada were not published until after his return to England, which took place late in the autumn of 1769, although it seems very probable that the greater part of his studies were prepared during his stay in Quebec. Thus his public work in 1772, having as a title, " Plan of a General Assembly of the Freeholders of the Province of Quebec ", was written at Quebec in 1767, as is indicated by a note written by Masères himself, in a copy of this pamphlet which I have met with. In this work he suggests the establishment of a House of Assembly, of which all the lords of the province shall be members, with an equal number of free-holders, that is to say that a person shall be elected by the free-holders of each seigniory to represent the interest of these in the House of Assembly. He proposed also to give to the cities of Quebec and Montreal the right to elect each two representatives and to Three-Rivers, one, to further in this assembly the commercial interests of Canada. He calculates that by this manner of election, the representation will be composed of about two hundred and sixty members. The assembly will met every year at a fixed time. Notwithstanding his animosity against the Catholics, he cannot avoid recommending in this scheme that the famous test oath should no longer be exacted from Catholics, and that another should be substituted which would be less offensive.

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(1) *Biographical Notes* on *Baron Masères*, PHILÉAS GAGNON, 1891.

Among the political writings on Canada which Masères published during the years 1772 and 1773 were found two projects of acts of parliament which made some noise. They all had the same title, but were written at different periods. The first was printed in 1772, and the second in 1773. The title reads as follows: " Draught of an act of parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec."

On ceasing (at his own request) to continue as attorney-general, he was asked to act in London as agent of the Protestants of Canada, and charged with advocating their civil and their religious rights.

The arbitrary treatment meted out by intolerance to his ancestors, in France, seems to have ever rankled in his mind; he cordially hated Roman Catholics (1). His was another distinguished name to be added to the group of clever delegates charged to advocate in England colonial rights and immunities by the English minority or French majority in Canada: Etienne Charest, Adam Lymburner, Louis Joseph Papineau, Denis Renjamin Viger, John Neilson, (Sir) James Stuart, Arthur H. Roebuck.

In 1779 the Recorder of London appointed Masères his deputy.

In 1770 the Court of Common Council made him president of the Sheriff's Court in London. He held this appointment until 1822, two years before his death.

The year 1784 found Masères deeply immersed in a dispute with the Royal Society of London, touching the dismissal of the mathematician, Hutton.

In 1800, Masères published a dissertation " *On the Resolution of Affected Algebraic Equations,* " with profuse scientific notes.

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(1) Governor Carleton, in a letter to Lord Hillsborough, rightly censures Masères' too "fervid Protestant zeal" at Quebec, and rebukes his rooted prejudices against Roman Catholics as unworthy of such a learned man.

Though our former attorney-general is known to us principally through his fourteen memoirs and reports on Canadian affairs from 1766 to 1791, mentioned elsewhere, it was in the exact sciences, parliamentary law, philosophy, and parliamentary history of England where he made his mark and where he so laboriously toiled.

I subjoin the following list of his scientific publications :—

1. " The Elements of Plane Trigonometry, with a disertation on the nature and use of Logarithms, " 1760, 8vo.
2. Montesquieu, Views of the English Constitution, translated with notes, " 1781, 8 vols.
3. The Principles of the Doctrine of Life Annuities, " 1783, 1 vol., 4 20.
4. The Moderate Reformer ; or a proposal to correct some abuses in the present establisment of the Church of England, " 1791, 6 vols., 4to.
5. Enquiry into the Extent of Power of Juries on Trials, for Criminal Writings, 1792, 8vo.
6. Scriptures Logarithmic, " 1791-1807, 6 vols., 4to.
7. Bernouilli's Doctrine of Permutations and Combinations with some Principles of Algebra, " 1799, 8vo.
8. May's History of the Parliament of England, which began 3rd Nov., 1640 ; a new edition, with a preface, " 1814, 4to.
9. Three Tracts Published in Amsterdam in 1691, and two under the name of General Ludlow to Edmund Seymour and other persons ; a new edition, with a preface, 1813, 4to.
10. The Irish Rebellion ; or a history of the attempts of the Irish Papists to exterpate the Protestants ; by Sir John Templer ; a new edition, with preface, 1813, 4to.
11. The Curse of Popery and Popish Pains to the Civil Government and Protestant Church of England," reprinted in 8 vols., 1807.
12. Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for 100 years preceding the Revolution in 1688 ; " by James Welwood, 1820, 8 vols.
13. Select Tracts relating to the Civil Wars in England, temp. Chas. I. and Cromwell Usurpation, " 2 vols., 8 vo.
14. View of the Ancient Constitution of the English Parliament. "

Mr. Philéas Gagnon, in some interesting *Biographical Notes*, on our former Attorney General, gives as follows, a list of Masères Works on Canada. Several things will be found in them which are but little known up to the present time.

1766. A sketch of an act of parliament for tolerating the Roman Catholic religion in the Province of Quebec ; for

encouraging and introducing the Protestant religion into the said province, and for settling the laws and augmenting the public revenue of the same. By Francis Masères, Esq., then lately appointed His Majesty's Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec, in North America. London, printed in April, 1766.

This work is the first that Masères wrote on our affairs. As may be seen by the date of his arrival in Canada, he wrote this small treatise before leaving London to come here. At the end of this pamphlet, which was re-printed in his "Occasional Essays" in 1809, he says that he prepared this plan of Act of Parliament at the request of Carleton and Chief Judge Hey, and a few copies only were printed for the information of the Marquis of Rockingham and of Mr. Dowdeswell, Secretary of State, of Charles Yorke, Attorney-General, of Mr. Grey, Solicitor General, and other persons in the employ of His Majesty who had the task of seeing about the government of Quebec. Not one copy of this act was given to the public. This work of Masères never came before the English parliament; of which Masères complained bitterly, pretending that they were afraid of clashing with the Catholics. Masères himself had no such scruples.

1767. Things necessary to be settled in the Province of Quebec, either by the King's Order in Council, or by Act of Parliament. Without date, nor where printed, nor special title; ten pages in folio.

A very interesting document written by Masères in 1767, while he was Attorney General, at Quebec, but printed under this form only at the close of the year 1772, as he says himself in a note at the end of this pamphlet.

1767. Plan of a General Assembly of the Freeholders of the Province of Quebec. Without date, nor where printed, nor special title, as the one which preceded it. The paging was continued from the precedent under the same size, and filed from the 11th to the 20th pages of this curious document, which was also prepared while Masères was Attorney-General at Quebec in the year 1767.

These two works in our constitution were very probably printed by Masères so as to cause the English government to share his ideas on the kind of constitution which should be granted us. In fact one sees there a resumé of all that Masères preached at the time of the discussion of the bill of Quebec, in 1774.

1772. Draught of an Act of Parliament for investing the Governor and Council of the Province of Quebec. Without an Assembly of the Freeholders of the same with a power of making laws and ordinances for the peace, welfare and good government of the said province during the space of fourteen

years. 4 pages in folio, a document without date nor place of printing, but certainly printed, in 1772, as is indicated by a manuscript note on a copy in my possession.

1772. Another plan of Act, bearing exactly the same title as the preceding one.

At the end of this document are found notes on the power of taxation in this province. The word "second," written by the hand before the word "draught," at the commencement of the title in the copy which I have in my possession, would indicate that Masères had had a second scheme printed, more complete than the first, for the information of the English minister, for this last document is composed of 12 pages instead of 4, as the preceding one had. The latter was re-printed in the " Quebec papers, " vol. 1, page 50.

1772 (First.) Draught of an Act of Parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec.

1773. (Second.) Draught &c., like the preceding document, 1772. A collection of several commissions and other public instruments proceeding from His Majesty's royal authority, and other papers relating to the state of the Province of Quebec, in North America, since the conquest of it by the British arms, in 1760. London, 1772, 311 pages in quarto.

1773. Account of the defence of a plan of Act of Parliament for the establishment of the laws of the Province of Quebec, drawn up by Mr. Francis Masères, English lawyer, afterwards Attorney General of His Majesty, the King of Great Britain, of the said province, against the objections of M. Francis Joseph Cugnet, Canadian gentleman, secretary of the Governor and counsel of the said province for the French language. At London. Printed at Edmund Allen's, Bolt Court, Fleet street. M.D.C.C.L.X. XIII. 159 pages in folio.

As in all the other works, Masères says in this one that he could wish with all his heart that the Canadians would adopt the Protestant religion, would learn the English language and adopt the English laws, or, at least, forget those of France. He also makes known to us who those were whom Gen. Carleton had charged to prepare the extract known by the name of " The Abstract of Gentlemen ", and which was published in London in 1772. He mentions " Frs. Jos. Cugnet, the learned M. Jacrean, of the Seminary of Quebec, and the very intelligent M. Pressard, of the same seminary, and Mr. Des Chensand, as well as other clever persons who worked there during three years at the request of General Carleton.

1774. Quebec commissions. London, 1774, folio. During the year 1774 he inundated also the English papers with his prose against the French Canadians. It was especially the *Public Advertiser* which had the honour of publishing the first,—the letters of Junius; and the *Norwich Mercury* which had the privilege of causing his writings to be circulated.

1775. An account of the proceedings of the British and other Protestants, inhabitants of the Province of Quebec, &c. London, 1766, 510 pages in-8.

This volume, notwithstanding all the falsehoods which it contains, is of considerable importance for the history of our country, from the conquest to 1775. This volume, with the preceding one, are what historians call the " Quebec papers " of Masères.

1776. The Canadian Freeholder, in two dialogues, between an Englishman and a Frenchman settled in Canada, showing the sentiments of the bulk of the freeholders of Canada concerning the late Quebec Act, with some remarks on the Boston Charter Act, and an attempt to show the great expediency of immediately repealing both those acts of parliament, and of making some other useful regulations and concessions to His Majesty's subjects, as a ground for a reconciliation with the united colonies in America. London, vol. I, 1776 ; vol. II and III, 1779. This work is a malevolent attack upon all that is French and Catholic, and an apology for England.

1809. Occasional essays, chiefly political and historical. London, 1809. 607 pages, 8vo. In this volume are found many writings on Canada, among which we shall mention a history of the Canadian nobility in 1775. There are to be found also important details on the work done by the English Government, so as to permit Mgr. Briand to go and have himself consecrated bishop in France, to be able to fill the functions of the Episcopate in Canada. Masères especially accuses Edmund Burke, private secretary of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the men in the English cabinet at that period, of making use of all the influence which he had with his master, to grant that permission to Mgr. Briand, and even lets it be understood—while contradicting this step—that Burke had received his education in a Jesuit College, in Belgium, and would not later have embraced Protestantism, but to improve his condition in the political world. This volume contains also a collection of ignoble things against the Catholic Church. Masères never could digest the bill of Quebec, the adoption of which, by the English Parliament, proved to the Protestants, whose agent he was, that all their work, for a number of years, to crush the Canadian Catholics, had been a clear loss. I should be very glad to know any other document on Canada, published by Masères, which we have omitted in this list. "

PHILÉAS GAGNON

Quebec, 1891.

It seems nearly incredible that so much scientific research and literary work could have sprung from one man's brain.

His purse was generously placed more than once at the disposal of literary, but impecunious merit. Masères lent the Rev. J. Hellins the money to pay for the publishing of the excellent translation he had made of Donna Agensi's treatise *Institutioni Analytiche.*

He once lent $6,000, for a term of twenty years without interest, to an indigent author, to edit a work. In spite of these generous acts, his estate at his death was of much greater value than one could have been led to believe. His sojourn in Quebec afforded him ample facilities to study closely the wants of the colony, the weak points of the administrative system, the bickerings and friction between the new subjects—the French Canadian's and the King's old subjects, recently arrived from Britain. Though a trusted adherent of the King, he took sides against him on a point of vital importance to French Canadians.

"Masères, when Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec," says the historian Bibaud, Jeune, "denied that the King had any right to legislate for Canada without the co-operation of his Parliament," and according to Masères, the French laws (1) had been

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(1) "From the year 1763 the English laws were put in force, instead of the ancient French laws which governed this province before the conquest. There were continually complaints on the part of Canadians who found themselve molested. The English Government, desiring to give a reason as to what gave occasion for these complaints, sent to Quebec, about 1773, one of the under-secretaries of state, of the name of Morgan, to make a collection of all the French laws which ruled the country under French sway,—a task which Morgan accomplished, it is said, with the greatest fidelity. Instructions were at the same time sent to the Governor, to the Chief Judge and the Attorney-General, to give all the assistance possible to Mr. Morgan, and charged each of them to supply the English Government with their personal opinion, as well as with the result of their conference together on this question. The reports of these various officers, who differed obviously among themselves, were placed before the Privy Council, and from thence referred to the Board of Trade. They were then sent to the two principal officers in

the laws of Canada from 1764 to 1774. The Advocate-General, Marriott, maintained the contrary. One can easily imagine the chances of promotion Masères must have lost by thus rudely thwarting the plans of such a self-willed, obstinate sovereign as was George III. The Roman Catholics must also have felt grateful to him for his efforts to have the obnoxious Test oath modified, A warm friend to popular liberties, he had another wrong, in the eyes of the King—he was a Whig. An implacable foe he ever was to religious intolerance and arbitrary power; standing up firm for the maintenance of order and public authority.

The study of the Greek and Latin classics was Masères' delight. Homer, Lucain, Horace were his

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law (or legal officers), viz., Solicitor-General Wedderburne and Attorney-General Thurlow, with orders for each to make a report upon what was placed before them. There was in the reports of these juriconsults, as often happens among learned people, a divergence of opinion; but both agreed generally in showing much sympathy,—thus going against the ideas of Masères. It was apropos of this that Masères published his " Draught of an Act of Parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec." It is to the large and liberal views contained in these reports of Thurlow and Wedderburne that we owe all the liberties granted to the Canadian Catholics by the famous Act of Quebec of 1774, which so much enraged the Tories of that time. "

" After his return to England, Masères continued to occupy himself with the affairs of Canada. He took a very active part in the cause of Du Calvet. He contested with the greatest vigour the illegality of the imprisonment of the latter by Haldimand; it is said even that he contributed a large portion to the expenses of the law-suit which took place in this connection. At the death of Du Calvet, Masères charged himself with the education of his son, of whom nothing was heard afterwards. One would like to know, perhaps, what Roubaud thought of Masères, with whom he had much to do. In a letter to Haldimand, dated March 23rd, 1785, which was found in the archives, at Ottawa, after having related a conversation which he had with him on the subject of the imprisonment of Du Calvet, he expresses himself as follows: " During the course of this important conversation, M.

favourites among the ancients ; he had them by heart, it was said, whilst he doted on Milton among modern writers. He liked and spoke fluently, the language of his ancestors, the French, the pure, old French of Louis XIV, the idiom of Racine, Corneille, Sévigné ; making fun of what he styled *l'Argot Parisien*, he good humouredly jeered the French *emigrés* who frequented his *salon*, on their modern effeminate accent, though at all times ready to extend to them the hand of friendship. Round his hospitable board, says an old memoir, were grouped Archbishops, Bishops and other eminent members of the French clergy, safe in England from the guillotine of Robespierre. Amongst others, might be noticed a dignitary of the Parliament of Paris—an exile—greeted with a hearty welcome in

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Masères expressed himself in a tone of vehemence and agitation, which surprised me in an Englishman. He had none of the coolness of the nation ; there was vivacity ; Gascon quickness ; in a word, he was a hot-headed enthusiast. I am not surprised that the head of Du Calvet burns and his brain evolves anger and violence. He is at a good school, and will go far under the lessons of his master. When the English Parliament prepared the Act of Quebec in 1774, it heard the testimonies of a good number of persons, who were reputed to know the country and its wants. Among those who were interrogated were found Carleton, Chief Judge William Hey, Marriott, the Solicitor-General, M. de Lotbinière, a native of Canada, and belonging to the body of the nobility of this country—a well thinking man and proprietor of immense seigniories, next to Masères,—and finally Masères himself, who was known to have resided in Canada, and who should have acquired special knowledge on the question in point. He pretended there, among many other assertions, difficult to prove, that the Canadians would be very glad if England would not grand to the clergy the right to reclaim their tithes before tribunals, and he insisted that many Canadians had refused to pay their tithes since the conquest,—in building on the fact that Lord Amherst had refused to grant the right to deduct ; the reserving this question for the good pleasure of the King of England. He said also that he believed that if immediately after the conquest they had begun gradually to replace the Catholic priests, who died, by Protestant minis-

Masères' Villa at Reigate. Though Masères despised the levellers of 1793, as well as Voltaire's subversive doctrines, he knew how to appreciate the clever writings of the author of Zaire. Scrupulously honest, unassuming, of an even, happy disposition, what especially delighted him was the bringing together, at Reigate, congenial spirits, lovers of the exact sciences. He could not bide the surly dogmatism of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson. On one occasion Masères met the old bear, at his publisher's store; the critic as usual launched out in unmeasured raillery of the contemporary writers, naming Hume and Voltaire. That was enough; Masères declared he would have nothing more to say to him. The Baron was a great chess player; he knew how to lose a game, with such charming

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ters, the Canadians would have been satisfied; but he dit not dare say that it would be prudent to do it at that time. He alleged also that he believed that if the Protestant and Catholic creeds were left on the same footing in this country, there would be more pleased than those who were displeased. If Masères occupied himself as much with the affairs of Canada after his return to England, it was that he acted as agent with the English Government on behalf of the Protestants that were in Canada, and this lasted a good many years. He had frequent communications with the chiefs of the English party, whose interests he watched; the latter kept him posted with what transpired in the country, as may be seen from the large correspondence which he makes known to us in his Quebec papers. Before him, the agent of the English party in Canada was one Fowler Walker, a lawyer of reputation, practising in the Court of Chancery— one who did more than any other in having Murray recalled from the government of Quebec. This, poor Murray had, nevertheless, but given fair play to the French Canadians during his administration. He was the same Walker who directed the movement to prevent Mgr. Briand from taking the title of Bishop of Quebec, which was at last granted to him. Masères says that he was the best informed person in the affairs of Quebec whom he had met. (*Occasional Essays, page* 369).

PHILÉAS GAGNON.

bonhomie, that a friend of his once observed that of all his acquaintances, Masères was the only player on whose face, a defeat or a victory could not be read.

Contemporary memoirs display *The Veteran of Science*, in the sweet seclusion of his home; at times, under a reverential aspect, recalling the tender piety and singleness of heart of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, who through respect for the Supreme Being, whom he styled the *Gentleman above*, never pronounced his revered name without uncovering his head. Until his dying hour, the Baron's was the decorous bearing, the exquisite good-breeding, the simple but punctilious costume of the gentlemen of the long robe, —the three-cornered hat, the heavy, powdered wig, the delicate, frilled shirt of olden days: such his daily attire.

To those who might love to re-people old Quebec with the men who, in the flesh, roamed through its historic thoroughfares, at the era following the great seige of 1759, when the 527 dwellings and public edifices destroyed by Wolfe and Saunders' shells, were springing from their ashes—imagination would fain depict the cheery presence of the courteous dignitary strolling through the *King* towards the Chateau St. Louis, or, hurrying down Palace Hill, in the direction of the *Intendance*, in search of documents from the archivist J. A. Panet: parchments of commissions, certificates of land grants, patents of French nobility, for his work "An account of the Noblesse or Gentry of Canada;" or else, disputing at the corner of a street with the learned Cugnet, anent an article of the Custom of Paris, or else, attending the sittings of the Superior Council, presided over by the Governor; or perhaps, even like some of the luminaries of our day, leisurely strolling up St. Louis street in the direction of the *Grande Allée*, after office hours, for his "daily constitutional."

OUR HISTORIANS.

Complex elements in our population, duality of language, diversity of customs, traditions and creed, in Canada, as well as the change of masters, in 1759, in the old French Province of Quebec, added to successive and widely-differing political regimes have had for natural outcome equally varied estimates and diversified records of our historical past.

Two schools, two currents of thought, often, we say it with regret, unsympathetic in their teachings, have sprung up. Writers of history have drifted unawares into two or more widely-apart literary channels; the pen of the annalist, seemingly more than once, obeyed the promptings of his nationality. In portraying some of the deadly feuds dividing our ancestry, the British or the Gallic blood would tell; let us be candid!

'Twere more than chimerical to expect among our historians entire unity of sentiment on events, absolute absence of party leanings, notwithstanding the high sense of truth and honour pervading the theme of many of them: the facts evolved may have been the same, the grouping and colouring differed *toto cœlo*.

Shall the lesson of years, shall the teachings of changes be lost on us? Shall we continue forever to keep our eyes fixed on the dead past, insensible to the living present, insensible to the march of destiny? God forbid!

National life enlarged and safeguarded by the solemn compact of Confederation, a scheme devised and accepted by all political parties and by every races, small provincial communities expanded into vigorous maturity, a new order of things, new wants created by novel circumstances, interests doubled in magnitude, old poli-

tical ulcers healed, or in process of being so, the exigencies of commerce, our wondrous, military, trans-continental railway-network are these factors of the present these factors of the future to be ignored? Are there not here momentous issues for the calm study of the statesman, as well as for the cool, dispassionate, nay, sympathetic consideration of every true Canadian?

Whilst the carping demagogue vainly attempts to thrust into the face of heedless listeners the "bloody shirt" of past, forgotten errors and wrongs, let the true patriot proudly flaunt the banner with the inspiring device, "Union is Strength!"

With these promptings uppermost in our minds, let us take a hasty glance at the honoured roll of Canadian annalists; later on, we may submit their works to the verdict of an impartial public. The most prominent of the English writers may be summed up as follows:

Baron Francis Masères, 1731-1824.—Various Memoirs on Quebec affairs.

William Smith, 1769-1847.—History of Canada, 2 vols.

Robert Christie, 1788-1856. — Parliamentary History of Canada.

Samuel J. Watson, 1837-1881.—Constitutional History of Canada.

John Chas. Dent, 1841-189[illegible].—Canada since the Union, 1840.

Dr. Henry H. Miles, 1818, living.—School History of Canada.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, 1830, living.—A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada.

John McMullen, 18', living.—History of Canada, 1760-1855.

James Hannay, 18', living.—History of Acadia.

Beamish Murdock, 18', living.—History of Nova Scotia.

William Kingsford, 183', living.—History of Canada.

Francis Parkman, 1823-93.—Series of Historical Works on French Canada, 1535-1760.

MODERN FRENCH WRITERS.

Michel Bibaud, 1782-1857.—Histoire du Canada, 1535-1844.

François-Xavier Garneau, 1809-1866.—Histoire du Canada, 1535-1840.

Abbé Jean-Bte. Ant. Ferland, 1805-1866.—Cours d'Histoire du Canada, 1535-1759.

Abbé Et. Michel Faillon. 1780-1871.—Histoire de la Colonie Française au Canada, 1535-1675.

Le Commandeur Jacq. Viger, 1787–1858.—Bibliothèque Canadienne.

Geo. B. Faribault, 1789–1865.—Antiquaire, &c.

Benj. Sulte, 1841, living.—Histoire des Canadiens-Français.

Abbé Chs. H. Cauchon dit Laverdière, 1826–1873.—Histoire du Canada pour les écoles.

Abbé Hospice A. Verreau, 1828, living.—Invasion du Canada, 1775.

Abbé H. R. Casgrain, 1829, living.—Montcalm et Lévi, 1756–60.

Abbé Cyprien Tanguay, 1819, living.—Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes.

Abbé Louis Bois, 1813–1869.—Soto, Joliette, Marquette, La Salle.

Dr. N. E. Dionne, 1850, living.—Histoire de Jacques-Cartier; Biographie de Champlain.

To which might be added two talented essayists: Joseph Pope and Hiram B. Stephens, B. C. L., the winners, like Dr. Dionne, of Lt. Governor Angers gold and silver medals; subject: "The early Explorers of the St. Lawrence."

Possibly we may dwell, at some other time, on the special features of the narratives written by the above.

J. M. LeMoine.

Spencer Grange, Quebec, Sept., 1892.

MATERIALS FOR CANADIAN HISTORY.

To those conversant with the literary movement, shall I say, intellectual awakening, attributable as one of the results of the political upheaval in 1837–38, it must be a gratifying spectacle to witness its progress, as evinced by the constant accessions of works in several departments of Canadian letters, especially history.

French literature, unlike English letters in the Province of Quebec, has but slightly benefitted by the importation in our midst of writers from old France. With the exception of a few brilliant French journalists (and some of them wisely expatriated themselves for their country's good)—with the exception of a very learned historian—the Sulpician Faillon, the province has had mainly in her literary pursuits to depend on its indigenous or native talent.

However interesting this inquiry into our past, might prove, the subject, if properly treated, would take one much further than the scope of this a magazine article would permit.

Whilst wafting across the sea a grateful remembrance to the distinguished nobleman, the Marquis of Lorne, for the impulse communicated to Canadian letters, by the creation of the association which he placed under the special patronage of our sovereign, through the privilege he obtained, of calling it the *Royal Society of Canada*, I shall confine myself to noting a few very useful contributions to the annals of the French province of Quebec, issued of late years.

How much more easy it will be hereafter to compile a reliable and circumstantial chronicle of the eight pro-

vinces of the Dominion of Canada, when it is borne in mind that each of them has active, loving, indefatigable delvers in the rich mine of its early history; that the Dominion Parliament, as well as the Provincial Legislatures, consider it a duty, nay, a crowning glory, to show the deep interest they each feel in Canadian annals, by substantial grants to unearth and make known through the noble art of the printer, the literary treasures lying unrevealed, unproductive in its public archives.

I subjoin noticeable publications recently put forth calculated to furnish " materials for Canadian history " in the Province of Quebec:

Étude Biographique sur le Chevalier Noël Brulart de Sillery, fondateur de Sillery, près Québec, par l'Abbé Louis Bois, Québec, 1855.

Notes Historiques sur Sillery, par l'abbé J.-B.-A. Ferland, Québec, 1855.

Histoire de l'Ile d'Orléans, par L.-P. Turcotte, Québec, 1867.

Notes sur la paroisse Ste-Anne de la Pocatière, par l'abbé O. Paradis, Québec, 1869.

Chroniques de Rimouski, par l'abbé Chas. Guay, Québec, 1874.

Histoire d'une paroisse (Rivière Ouelle et St-Denis), par l'abbé H.-R. Casgrain, Québec, 1884.

Le premier Colon de Lévis, par J.-Edmond Roy, Québec, 1884.

Histoire de la paroisse du Cap Santé, par l'abbé Gatien, Québec, 1887.

Histoire de Charlesbourg, par l'abbé Chs. Trudelle, Québec, 1887.

Notes sur la Baie St-Paul, par l'abbé Chs. Trudelle.

Histoire de l'Ile-Verte, par Charles Gauvreau, Québec, 1889.

" des Trois-Pistoles, par Chs. Gauvreau, 1889.

" de Longueuil, et de la famille de Longueuil, par Alex. Jodoin et J.-L. Vincent, Montréal, 1889.

Mon voyage à Tadoussac, par J.-Edmond Roy, M. S. R. C., Québec, 1884.

Notes sur le Canada, par Paul De Cazes, M. S. R. C., 1882.

Histoire de St-Jean et du Siège du Fort St-Jean, 1775, par Lucien Huot, Montréal, 1889.

" de Boucherville.....X X

Histoire des Trois-Rivières, Benj. Sulte, 1889.
" de St-Augustin, par A. Béchard, 1885.
" de Saint-François de la Beauce, par l'abbé Dumais, 1891.
" de Saint-Jean de Matha, par l'abbé Provost, 1888.
" de Yamachiche, par l'abbé Caron, 1892.
" de St-François du Lac, par Benj. Sulte, M. S. R. C., 1886.
" de l'Ile-aux-Coudres, par l'abbé Mailloux, 1879.
" du Vieux Lachine, par D. Girouard, 1890.
" de Berthier et du Comté de Berthier, par l'abbé Moreau, 1893.

(The following occur in *Annuaire de Ville-Marie*).

Histoire de Saint-Eustache, par de Bellefeuille, 1871.
" de la Visitation de l'Ile Dupas, par l'abbé Plinguet 1867.
" de Saint-Roch de l'Achigan, 1867.
" de Saint-Hermas, 1867.
" de Sainte-Philomène, 1867.
" de la Pointe-aux-Trembles, district de Montréal, 1871.

" Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest : récits de voyages, lettres et rapports inédits relatifs au Nord-Ouest Canadien. Publiés avec une esquisse historique et des annotations." Par L. R. Masson, Première série, Québec : A. Côté et Cie., 1889.

A very distinguished literary man among the above is the historian Ferland, who died at Quebec in 1866, just as he had prepared for publication the second volume of his " Cours d'Histoire du Canada " ; the correction of the proofs, however, fell to the lot of his zealous friend, the late abbé Laverdière, who expired, in 1873.

Abbé Louis Bois, for forty-one years *Curé* of Maskinongé, an indefatigable searcher of old MSS, and crabbed, musty documents, died a few weeks ago, bequeathing a mass of historical notes, to the *Collège de Nicolet*. Though he was a copious writer, he refused to sign any of his writings, after a quarrel with the antiquary, Jacques Viger. L. P. Turcotte died about eight years ago, shortly after writing his " Histoire du Canada," 1841–1867.

The Abbé H. R. Casgrain is too favourably known to require any special mention, and when these lines

appear, he will likely be on the broad Atlantic, seeking more genial climes, during the winter months.

Mr. J. Edmond Roy, F. R. S. C., and Mr. Charles Gauvreau, two youthful students of Canadian annals, both able and loving labor, will, it is to be hoped, yet furnish long literary careers.

A respected Montreal merchant, Mr. Lucien Huot, in his spirited Chronicles of St. John, near Montreal, and of its historic fort and siege in 1775, has shown than even a busy bank director can find time for active and useful literary pursuits. Honb. L. R. Masson, one of our late Lt. Governors, has proved that even the stately, secluded beautiful groves of Spencer Wood are not inimical to literary pursuits.

(The Canadian Bibliographer),

Hamilton.

Quebec, December, 1889.

A CANADIAN ANTIQUARY—ABBE BOIS.

The tomb has recently closed over a writer whose name was a house-hold word for antiquarian pursuits in the Province of Quebec, and whose publications on historical subjects have reached far beyond the land of his birth—the Abbé Bois, F. R. S. C., Maskinongé, P. Q.

Louis Edouard Bois, first drew the breath of life on September 13, 1813, in an old tenement, corner of Notre Dame and Sous-le-Fort streets, lower town, Quebec, on the spot where the founder of the city, Samuel de Champlain, had erected the " Abitation de Champlain, " two centuries previous. At a very tender age he was sent to an English school kept by Mr. Marsden, the father of the late Dr. Wm. Marsden, where, doubtless, he acquired that knowledge of the English idiom which enabled him in after-life to prosecute, in English as well as in French, his interesting researches in matters of history. M. Bois completed his education at the Quebec Seminary and College of Ste. Anne. He was inducted in holy orders, in 1837, and removed, in 1848, to the flourishing old parish of Maskinongé, in the district of Three-Rivers, where he expired in September, 1889, after a prolonged illness, having been in charge of this cure, forty-one years.

The old *curé* made a noble use of his pecuniary means and leisure hours for the promotion of historical studies and publication of rare documents, unearthed by him in the dusty vaults of the Quebec parliament, where were stowed away in dire confusion the priceless provincial archives. Aided by powerful friends, in Parliament and a devoted publisher in Quebec, Mr. A. Côté. the Abbé Bois succeeded in obtaining

public grants of money and private help, to have republished in 1855 the Cramoisie collection of the "Relations des Jésuites" and the four volumes of MSS. which Honble Jean Blanchet induced the Mousseau Government to edit.

More than once the writer of these lines has had occasion to thank the learned man for valuable information freely tendered on Canadian topics. The historian Parkman, also, is not slow in giving the Abbé due acknowledgement for documents used by him in writing his late volume, "Wolfe and Montcalm"; and one of the pleasant thoughts of the old antiquary during his failing years, was the recognition he received from the founder of the Royal Society of Canada, Lord Lorne, by the diploma conferred, placing him amongst the twenty original members of the French section of the society. The following, though not all of them bear the author's signature, are his chief works:

1. Notes Biographiques sur Monseigneur de Laval: A. Côté et Cie, 1848.
2. Notes sur l'Ile d'Orléans, A. Côté et Cie, 1850.
3. Etudes et Recherches Biographiques sur le Chevalier Noël Brutart de Sillery, 1855.
4. Notes sur Michel Sarrasin, Médecin du Roy à Quebec, 1856.
5. Le Naufrage de l'Auguste, 1860.
6. Notices sur les Explorations de Soto, Joliette, Marquette et La Salle, 1861.
7. Eloge Historique de M. le Marquis de Montcalm — (annota) Extrait du Moniteur de France, 1861.
8. Etudes Biographiques sur M. Jean Raimbault, Archiprêtre, 1870.
9. Notice sur M. Joseph O. Leprohon, 1870.
10. Etudes Biographiques sur le Colonel M. Dambourgès, 1875.
11. Esquisses du Service Postal, 1759-1775-1875.
12. Etude Historique sur le Juge Adam Mabane, 1884.

Also an innumerable series of articles in the press.

We learn that his vast collection of MSS., notes and autographs, medals, engravings, and splendid library of historical works was bequeathed by him to the Seminary of Nicolet, P. Q.

Quebec, Nov. 30, 1889.

CANADIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS—JOSEPH MARMETTE, THE NOVELIST.

Much respected reader, with your permission let us have a ramble, a short one though it be, over the "pastures green" of Canadian literature. It will add to our zest and sharpen our appetite, when we resume our "Notes on the Lower St. Lawrence." Shall we dignify these "green pastures" with the name of a garden? If so, rest assured that as such it will be, at best, but a pale copy of those, radiant under European suns. Our lawns are less velvety; perfumed groves, brilliant parterres and rockeries are here wanting. The beds and borders might be better filled; the flowers, of hues more vivid, more varied; the curves to the avenues, more majestic; the terraces artistically sloped; the entire landscape, in fact, more imposing. But if deficient in art is not the land rich, rich in the extreme, in native beauty?

In this northern Elysium we call our home, our sweet Canadian home, has not nature herself provided for us the soft violet, the graceful ferns, the scented eglantine, the perfume-breathing wild rose, and the myriads of bright sweet blossoming perennials with which Spring decks every nook of the forest, every mountain, glen, whenever Winter relaxes his grasp?

Our literature resembles our wild flowers in their uncultivated grace; like them, in order to put forth blossoms of promise, it needs the sunshine of sympathy, the fecundating showers of public support; like them, too, it would occasionally be the better of the pruning-knife of criticism, to remove its sapless twigs and its ungainly branches.

These considerations forced themselves on me with increased power recently, when, on entering my quiet *sanctum*, I spied on my table in neat paper-covers, presentation copies of two volumes which amongst our *littérateurs* of French extraction are now like household words.

The first was:—

FRANÇOIS DE BIENVILLE.—Scènes de la Vie Canadienne au XVII Siècle,—Par Jos. MARMETTE. Québec:—Léger Brousseau, 1870.—300 pages (1).

More than once, the fascinating elf of Romance has become the handmaid of History, lighting up with her magic rays and investing with all her nameless graces, the prosy records of the past.

The memorable example of the author of *Waverley* was sure to call forth in every country devoted disciples, most earnest followers.

Our own land, full of literary promise, if not of mature fruits, had its own stirring chronicles, teeming with the warlike deeds of a "far-reaching ancestry," redolent of forest-scenes and Indian warfare; and the French reader owes thanks to Messrs. Chauveau, De Gaspé, Taché, Faucher, Madame Craven, Mr. De Boucherville and others; but the historical novel, as understood by Sir Walter, did not yet exist. Undoubtedly the French element in Canada had achieved much in literature and progress since the emancipation of the colonial mind by the new constitution which, in 1841, gave us responsible government; a deal however still remains to be done.

Thanks to Mr. Joseph Marmette, the historical novel in its attractive form and high aspirations has at present amongst us a "habitation and a name."

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(1) The second, from the same pen, is styled: L'INTENDANT BIGOT—*Roman Canadien*,—Montreal: Geo. E. Desbarats.

The early days of Canada abound with incidents of most dramatic interest, inexhaustible stores of materials for the novelist.

"The French Dominion is a memory of the past," says Parkman, "and when we wake its departed shades," they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise: again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vaste wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky, such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

In the brightest spot of this romantic horizon, during the quasi-regal sway of the proud Count of Frontenac, in 1690, are located the incidents and scenes which constitute the historical novel "François de Bienville," the hero, one of the illustrious brothers of Baron de Longueuil.

In fact, the whole of the siege operations, at Quebec, in 1690, as narrated by eyewitnesses—Major Walley, Mère Juchereau de St. Ignace and contemporary writers such as LaHontan, Charlevoix and others, closing in with the glorious deaths of the two brothers St. Hélène and De Bienville and lighted up by the sweet face of Marie Louise d'Orsy and some secondary actors: such the plot of the novel.

Louise d'Orsy is the daughter of a French nobleman who, in crossing over to New-France, in 1689, was taken with his pretty daughter and his brave son, prisoners of war, and carried to Boston where the father dies, leaving his children to shift for themselves. The son, Louis, being a good swordsman, teaches the Boston youths of the day the *arme blanche*, and Mdlle d'Orsy, to stave off want, teaches drawing and embroidery. Amongst the pupils of Louis, there is a proud and revengeful young English officer, named Harthing, who eventually proposes for the high-born French girl. She scorns the offer with *hauteur*. He vows revenge on brother and sister, when they leave Boston for Quebec.

The following year Lieut. Harthing accompanies Sir William Phip's fleet. His pride spurring on his deadly revenge, induces him to connect himself with a fierce Iroquois chief, Wolf Fang, who had previously been a prisoner of war in the Chateau St. Louis, wherefrom he was released through the secret machinations of an avaricious publican named Jean Boisdon. Harthing is the bearer of the flag of truce sent by Phip's to Frontenac, whom Frontenac ordered to be blindfolded before being admitted to deliver Phips's arrogant message about the surrender of Quebec. It is unnecessary to state that all here is strictly historical; all except the secret visits of Lieut. Harthing and his friend the Iroquois chief, Wolf Fang (1). Every detail of the siege,

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(1) The faults we are inclined to find are not numerous, but still they exist, and I have too much respect for my young literary friend to deceive him. To any one conversant with the height of the precipice at the Grand Battery, overlooking Sault-au-Matelot street, at Quebec, it will naturally appear incredible that even an Iroquois could jump down without being dashed to pieces. The dialogue of sturdy old Frontenac during the siege does not seem quite natural. Perhaps Mr. Marmette might be charged with being too prolix in his descriptions and not lively enough in his dialogues. These faults, however, are redeemed by many beauties.

including the bombardment of the city, the engagement of the English under Major Walley and repulse at the Beauport Flats, is most vividly depicted; the costumes of the French officer, French soldier, French peasant of 1690, even to the wines served and dishes partaken of, at camp or in the Chateau: every trifling incident is well portrayed and authority quoted, in mostly every case. The novelist seems to have drawn copiously from that great source of antiquarian lore, Monteil—Amans Alexis Monteil—the historian of the French people from the 13th to the 17th century. Mr. Marmette could not have selected, in the whole history of the colony, a more glorious era for the supremacy of the Gallic Lily than that of Frontenac, the epoch which saw Sir William Phip's proud fleet of thirty-four ships of all sizes repulsed before Quebec. He has given to the *tableau* all the dark tracings peculiar to the times, the rancorous feelings of the Briton and the Gaul carried from across the sea. The book placed by a good translation and appropriate notes before the English reader, would no doubt meet with a ready sale.

Let us now have our say on the personages of the second novel, intended to portray the guilty existence in Canada of that illustrious plunderer, Intendant Bigot.

About one mile and a half north of the populous village of Charlesbourg, that is five miles from Quebec, there lies, in the gloomy depths of the Laurentides, a dreary and most melancholy ruin, the fast-crumbling walls of a spacious house, call it a chateau if you prefer; the English know it under the name of the Hermitage, the French, under that of Beaumanoir. It is quite certain these hoary walls existed here prior to 1759; that they were used as a shooting-box, if for nothing else, by the French intendant and his pleasure-loving friends. They have given rise to a variety of legends in which love, revenge, lust and plunder each played their parts.

I can well recall the curious interest this time-worn pile excited, in the ardent minds of a bevy of blue-coated seminary pupils in 1843,—of whom I was one,—when our Reverend Professor, one bright Thursday morning, led us through the forest-paths to see the ruins of Chateau-Bigot;—how, one and all, we ruthlessly invaded the subterranean passages and cellars of the Chateau, to carry away relics and trophies of a distant past; how one of the tallest stepped triumphantly to the front and exhibited "the big toe joint," as he styled it, "of the luckless Caroline, poisoned by the lawful spouse of the French intendant." We only found out some years afterwards that the Intendant had never been married, and that this portion of Mr. Amedée Papineau's stirring legend was unsubstantial, like the "baseless fabric of a dream." What would this have signified then had we known it? We were prepared to believe the wildest legend that mortal could have fabricated about the mysterious ruins. Twenty years after, I revisited these desolate halls. All-devouring time had pressed hard on them; but as I gave a full narrative of this visit in the first series of my *Maple Leaves*, in 1863, I shall not repeat it.

History tells that several Quebec ladies took refuge at this Chateau during the bombardment, in 1759; and when Arnold held the environs of the city during the winter of 1775–76, we also are informed that some merchants of note sought there an asylum for their loyalty to "Farmer" George.

It is within the portals of Beaumanoir that several of the most thrilling scenes in Mr. Marmette's novel are supposed to have taken place. A worthy veteran of noble birth, M. de Rochebrune, had died in Quebec, through neglect and hunger, on the very steps of Bigot's luxurious palace, then facing the St. Charles, leaving an only daughter, as virtuous as she was beautiful.

One day whilst returning through the fields (where St. Rochs has since been built) from visiting a nun in

the General-Hospital, she was seized by a strong arm and thrown insensible on a swift horse, whose rider never stopped until he had deposited the victim at Bigot's country seat, Charlesbourg. The name of this cold-blooded villain was Sournois. He was a minion of the mighty and unscrupulous Bigot. Mlle de Rochebrune had a lover. A dashing young French officer was Raoul de Beaulac. Maddened with love and rage, he closely watched Bigot's movements in the city, and determined to repossess his treasure, it mattered not at what sacrifice. Bigot's was a difficult game to play. He had a *liaison* with one of the most fascinating and fashionable married ladies of Quebec, and was thus prevented from hastening to see the fair prey awaiting him at Beaumanoir. The lover played a bold game, and calling jealousy to his aid, he went and confided to Madame Péan, Bigot's fair friend; entreated her immediate interference, and after some hair, breadth escapes arrived at the Chateau with her just in time to save Mlle de Rochebrune from dishonor.

Madame Péan was returning to the city with Mlle de Rochebrune and Raoul, when on driving past the walls of the Intendant's palace, close to the spot where Des Fossés street now begins, her carriage was attacked by a band of armed men, a reconnoitering party from Wolfe's fleet, anchored at Montmorency. A scuffle ensued; shots were fired, and some of the assaillants killed; but in the *mêlée*, Mlle de Rochebrune was seized and hurried into the English boat commanded by one Captain Brown. During the remainder of the summer the Canadian maid, treated with every species of respect, remained a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. It is singular that Admiral Durell, whose beloved grand-son was at the time a prisoner of war at Three-Rivers, did not propose an exchange. In the darkness and confusion which attended the disembarking of Wolfe's army on the night of the 12th September, 1759, at Sillery, Mlle de Rochebrune slipped down the side of

the vessel, and getting into one of the smaller boats, drifted ashore with the tide, landing at Cap Rouge, just as her lover, Raoul, who was a Lieutenant in La Roche Beaucour's Cavalry, was patrolling the heights of Sillery. Overpowered with joy, she rode behind him back to the city, and left him on nearing her home; but, to her horror, she spied dogging her footsteps her arch-enemy the Intendant, and fell down in a species of fit, which turned out to be catalepsy. This furnishes, of course, a very moving *tableau*.

The fair girl, supposed to be dead, was laid out in her shroud, when Raoul, during the confusion of that terrible day for French Rule, the 13th September, calling to see her, finds her a corpse just ready for interment. Fortunately for the heroine, a bombshell forgotten in the yard, all at once and in the nick of time igniting, explodes, shattering the tenement in fragments. The concussion recalls Mdlle de Rochebrune to life; a happy marriage soon after ensues. The chief character in the novel, the Intendant, sails shortly after for France, where he was imprisoned, as history states, in the Bastille, during fifteen months, and his ill-gotten gains confiscated. All this, with the exception of Mlle. de Rochebrune's character, is strictly historical; but what does not seem so, is the tragical end of Bigot, to whose death, in mid ocean, eaten by a ravenous shark, we are made to assist. The Intendant had, it appears, decided to expatriate himself, after seeking to enlist the former partner of his amours, Madame Péan, who then resided in France; but he became so shocked, on seeing the once lovely face eaten up by a hideous cancer, that he sailed alone. Why the novelist should have introduced, this very unnecessary "shark and cancer scene" is hard to make out. It was contrary to history, and out of the general run of events.

Mr. Marmette had before his eyes a brilliant example in the author of Waverley's failure whenever he tried to heighten interest by resorting to such fare-fetched

agency. Not even all Sir Walter's genius saved from ridicule and censure the story of the bodkin and the White Lady of Avenel. These slight blemishes excepted, Mr. Marmette has produced a novel of which he may well be proud. It is the second of a series; the third of which, "Le Chevalier de Mornac," will appear shortly in Mr. Desbarats' excellent paper, *L'Opinion Publique*. It is to be followed, we understand, by another story, with Du Calvet, as hero, and by a fourth, delineating our own times. Success, say we, to native talent!

F. X. GARNEAU—AS A POET (1).

I am indebted to the veteran of French Canadian literature, Hon. P. Chauveau, for a copy of the essay on early French poetry, read by him at Ottawa, on the 26th May, 1883, before the Royal Society of Canada. It covers twenty folio pages of the " Transactions " of the Society. As a youthful record of the graphic Canadian Parnassus, it seems a truly valuable addition to our literature. Mr. Chauveau successively passes in review the writers whose effusions have found an appropriate niche in the " Répertoire National," compiled by Mr. J. Huston, from 1845 to 1850. He begins his discourse with a mention of the first poetical piece, " Le Tableau de la Mer," written about 1734 by Monsieur Jean Taché—the ancestor of the late Sir E. P. Taché—once a leading spirit in our little commercial world under the Bourbons and whose country-house was located on the Ste. Foye road, on the domain, to which its owner, Major Samuel Holland, gave the name of " Holland's Farm " about 1780. His city residence and offices stood on the lot now covered by the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* building.

Let us, at the outset, tender our grateful thanks to Mr. Huston, for having rescued from oblivion, at no small labor and expense, the pristine poetical outfit of French Canada, by collecting and printing it in those three bulky volumes which constitute the *Répertoire National.*

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(1) " *Etude sur les Poésies de François-Xavier Garneau et sur les commencements de la Poésie Française du Canada, par M. Chauveau, Président de la Société Royale du Canada, &c.*"

The learned President of the Royal Society divides early French poets into four categories : the first, those of the classical school, like Michel Bibaud, more or less successful imitators of the French poets of the 17th century ; the second class is championed by Mr. Joseph Quesnel and reflects the literary form of the end of the 18th century and of the first French Empire ; the third class embraces those writers hailing from the European school of 1830, whose happiest exponents among us were Messrs. Turcotte, Réal Angers, Barthe, Derome and Garneau. A fourth category includes the romantic school, represented by Mr. Joseph Lenoir and other kindred spirits, the forerunners of the bright poetical galaxy of to-day : Crémazie, Fréchette, Le May, Sulte, Chapman, Poisson.

Of course, those early " metrical musings " were not all master-pieces ; with original beauties unquestionable, were blended a few rude defects. Some of the writers had had access to original polite learning and refinement in Paris and had profited thereby.

Several like Mermet and Quesnel, were born in France ; elegant versifiers, a little colony of sweet singers bent on continuing on the historic shores of the St. Lawrence, the tender madrigals, gentle ariettas, amorous ditties, which they had learned to warble on the flowery banks of the Seine.

Of this school, one meets with occasional traces in the light "Sonnets to Chloe", the patriotic appeals in journals, on New Year's day, on which the carrier-boy rested his hopes of the usual New Year's gift—possibly accompanied, on a frosty morning with *un petit verre de liqueur*. (A far more toothsome offering than the ancient *Guignolée* which some old Canadian Druid wished lately to resuscitate.)

When the *Répertoire National* is silent, one can appeal again for lyrical, burning verses to the scented pages of ladies' *albums* forgotton in old *escritoires*, with a faded rosebud, a lock of hair, or other dear, but melancholy souvenir, alas !

The patriot's muse, though neither unknown, nor unseen in former times, in 1830, stands out in bold relief. If not always irresistable, her veiled or open glance occasionally captivates you; her sad, prophetic notes semi-historical, semi-poetical, are doubly interesting under the latter aspect. Strange though it may seem, some of our profound lawgivers, Sir George Et. Cartier, as well as some of our most stirring actors in the stormy era of 1837, to wit: the Honorable A. N. Morin, (who, it is said drafted, in 1834, the 92 Resolutions) and the Honorable Denis Benjamin Viger, with his long, though in the end, faulty record of political services, figure, in the hey-day of their youth, as votaries to Phœbus-Apollo.

Numerous effusions of a political or patriotic cast appeared anonymously from 1830 to 1837. It was not always safe to speak out during the closing period when Louis Joseph Papineau was uttering his fierce denunciations from the floor of our Commons. A Montreal poet of that period, J. G. Barthe, found it so to his cost and discomfort in a *carcere duro*. The fact is that the Waterloo hero, Sir John Colborne, had a very qualified admiration for Canadian grievances; he had not had time to study them? and his active Attorney-General, Charles Richard Ogden, did not believe in them.

Out of about twenty-one or twenty-two poetical writings of Mr. Garneau, nineteen appear in the *Répertoire National*, with his signature. In more than one, you are reminded of Béranger, whom he had seen in Paris, and whom he much admired. As an instance among many others, may be cited *l'Etranger* (1833). Some of his poetical essays are tolerably lengthy; *la Pologne* (1835): *au Canada* (1837); *la Revue du Soldat* (1838) in which he indulges in a cursory review of the leading events in French History; *la Presse* (1839), a New Year's Address; *Louise*, a Canadian legend, (1840) and *les Exilés* (1841).

Despite some blemishes, which it were easy to remove and a few mannerisms, peculiar to Mr. Garneau, these effusions commend themselves to the reader, by the enduring loftiness of ideas and the nobleness of the sentiments. In those creations of a less ambitious flight, the poet, has been still happier; for instance those bearing the title, *à mon fils* (1838), *les Oiseaux Blancs* (1839); *l'Hiver* (1840) and *le Papillon* (1841). In the first piece "*à mon fils*" the influence of Béranger and his school is quite marked: "let us quote the opening lines:

> " Lorsque tu dors sur le sein de ta mère
> Souvent mes yeux s'arrêtent sur tes traits
> Où les Zéphirs sous la gaze légère."

.....

But space precludes me from giving more of this exquisite poem. Garneau's *Oiseau Blanc*, has ever been a favorite. It is indeed pleasant to think that the blithe, hardy friend of our boyhood, the Snow-bird, should have furnished to both Garneau and Fréchette the subject of one of their most graceful effusions:—

Garneau's *Oiseau Blanc* begins thus:

> " Salut, petits oiseaux qui volez sur nos têtes,
> Et de l'aile en passant, effleurez les frimas;
> Vous qui bravez le froid, bercés par les tempêtes
> Venez tous les hivers voltiger sous nos pas."

.....

Frechette's *Oiseau Blanc* thus holds forth:

> " Quand sur nos plaines blanches,
> Le givre des hivers
> Commence à fondre aux branches,
> Des sapins toujours verts;
> Quand chez nous se fourvoie
> Avril, le mois des fleurs,
> Le printemps nous envoie
> Ces gais avant-coureurs."

L'Oiseau Blanc and *Les Fleurs Boréales*, were the two poems which brought to Mr. Fréchette his acade-

mical crown. To Mr. Garneau, the incomparable Beranger seems to have been what Victor Hugo has been to our Leaurate Fréchette, a beacon..... But this notice has already exceeded the prescribed bounds. Let us, however, take this occasion to repeat that Canada, though rich in literary talent, is above all others, proud of Garneau and Fréchette. It is likewise a hopeful thought to indulge in that notwithstanding the petty jealousies and other troubles which beset her men of letters, a Sainte-Beuve, in the person of Hon. Mr. Chauveau, stands forth to discuss fairly and dispassionately their claims, and a splendid volume is provided in the TRANSACTIONS of the Royal Society of Canada to announce them abroad and at home.

J. M. L.

* That beautiful hymn of Isidore Bedard, a brother of the late Judge Elzéar Bedard, was a New Year's address ; its opening words are :

"Sol Canadien, terre chérie,"
"Par des Braves tu fus peuplé."

Quebec, 27th February, 1884.

A PLEASING INCIDENT

IN THE CAREER OF A CANADIAN NOVELIST.

There is no book more suitable to a tourist in Canada, than Wm. Kirby's novel, THE GOLDEN DOG—*Le Chien d'Or*—as it is known to the bulk of the population.

It is founded on two incidents of Canadian history of a striking nature: the one purports to recall a deed of blood and revenge under the French rule. For more than one hundred years its ghastly memory has brooded

over a locality, very familiar to every Quebecer, where stood a massive stone mansion, razed, in 1871, to make room for the present city post-office, on Buade street.

Over its chief entrance was, and is still visible, the mysterious inscription, in old French, under a crouching dog gnawing a bone, the whole in gilt characters :

> " Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
> En le rongeant, je prends mon repos ;
> Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
> Que je morderai qui m'aura mordu."

This inscription and tablet, which was an enigma to Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, and was noticed in his Diary of the Siege of Quebec in 1759, has been a hard nut to crack to all our local antiquaries (1). Instead of viewing it as a legend, some attempted to clothe it in all the majestic drapery of history.

The other incident embodied in this historical romance relates the lawless amours of one of the most notorious high officials, in the days of the Bourbon lily, François Bigot, eleventh and last Intendant in Canada of the French king. The story ends tragically.

How did the novel originate, as the author is not a Quebecer, but an active Collector of H. M.'s Customs at the town of Niagara. I am proud to say that two sketches in my *Maple Leaves* for 1863, according to a letter from Mr. Kirby, in my possession, furnished the frame-work of this entrancing tale : *The sketch of the Golden Dog*, a legend ; and also the *History of Château-Bigot*, where the Canadian Lovelace immured his " fair Rosamond. " Mr. Kirby, as an author, has met with the same fate as many of his *confrères* in Canada ; his volume has been remorselessly pillaged, especially by United States writers.

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(1) The history of the *Golden Dog* appears in full in the *History of an old House*, at p. 89 of MAPLE LEAVES for 1873.

The first edition was published by John Lovell, at Rouses Point, N. Y., an elegantly bound volume advertised at $3 a copy. Five or six subsequent editions have sprung up since, in coarse, cheap, paper-covered books, sold at 40 cents each.

I know of one pleasant set-off against the unjustice of authors, for the genial, whole-souled novelist: the appreciation of his charming work by one whom, above all others, he respects. Of the following I have a personal knowledge:

In the month of May, 1883, the usual annual general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada took place at Ottawa. An "At home" had been ordered in honor of the members, at Rideau Hall, by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, the founder of the society, to whom Canadian letters owe a substantial debt of gratitude. Wm. Kirby, F. R. S. C., was one of the honored guests. When the presentation of the members was over, Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, sent one of the A. D. C.'s to Mr. Kirby, intimating her wish to speak to him. The retiring author of "The Golden Dog" respectfully came forward, when Princess Louise conveyed to him publicly the thanks of her royal mother for the pleasure she had felt in perusing the brilliant Canadian novel. The genial author, is now engaged collecting into a volume his detached poems, published in magazines and reviews. Let him accept, among the greetings and compliments of the season, this pleasant *souvenir* of other days.—*(The Metropolitan.)*

J. M. LeMoine.

Quebec, Christmas eve, 1892.

[From *The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record.*]

GENERAL R. MONTGOMERY AND HIS DETRACTORS (1)

By J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.

The following is a short summary of what was done in Quebec to rescue from unmerited censure the name of the brave but ill-fated commander, Richard Montgomery, who fell at Près-de-ville, at Quebec, on 31st December, 1775. Several years have now elapsed since I undertook to vindicate the memory of Brig.-Gen. Richard Montgomery, unjustly aspersed by several of our leading French historians in Canada, who had confounded him with his barbarous brother, Capt. Alexander Montgomery. As some writers have still persisted in holding Richard responsible for the acts of Alexander, notwithstanding the convincing proof I adduced in the *Saturday Reader*, in 1866, it may not be amiss to recapitulate, the salient points in my memoir. The charge of atrocious cruelty, brought by French writers against R. Montgomery, rests on the supposition that he was the "barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us" (the 43rd Foot)—alluded to in Lieutenant Fraser's Diary of the Siege of Quebec, in 1759; the entry runs thus: "23rd August, 1759—there were several of the enemy (the French) killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in the most inhuman and cruel manner,

(1) For an article on the ancestry of General Montgomery, see *Record* for July, 1871, vol. II, p. 233.—Editor.

particularly two who I (Lieutenant Fraser) sent prisoners by a serjeant, after giving them quarter, and engaging that they should not be killed, were one shot, and the other knocked down with a tomakawk and both scalped in my absence by the rascally serjeant neglecting to acquaint Montgomery, that I wanted them saved, as he, Montgomery pretended when I questioned him about it; but even that was no excuse for such an unparalleled piece of barbarity. After this skirmish, we set to burning the houses with great success setting all in flames, till we came to the church of Ste. Anne." (*Siege of Quebec*, 1759, *Fraser*). I also for a time accepted the version promulgated by my respected seniors, until the discovery, in the archives of the *Literary* and *Historical Society*, of documents which the Society, at my suggestion, printed. I allude to a dry-as-dust MS. letter which I found one day in ransacking among some old papers. It bore date, " Quebec, 15th June, 1776 ", was addressed to a general officer in England, the writer's friend; the latter part of the letter was missing, and so was the signature. In comparing date with context, it was easy for me to fix on the writer; evidently it was Major H. Caldwell, unbosoming himself to his old commander, Brig.-Gen. James Murray. At p. 7 occurred the following, in alluding to the city blockade of 1775: " General Montgomery (brother of him you might remember at Quebec, and lately a Capt. in the 17th Regt. "). There was a luminous flash in these few words; two Montgomerys, then, I said, served King George II, in America, in the summer of 1759, Richard Montgomery of the 17th foot and Capt. Alexander Montgomery of the 43rd, the regiment detailed to ravage with fire and sword St. Joachim, Ste. Anne, etc., near Quebec, the commanding officer of the detachment connected with the Ste. Anne butchery, as stated by his subaltern, Lieutenant Fraser. Being then in correspondence with the late George Coventry, of Cobourg, who had been charged

by the Honorable Wm. Merritt to transcribe MSS. on our late wars, I induced him to help me to clear up this point, and to write to the War Office, in London, to ascertain what regiment, and how many Montgomerys, had served in the campaign of 1759, at Quebec.

On the 22nd September, 1866, Lieutenant-General Peel, Secretary at War, instructed his secretary, Ed. Lugard, to furnish Mr. Coventry with full particulars in reply to his inquiry. This courteous letter was sent me by old Mr. Coventry. It established conclusively that Alexander was the name of the Captain Montgomery of the 43rd; and the Montgomery of the 17th a lieutenant in 1759—was named Richard. We all know that the name of the luckless leader of the storming party, at Près-de-ville, Quebec, on the 31st December, 1775, was Richard Montgomery. My memoir, with the documents on which it rests, appeared first in the *Saturday Reader*, published in Montreal in 1866, a French version was put forth in the *Album du Touriste*, p. 3–6, printed at Quebec in 1872, and is referred to in detail in the Report of the Centenary Anniversary of the repulse of Montgomery and Arnold before Quebec in 1775. See *Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society*, of Quebec, for 1876.

Spencer Grange, Quebec, 1890.

P. A. DE GASPE.

THE LAIRD OF HABERVILLE MANOR.

I

"The period through which M. de Gaspé has lived (1786-1871) has been so eventful, and the public occurences of his earlier years, were so brimful of romantic interest that he could hardly fail to be interesting, while pouring out the budget of his recollections, even to listeners on this side of the Atlantic."—*London Review*, 29 *Oct.*, 1864.

On a frosty April morning, in 1863, I recollect meeting an erect, dignified, white-haired septuagenarian on the square fronting the Basilica Minor at Quebec. A pleasant greeting mutually exchanged, afforded me the welcome opportunity of complimenting "the youngest of our writers," as Hector Fabre facetiously styles M. P. A. de Gaspé, on his admirable *Anciens Canadiens*, just published, and in the perusal of which volume, I had revelled the evening previous. It was, seemingly, by a providential dispensation, it occurred to me, that it had been revealed to the genial Seignior of Saint Jean Port-Joly, that at the advanced age of 76 years, he was still fresh and buoyant enough in mind to write a book, and that, an uncommonly good one; though he had never dreamed before of undertaking such a task.

Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, born at Quebec, in 1786, was of Norman lineage, a descendant of a wealthy seignior, Charles Aubert de la Chenaye, of Amiens, France, who had settled in this city, in 1655, and died there 10th September, 1702.

This Aubert de la Chenaye had received, in 1693, a patent of nobility—*lettres de noblesse*—from his sovereign, King Louis XIV, for important services rendered by him to Canadian commerce, as well as for his military record and that of his sons one of whom had met his death in fighting the Mohawks.

M. de la Chenaye, who had come to Canada with means, had, through some lucky speculations in trade, increased his wealth, and subsequently acquired several valuable land-grants; among others, the seigniory of Saint Jean Port-Joly, a part of Rivière-du-Loup and Cacouna, in 1673, of Madawaska and Lake Temiscouata in 1683, of Blanc-Sablon, Labrador and Newfoundland in 1693. He closed his career, at Quebec, in 1702, a member of the Superior Council.

His son Pierre was the first to assume the name of Gaspé. He had a son, Ignace Philippe, a knight of St. Louis, who married Mlle Catherine de Villiers, a sister of the famous Villiers de Jumonville, whose tragic death at Fort Necessity, in 1753, while acting as an interpreter, cast a shade on the fair fame of Col. George Washington. The worthy old Canadian grandee died on 26th January, 1787, at Saint Jean Port-Joly, at his manor restored from its ruins, it having with his grist-mill, like crowds of dwelling houses, shared in the rural conflagrations lit by the invading host under General Wolfe in the war of the conquest. He was succeeded by his son, the Honble. Pierre Ignace Aubert de Gaspé, a member of the Legislative Council, the father of the writer, who had married, at Quebec, Mlle Catherine Tarieu de Lanaudière, and who expired in 1823, respected for his loyalty in helping as a juvenile volunteer, in 1775, to hurl back the invaders of Canadian homes; and loved by his feudal retainers for his paternal rule over them.

On the 30th October, 1786, we are told by M. de Gaspé, that a sickly baby, whose fretfulness much disturbed the rest of his aged grandmother, Widow de

Lanaudière, was born in the old Lanaudière homestead, at the top of Mountain hill, Quebec : this antique dwelling, well remembered yet by many Quebecers, disappeared about 1843, to make room for the present roomy and solid structure now known as the Cardinal's Palace. " After three months' incessant infantile music of a very lively nature, writes the author of the *Canadians of Old*, I was transferred to the modest manor of Saint Jean Port-Joly, the new manor, built on the site of the sumptuous one which *Messieurs les Anglais* had so ruthlessly burnt to the ground in 1759." Here M. de Gaspé spent the blissful hours of his childhood, on the shores of the great river, with a stretch of water before him, illimitable like his thoughts, extending to the stormy waves of the gulf. His parents sent him at the age of nine years to learn in the city, the first lessons, in a boarding-house kept by two prim, old ladies of the name of Cholette. He was soon promoted to the blue coat of a Quebec Seminary boy ; bright and mischievous, he went through his course of studies in this hoary seat of learning, was indentured as a law student to Attorney General Jonathan Sewell, subsequently our respected Chief Justice, practised his profession a few years, at the Quebec bar, and was then offered and accepted the responsible office of High Sheriff of the Quebec District. Alas ! had he been able to read in the future, what it had in store for him, or rather what the neglect of his official duties entailed on him, he would have shunned it, shunned it to the last ! Ample means inherited, a strong love for manly sports and social life soon surrounded him with congenial spirits. Advantage was taken of his confiding and generous nature; fair weather friends won his confidence ; more than one applied to him for temporary loans; their I. O. U., bearing his endorsation, went to protest ! Loss of office, followed by law proceedings and something much worse, overtook the open-handed, heedless sheriff.

" Alas ! " says he with some bitterness, in his stirring novel, through the lips of his hero, M. d'Egmont, " where are those days when friendly faces crowded at my festive board ? What has become of that hopeful dawn in my existence, when I trusted friends, when I had faith in gratitude, when the foul word ingratitude was yet unrevealed to me ? "

M. de Gaspé, after his worst trial, retired from city life and buried himself amidst his books into the seclusion of his rustic manor for years ; let us follow him in his pleasant exile.

THE MANOR OF HABERVILLE.

Now that the reader has been introduced to the Laird of Haberville Manor, let us refer to his sympathetic biographer, the Abbé Henry R. Casgrain, for a glimpse of his cherished home at St. Jean Port-Joly.

It presents a not inappropriate type of the more modern Canadian seigniorial manor, prior to the commutation of the seigniorial tenure, by act of parliament, in 1854. Few traces now exist of the feudal grand mansions of olden times ; several of which, on account of their warlike records, were noted in Canadian annals.

In vain would one seek, in our day, for the solid, oft' sumptuous stone-structure, with gibbet, lock-up, gate-posts blazoned with armorial-quarterings : such that of the high and mighty Seignior Jean Talon, Intendant of Canada and Baron d'Orsainville (1).

In vain, to look for the loop-holed and walled fort, with guard-house, towers and platforms for howitzers to scatter destruction among the skulking Iroquois, watching from the next thicket for a white scalp ; such,

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(1) Talon's Patent empowered him to establish " a goal, a four post gibbet...a post with an iron collar, on which his arms should be engraved."

as Baron de Longueuil's solid manor at Longueuil. (1) The neighboring *banal* oven, has crumbled to dust; the *banal* grist-mill, on the brook, in view of the manor for greater protection—has ceased to grind corn; both have disappeared. Mr. Drummond's seigniorial Act of 1854, did not even recognize the not very profitable though prized privilege of the seigniorial dove-cot! Alas! the staunch, well guarded ancient manor, which sheltered the dignified Baron of other days, has disappeared "with the last of the Capulets!"

Here is what the Abbé has to tell: "The seigniorial residence, which M. de Gaspé has immortalized in his *Anciens Canadiens* under the name of the manor of Haberville, stands a few acres from the St. Lawrence, in front of a little cape crowned with pine, spruce and silver-birch trees. At its base runs the King's highway. A superb view of the river and its many islands, here opens out. Facing it, looms over the waters, the two pillars, well-known landmarks to mariners, the wood-pillar and the stone-pillar, with its luminous beacon; one, solitary and barren, like the enchantress Circé's rock of Oea; the other, evergreen, like the Isle of Calypso."

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(1) Baron de Longueil's royal patent describes his Manor thus: (*Seigniorial Documents*—1852, ps. 448 and 488) "He has erected at his own cost a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard-house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility; a spacious farm-yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep pen, a dove-cot and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort; next to this stands a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages."

In a recent history of Longueuil, it would appear that the new church of Longueuil has been built over the site of the glorious old Longueuil Fort. The werlike Baron apparently appreciated a glass of sound ale, since he built a brewery.

Query: Is there any more of the Baron's XX in stock in Montreal?

In the distance are visible Seal Rocks, Goose and Crane Islands; further still, due north, Coudres Island; on the opposite shore, four or five leagues away, the eternal, frowning range of lofty capes, the Laurentides, blue in the distance, doing duty as a back-ground to the glowing picture.

The manor, now running to decay, is a comparatively modern, a one-storied, high-peaked structure with two wings projecting towards the entrance.

It traces back nearly to the era of the conquest; having been erected to replace the building burnt by the English, in 1759.

There was nothing remarkable about the style of this second Manor, except that its uniform whiteness and general neatness, brought it out agreeably, in relief and as a contrast amidst the surrounding greenery and orchards.

A flower and vegetable garden, rows of fruit trees, M. de Gaspé's pets, decked and overshadowed the avenue leading to the front entrance.

Silence, desertion, decay have now replaced careful culture, the hum and bustle of life, the merry peel of laughter, which of yore echoed in that blithsome land, when M. de Gaspé's large family circle was gathered there.

I can recall the time when it was the abode, and meeting-place of inmates and visitors as bright as they were amiable: the laird's hospitality was unbounded; here met the families de Gaspé, de Lanaudière, Baby and others; M. de Gaspé was the life and soul of every family reunion.

His buoyant spirits, sparkling conversation, boundless information on every subject, happy mode of conveying it, were marvellous.

When the conversation began to flag, he used to take from the shelves of his well stocked library a volume of *Racine*, of *Molière*, or of *Shakespeare*, and keep our

attention rivetted by his fascinating and animated way of reading aloud.

So attractive this style of amusing others had proved that M. de Gaspé has translated, for the benefit of the family circle, in French and copied out in his own hand, nearly all the Waverly. Novels for evening readings. This furnishes a clew to, and the origin of the *Canadians of Old*, that fragrant blossom of spring amidst the snows of winter. A deep study of the master-minds in literature had sharpened his intellect to that degree, that this volume, like an antique Minerva, sprang from his brain, a complete and fully-equipped creation. Occasionally, to whet the appetite of his youthful listeners for intellectual treats, he would get them to act some of Berquin's exquisite, short dramas or a scene from the *Arabian Nights*. The *grand salon* on such occasions was put in requisition; a few friends were then admitted on these gala nights, as well as a sprinkling of his tenants.

Day time was devoted to shooting or angling excursions, saunterings on the shore, field or garden operations on his grounds, with scraps of legal advice—he being a barrister—given *gratis* to neighbors and tenants from far and near.

Now and then a *fête champêtre* or picnic was set on foot to the adjoining hills, or under the shade of his verdant maple groves. The jolly young folks, approaching the manor on their return, were heard from afar, brimful of glee and boisterously repeating some old Norman or Canadian ballad:

> " Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,
> Belle bergère, ramenez vos moutons."

II

In the previous chapter, the reader has followed M. de Gaspé through his bright, sunny boyhood, his boisterous youth, his sport-loving manhood, so full of promise and professional success at its dawn, in its zenith, clouded and very dark.

His first work, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, by its freshness and piquancy of style and by its wealth of old souvenirs, and traditions accumulated in its copious appendix, had quite taken by storm the little literary world of the "Ancient Capital;" congratulations, eulogistic reviews and critiques, poured in from all quarters. De Gaspé's heroes and heroines, Jules de Haberville, his lovely sister Blanche, Archy Lockeil, the old *gentilhomme* M. d'Egmont, were in every one's mouth, discussed, admired.

"*Les Anciens Canadiens*" was more than a pleasing tale, illustrative of early colonial life and Canadian scenes: it struck one as an artistic canvass, alive with romantic personages and dramatic events, recalling the days of alarm, rout and blooshed of 1759. Under the veiled figure of M. d'Egmont, a careful eye could recognize the still genial, but saddened face of the Laird of Haberville Manor in his exile.

In the graphic description of the shipwreck of the transport *Auguste*, on the storm-beaten shores of Cape Breton, in 1761, the harrowing drowning-scene of a group of distinguished Canadians expatriating themselves and returning to France, was reproduced with marvellous, realistic effect.

The recognition, at Haberville Manor by its seignior, of the only survivor, Luc de la Corne St. Luc, brought tears to many eyes.

Mr. de Gaspé had shown himself to be not a mere clever delineator of character and incidents ; his part seemed also to have been that of a gifted historian, with ample stores of material to draw from. He had, from the haunted halls of memory, summoned with striking felicity those whom in his youth he had known, admired and loved : men of martial aspect, women of courtly nurture, who had sat at the festive board of Governor de Vaudreuil, or taken a part in the revels of the magnificent Intendant Bigot.

The first edition of *Les Anciens Canadiens* disappeared, as if by magic, from the bookseller's shelves. The work soon met with a translator in Mdme Pennée ; very recently one of our most gifted poets, Geo. C. D. Roberts, has placed it before the British public, in elegant English.

The De Gaspé Memoirs have a fault—a grave one. The facinated reader finds them much too short. 563 pages to embody an account of so many varied incidents, covering seventy-nine years; this is indeed a scanty and too concise a record.

Such as they are, let us be thankfull to the compiler who thus awoke to find himself famous at the ripe age of 79.

As a whole, however, they are far from attaining perfection. Many pages relating to family history and ancestry might have been curtailed; they must be of very secondary interest to the general reader. But with some short-comings, what a fund of wit, good-humored repartee, keen observation is mixed up ! I cannot pretend to disclose but short glimpses of social life, vistas of the domestic career of some of our Governors, so pleasantly told by M. de Gaspé, trusting those unwritten pages of history may amuse.

Mr. de Gaspé evidently saw a great deal of several of our parliamentary leaders in days of old: L. J. Papineau, Hon'ble Louis Ignace d'Irumbery de Salaberry, Hon'ble Dr. Pierre de Sales Laterrière (1), Hon'ble John Neilson, Hon'ble Remi Vallières de Saint-Réal. A practising barrister, he had splendid opportunities of noting the career of the most prominent members of the Quebec Bar: Hon'ble Jonathan Sewell, his *patron*, Sir James Stuart, Vallières de Saint-Réal—all three successively Chief Justices, Hon'ble Frs. W. Primrose (2), Henry Black, &c. Many a spicy anecdote he has also to relate about his contemporary *confrères* of less note: Moquin, the incorruptible jurist; Ls. Plamondon, the eloquent pleader; the scholarly Solicitor General and statesman, Andrew Stuart, Q. C., who died in 1840, the father of our ex Chief Justice, Sir Andrew Stuart; courteous Judge Elzéar Bedard; upright Judge Panet, without forgetting the witty, jovial, dissipated, but gifted Justin McCarthy, a barrister, quite a character in his day; a victim in the end to that merciless destroyer, King Alcohol.

Let us note some of De Gaspe's anecdotes concerning our Governors.

The presence of the Canadian seignior and of his handsome family at the charmed circle of the *Château St. Louis*, and later on, in those delightful *fêtes champêtres* at Powell Place—now Spencer Wood—then occupied in summer by Sir James Henry Craig, our Governor, has afforded the author subjects for most pleasant souvenirs and some spicy anecdotes. If gubernatorial festivities in those days were not on so vast, so

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(1) Dr. Pierre Laterrière, went to London, studied medicine under Sir Astley Cooper and married there, an heiress; Miss Bulmer, the daughter of Sir Fenwick Bulmer.

(2) For years a leading Barrister, of the Quebec Bar—the uncle of the Earl of Roseberry, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

comprehensive a scale as at present, there was a cordiality in social intercourse, an *abandon*, *un je ne sais quoi*, which in many cases seemed to soften the hearts of more than one rabid political opponent of the Governor. De Gaspé has left a most seductive portraiture of a grand *fête champêtre* held at Powell Place, in the lively era of *Little King Craig*, as he was then styled (1). It took place in 1807. Though Sir James H. Craig made, in our opinion, a grave mistake in his mode of administering the colony, which he seems to have taken for a military camp, the old martinet had his good points, and Mr. de Gaspé, though a firm upholder of the Gallic Lily, has the courage to give his testimony squarely in favor of the English Vice-Roy.

The *Memoirs* cover seventeen chapters.

In Chap. II, is related the merry interview of the Duke of Kent, at the Island of Orleans, about 1792, with a sprighty centennarian lady. The prince had asked the ancient damsel what he could do to please her.

The spruce old Islander replied, " Dance a minuet, *mon prince*, with me! I can then say that before dying I had the honor of dancing with the son of my sovereign (George III)! "

H. R. H. led out his partner; the minuet over, he gallantly conducted back his *danseuse* to her seat, when she made him a very dignified curtesy. We are next told of the heroic manner one of the Duke's privates in the 7th Fusiliers, who had deserted, had taken the 999 lashes of the cat-o'nine tails. La Rose, such was his name, a Frenchman, reprieved from the death penalty for desertion, in a defiant manner thus spoke to his commanding officer; " Frenchmen require cold lead, not the whip, to be made to obey! "

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(1) See *Picturesque Quebec* " A Fête Champêtre at Powell Place," p. 343.

Another notable character in the *Memoirs*, is Father de Berey, Superior of the Franciscan Monastery, which stood partly on the site of the Anglican Cathedral, and was destroyed by fire on the 6th Sept., 1796.

The Superior, a descendant of a noble French house, was a brusque, quick-witted, convivial old soul, who never forgot that at one time he had been a captain in the French Dragoon guards. I reserve for an other chapter some of his excentricities as related by M. de Gaspé.

The author of the *Canadians of Old*, respecting the cession of Canada by France to England, remarks: " I never knew one of the people charge its loss to the " French King. 'Twas all the work of *La Pompadour;* " she sold the country to the English;" this was a " frequent and a bitter saying."

Graphic is the passage, descriptive of the painful impression, caused by the news of the decapitation of Louis XVI. " In 1793," says he, " though aged but seven, a family occurrence impressed me so that the scene seems as of yesterday. It took place in the winter season. My mother, my aunt, her sister, Marie Louise de La Naudière, were seated at a table chatting, my father was just opening out his newspaper. The family was trying to read in his face the tenor of the foreign intelligence, French affairs having of late been of a saddening nature.

All at once my father, bounding from his seat, his great black eyes flashing fire, whilst a deadly pallor spread over his features usually so full of color, yelled, raising both hands to his head: " The monsters! they have guillotined their King!!"

My mother and her sister burst into tears and both leaning long on the sash, I could see the steam of their warm breath on the frosted panes. From that day I realised the horrors of the French Revolution. A wave of profound sorrow swept over Canada ; all were deeply grieved, except a few rabid democrats. Some

months later there happened to be company at the St. Jean Port-Joly Manor. Among those present were Rev. Messire Peras, our parish priest; Rev. Messire Verrault, pastor of St. Roch, and Rev. Messire Panet, pastor of Islet, brother to the first Speaker of our Canadian Parliament.

The animated conversation running on politics, was all Hebrew to me.

—"To think," said Rev. Messire Panet, "that at the time of the King's execution there were in France forty thousand priests!"

—"What could they have done?" replied Rev. Messire Peras.

—"What could they have done?" instantly rejoined *Curé* Panet, throwing open that portion of his clerical garment which covers the heart. "Shield his majesty with their bodies and die at his feet! That aught to have been their part, not emigrating."

—"It seemed beyond belief," adds Mr. de Gaspé, "that a loyal people like the French should rise and assassinate a good sovereign, and that a chivalrous race should stoop to cut off the heads of noble women—still more noble by their dignified bearing—in presence of the block."

Mr. de Gaspé tells how a distinguished Canadian gentleman, M. de Belêtre, happened to be in Paris on the day when the King was beheaded. Aware of the real sentiments of the person with whom he was stopping, he was amazed at seeing him leave home that morning, wearing a tricolor cockade and asked: "Where then are you going, my friend?"

"To the place of execution," he replied, "to save my head, that of my wife, those of any childred and your own!"

He returned, threw himself into his wife's arms, weeping. "To-day," said he, "I have had the anguish of seeing the King's head roll at my feet."

III

The hold retained by the De Gaspé Memoirs on the reading public is mainly due to the valuable and much needed light shed by them on the social aspect of a remote, rather misty period in Canadian annals. Unquestionably the genial seignior of St. Jean Port-Joly, has invested with lasting charm this record of the stormy days of yore. His facile pen, aided by his marvellous memory and social position, brings one face to face with contemporaries of note, noteworthy men and women who existed one hundred years ago. We fancy we see them in flesh and blood; we watch them gracefully or sorrowfully moving through the maze of the all-permeating, overpouring drama of the time; some of them unwilling, terrorised contemporaries of the appalling scenes, of blood proscription and anguish organized in France by Fouquier-Tinville and Robespierre. Occasionally, our old friend tries his hand at reproducing on the canvass a brief sketch of some distinguished French *émigrés:* such as that of the devoted priests, the Abbé de Colonne, brother to the French Minister of State, or the Abbé Desjardins, both glad to escape the guillotine, and find life secure under the ægis of British power at Quebec; sueing from a protestant monarch, hesitatingly but successfully, for a boon denied to them in their own favored, but distracted and frenzied country, the right to worship their maker according to their own lights; sometimes, one is called on to greet an eminent personage, happy to exchange the pomp and show of the old world for a *secure* Canadian home.

At page 88, M. de Gaspé introduces us, as follows, to a village celebrity, still well remembered, in the settle-

ments of the Lower Saint Lawrence : a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, bent with years, but still jauntily sporting the medals and decorations awarded him by the *Petit Cuporal,* for Wagram, Iéna or Austerlitz.

Let us translate : " I advise, says M. de Gaspé, persons visiting Rivière-du-Loup, to call on Monsieur Louis, a relic of the French army, decorated with the St. Helena medal ; and they will thank me. Our friend Monsieur Louis (he has as many friends as he has acquaintances) is a fine-looking old man, with face ruddy, simple manners, and a ready, taking address, recalling ingeniously,—but leaving out, the creditable part played in them by himself—the events of which he has been an eye-witness. This Nestor of the French army, through the kindness of a church sexton, a friend of his father, saw Louis XVI, and his family assist at a low mass in a chapel, the name of which I have forgotten. From his father's farm, two leagues out of Paris, he remeinbers hearing the boom of the great guns at the taking of the Bastille. Every respectable person in France, he says, shuddered at the sight of the horrors committed on French soil. But stupor had seized hold of the population, no one dared raise a voice.

Monsieur Louis had made the first Italian campaign under the great Napoléon and laid down his sword only after the disaster of Waterloo. He was then serving under General Grouchy ; he does his utmost to exculpate his chief for not appearing in time on that battle-field, so disastrous to France. " The roads, says M. Louis, were so horrible that the Prussians had abandonned their artillery and their heavy baggage and Grouchy was naturally led to believe that Blücher could not have reached the battle field before night."

" There is nothing strange, in Canadians of old, retaining before the French revolution of '89, their liking for France; their intercourse with their French compatriotes had not been much interrupted. Since the conquest, in 1759, several Canadian gentlemen, Messrs. de Sala-

berry, de Saint Luc, de Léry, de Saint Ours, my two uncles, de La Naudière and others, were in the habit of speaking enthusiastically of France, of the magnificence and glitter of Versailles, of the kind heartedness of the King, of the beauty of the Queen, and of the affability of the whole French Court. M. de Salaberry had seen the Dauphin at the garden of the Tuileries, in the arms of a lady of honor, to witness the ascent of a balloon launched by the Montgolfier Brothers. " This loveable and handsome child," used he to say, " raised his little hands to heaven, to which, after enduring horrible tortures, he was soon to wing his flight," and every one deplored the royal misfortunes and execrated the tormentors—*les bourreaux*. M. Louis René Chaussegros de Léry belonged to Louis XIV's body guard; happening to be absent on leave, on the 10th August, 1793, he thus escaped the massacre of that day. On his return to Canada, he was in the habit of singing a touching lament which brought tears to the eyes of all who heard him. Though I was very young at that time and can remember it but imperfectly, I shall recall it and leave it to our poets, should they not like my version, to improve on it.

Lady Milnes, the wife of Governor Sir Robt. Shore Milnes, asked M. de Léry to sing this lament at a dinner given at the Château Saint Louis; bursting into tears on listening to the first stanza, she left the table, but returning after ten minutes, she requested M. de Léry to continue:—

" Un troubadour Béarnais, (1)
Les yeux inondés de larmes,
A ses montagnards chantait
Ce refrain, sourd d'alarmes:
Le petit-fils de Henri
Est prisonnier dans Paris!

(1) Henri IV was a native of Béarn, re-united to France by Louis XIII.

Il a vu couler le sang
De cette garde fidèle,
Qui vient d'offrir en mourant
Aux Français un vrai modèle,
En combattant pour Louis,
Le petit-fils de Henri.

Ce dauphin, ce fils chéri,
Qui faisait notre espérance !
De pleurs sera donc nourri !
Le berceau qu'on donne en France
Au petit-fils de Henri
Sont les prisons de Paris !

Au pied de ce monument
Où le bon Henri respire
Pourquoi l'airain foudroyant ?
On veut donc qu'Henri conspire
Lui-même contre ses fils
Les prisonniers de Paris !

Français ! trop ingrats Français !
Rendez Louis et sa campagne :
C'est le bien des Béarnais,
C'est le fils de la montagne ;
Le prisonnier de Paris
Est toujours le fils d'Henri.

The *Memoirs* contain a graphic account of the tragic death, in 1811, of one of the uncles of M. de Gaspé, Charles de Lanaudière, who, under General de Lévi, had been seriously wounded at the battle of Ste. Foye, on the 28 April 1760; he was then 16 years old. Charles de Lanaudière, a brave and intelligent French officer, M. de Gaspé regrets to say, was not of a communicative turn of mind, else he might have considerably enlarged the budget of interesting anecdotes which our genial old *raconteur* had to impart. The author of the *Memoirs*, on mentioning the battle of Ste. Foye, chronicles a dainty tid-bit of seige narrative thus : " One day, that my uncle Baby and myself, we

were driving past Dumont's mill, (1) he stopped the carriage and said :

" You see this water course running north, well, during the engagement of 1760, there was lying on this plain M. de LaRonde, a brave officer, mortally wounded. We were retreating at the double, mown down by the English artillery and hacked by the Highlanders' claymores, when on passing close to this officer, he said to me, " A boire ! mon cher petit monsieur, je vous prie ! " *(Water ! for me, dear sir.)* I pretended not to hear him, the enemy was raining on us a hell-fire and had I tried to give him water, I likely the next minute would have had to ask my comrades for a similar service.

We had been ejected for the second time from this important position, my uncle Baby added, but we reformed our ranks behind a grove of trees, of which you can still see remnants, and attempting for a third time the assaults with fixed bayonets, we crushed the enemy and left the mill (Dumont's) only to pursue the flying English and to try and thrust them into the River Saint-Charles, so as to prevent them from regaining Quebec. This was a great blunder on our part ; the city gates having remained open fully two hours, we could have entered with the fugitives in the confusion. Several Canadians present at the fight have attested this fact to me."

To return to the account of the death of M. de La Naudière, who had an agreeable interview with George III, when still a French subject, and still more satisfactory meeting with His Majesty after the conquest, the English king having recognized him after an interval of fifteen years, this old *militaire*, strange to say, caught his death from exposure, one cold September night in

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(1) It stood on the spot were the Lévi pillar was erected in 1855.

1811, on his way home, after dining at Ste. Foye with one Mr. Ritchie, from an attack of indigestion, having fallen from his horse, near the very spot where he had been wounded, at the battle of Ste Foye, fifty-one years previous, where he was found early next morning insensible.

CASTLE ST. LOUIS REMINISCENCES.

IV

In the previous chapter, mention was made of the light cast on the social life of the representative of royalty, at the *Château St. Louis*, and of the entertainments afforded the guests admitted within its aristocratic circles.

Judged from modern standard, vice-regal hospitality seems to have been neither plenteous, nor magnificent; not even when proud old Count de Frontenac was lording it in the heyday of his splendor, on the historic old rock. Of the gluttonous repasts—*festins à manger tout*, of those unsatiable cormorants, the native Indians, we have most circumstantial records; not so, of the entertainments of the early representatives of the *Grand Monarque*, in the citadel of French power, in America.

'Tis a pity no court journal should have existed to tell all about the *ton*, as well, as of the order of precedence at the Governor's mahagony.

I can recall, when in 1880, was mooted the question of what might have been, two centuries ago, at official dinners in the Castle St. Louis, the social status of the most illustrious colonist of the period, Charles LeMoyne,

created a Baron by Louis XIV, it was found impossible to produce any record establishing the place assigned to him by virtue of his royal patent.

Thus has remained in abeyance the ticklish question whether Charles Colmore Grant, the lineal descendant of the Baron de Longueuil, so graciously recognized as a Baron by Her Majesty, the Queen, ought to take precedence on state occasions of Canadian knights, &c.

The " period of high living, fast women and gambling " generally styled in Canadian annals—the Bigot regime is better known to us in this respect. Franquet and other contemporary chroniclers have left lively accounts of social customs, without forgetting those fashionable routs and charming *petits soupers* of which the *Intendance* was the chief theatre before the conquest. There yet however remained several decades undescribed. M. de Gaspé has bridged over a large portion of the *lacuna.*

Whilst the *Memoirs* bring out in relief several important historical incidents, they also furnish a number of light, gossipy pages, and familiar anecdotes showing the inner-life and domestic ways of those at the top of the social ladder.

M. de Gaspé has a happy manner of setting forth some of those airy nothings. I append an example in point; though, translated in a different idiom, it necessarily loses much of its freshness and charm.

One regrets that the old Laird of St. Jean Port-Joly has not furnished more reminiscences of the protracted existence vouchsafed to him and comprising the administration of so many English Governors: Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir J. Coape Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lords Aylmer and Gosford, Lord Durham, Sir John Colborne, Lord Bagot, Earl Cathcart, Lord Elgin, Sir Edmund W. Head, Lord Monck.

The following anecdotes relate to a serious trouble between one of our most beloved administrators, Lord

Dorchester, surnamed in 1775, the " Saviour of Canada " and the clerk of the weather. His Excellency had retained the services of an estimable old captain of militia (Captain Gouin, of Ste. Anne de la Pérade) to drive him one bitter winter day. " I soon noticed, says Captain Gouin, that His Excellency's nose had become perfectly white from the intense cold. The Governor's nose was a marvellous one as to size ; I may be allowed to venture so far without disrespect to his memory. His Lordship, a thorough gentleman, as courteous to a peasant as he would have been to a king, spoke French like one of us, and was quite communicative.

" Your Excellency, " says I, " pardon the liberty I take, but your nose is frozen to a crisp. "

—" What then is to be done ? " replied his Lordship, raising his hand to his unfortunate nose.

" Well ! Hum ! Do you see, *mon Général*," retorted Captain Gouin, " so far, my experience has been limited to dealing with Canadian noses ; an English nose might possibly require a different treatment."

—" What would you do to thaw a Canadian nose ? " asked Lord Dorchester.

" A Canadian nose, your Excellency, is inured to hardship, and we treat it accordingly."

—" Just suppose," retorted the saviour of Canada, " that you are prescribing for a Canadian and not for an English nose."

" Very well, your Excellency, but an other difficulty may arise. Englishmen are not all privileged to own a Governor's nose, and therefore proper respect and consideration is due.—"

—" D— your eyes ! " ejaculated the agonizing Governor, " due respect and consideration be hanged ! Don't you see, my unlucky nose will soon be dropping off ! "

" That remedy is inexpensive and close at hand," retorted the scared militia officer. " I have plenty under my cariole. Snow ! " Rub well ! "

GENERAL ROBERT PRESCOTT, LT.-GOVERNOR AT QUEBEC, 1796.

Occasionally, the dignitaries representing Britain on our shores seem, in early times, to have playfully laid aside official reserve, mingling with the French colonists, through curiosity or possibly to judge by themselves what the latter thought of their new English masters.

Some of these familiar interviews with King George's new subjects, were not without a spice of fun.

" General Prescott, says M. de Gaspé, was much liked by the French-Canadians, and not unfrequently, sought other light than what he received from his *entourage*, much, in the end, to the disgust of the latter. I knew him in my youth: he was a diminutive old man—simple in his manners and dressed in winter as if he longed to imitate that famous personage of the *Arabian Nights*, Sultan Aaroon.

A Beauport farmer, in 1796, conveying to Quebec a load of fire-wood, met on the ice on the River St. Charles an elderly man wrapped up in a great coat, the worse of usage, and wearing a martin cap anything but new; his red, bleared eyes were watery. *Jean-Baptiste* took compassion on the woe-begone wayfarer, who seemed tired and said; " You look fatigued, *père*, my vehicle is not very grand, but you will fare better on top of my load than trudging in this heavy snow."

The wayfarer readily assented and took his seat on the load, when a lengthy conversation was exchanged between him and the kind-hearted farmer.

On the sleigh reaching the foot of Palace Hill, the farmer was rather surprised to see that his new acquaintance, without apparent regard for his horse, did not dismount, but concluded that the poor old fellow was quite exhausted by fatigue and that after all, his mare, being a powerful beast, would not mind this additional light weight.

" Guard! turn out! " roared the sentry on duty, on the sledge passing the city gate. The elderly man raised his cap. *Jean-Baptiste* looked round, saw no military man in the neighborhood and also raised his red *tuque*, saying, " Civility must be returned." The farmer's sleigh then continued, through Fabrique street, its ascent towards the wood market, which in those days stood on the square opposite the Basilica, conveying on his load his new acquaintance.

" Guard! Turn out! " sung out the sentry at the entrance to the old Military Jesuits Barracks (removed in 1877.) The aged man saluted the guard and also returned the respectful salutation of several citizens standing by; *Jean-Baptiste* again raised his *tuque*, bowing both to the guard and the citizens, apparently quite pleased to note the progress good manners had made in the city since his last visit.

Finally, he stopped his mare, when his new acquaintance, with alacrity, descended from the load of wood, thanked him civilly for his kindness and slipped a coin in his mitten; he had nearly disappeared in the distance when some one ran and met the woodman, asking him how much the Governor had paid him for the ride.

" What Governor ? " brusquely replied *Jean-Baptiste*, " I am not to be fooled in that way! "

—" Look in your mitten! " was the answer.

He did so and pulled out, amazed, a gold coin, remarking. " To think I was all the time under the impression of having done merely a charitable turn. Never will I judge of men by their appearance after this "!

[From the *Star Jubilee Number.*]

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE—1837, 1887.

LOOKING BACK.

Dark days were on us in June, 1837, still darker days close at hand; civic dissension, fierce, political agitation were rampant; a seer might have discovered at the end of the gloomy vista—hideous scaffolds. The month had opened with increasing alarm; an indistinct dread of coming calamities pervaded the minds of the British population; an unreasoning frenzy seemed to have taken possession of the erst loyal and peace-loving French peasant. Restless village politicians, stump orators from the cities, each Sunday after service, wrought him to wild transports. Rabid journals fanned the flame; one voice alone above the din was heard, nay, eagerly listened to: the siren voice of the great tribune Louis Joseph Papineau. Alas! that its stirring and patriotic appeals, thundered forth for years, on the floor of parliament, should ultimately have lured to an early grave many brave spirits!

Strife stalked through the land; uprisings were imminent in the Montreal district; the Quebec section more distant from the focus of trouble, though less deeply agitated, was far from remaining passive.

A mass meeting had been announced to take place, on the 24th June—the day of the national festival, St. Jean Baptiste's day—at St. Thomas (Montmagny), in the green arbor of Captain Faucher's beautiful maple grove, known as *Le Bois de Boulogne.* The orator of the day, Mr. Papineau, came there armed with all his

thunder: colonial grievances of three generations. Some hundreds of alert young French Canadian horsemen, neat in their home-spun coats, mounted on their Norman ponies and armed with their long duck-guns, surrounded the banquet tables festooned with maple leaves, and spread *al fresco*, with abundance of good rustic fare, but bereft of all dutiable wine and liquors. The sparce French colony, forgotten a century previous on the shores of the St. Lawrence, had resolved to give a lesson to Old England, kill off her export trade, and thus dry up this source of mercantile profit! There were unfriendly lips which whispered that the Bois de Boulogne reformers would have difficulty in keeping up to fever-heat their patriotism on the national beverage, spruce-beer. The wearers of home-spun were to receive important accessions to their ranks, by the arrival in the city of Quebec of the Montreal members of parliament, habited also in home-spun—says the historian of the period, Robert Christie—for the meeting of parliament, which took place on the 8th August. This was a humorous incident in a very serious drama. When the last puff of smoke from the *chasseurs'* fowling-pieces had cleared away, the dictator, accompanied by prominent *patriotes*, Dr. (later Sir) E. P. Taché, Messrs. Létourneau, Têtu, Vallée, and others, drove down in open carriages, to meet, at Kamouraska, other active sympathisers. The writer, an eye-witness, vividly recalls the whole scene (1).

Four days previous to this festival, on the 20th June, 1837, there was lying cold in death, in his turreted castle, at Windsor, the late sovereign of the realm, King William IV. Fifty years previous, as Duke of Clarence, he had landed in our midst on the 14th August, 1787, from the frigate *Pegasus*, a roistering midshipman. The City still retained the

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(1) Vide *Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck*, pp. 121–31.

memory of the practical jokes played by the royal middy, with his rollicking messmates, in our streets after night-fall. At five o'clock on that morning of June, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury and other noble state messengers were knocking at the gate of Kensington Palace and awakening from her sweet slumbers a gentle girl of eighteen summers, to announce to her that henceforth she was Queen of England. So she has continued for the last half century; God bless her!

Let us hie back home and recall Quebec, at the dawn of her auspicious reign, its aspect, style of building, mode of travel and status, political, intellectual and social. The suburbs of the city and the portion also within the walls were cut up with vacant lots, some affording pasture to cows. Innumerable one-story, cheap, wooden tenements lined the streets. The great fires of May and June, 1845, and of 14th October, 1866, made a clean sweep of some 3,500 : the era of modern cut-stone dwellings had, however, sprung up about 1840.

Let us glance at our mediæval Levis Ferry, of 1837 : a half dozen of flat boats, improved scows, propelled by paddle-wheels, through a shaft, round which revolved, in the summer months, four jaded, sweltering horses. This tread-mill exercise lasted to 1845. With the ebb tide and a brisk westerly breeze, the horse-boat, such was its name, in crossing from Levis, instead of landing its passengers at the Finlay Market Place, Lower Town, often drifted down to the Island of Orleans, where it awaited for the flood to waft it back to the city, much to the disgust of belated travellers. *Jean-Baptiste* would occasionally give utterance to an energetic *sacré*!

The winter travel from Quebec to Montreal was performed by the Blue and Red rival lines of stages, with relays of horses every fifteen miles. It took two days with good winter roads to reach Montreal;—of course a much longer time during heavy snow storms.

The shriek of the railway whistle in 1853 scared away, we think, forever, the Red and Blue lines noble steeds. The wayside stables and inns have been closed. No telegraphs, nor railways, nor ocean steamers in those days, though our *Royal William*, in 1833, had, the first shown how the ocean could be forded, with steam alone (1). The model of the pioneer steamer can yet

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(1) As a Quebecer I felt proud when publishing in 1876, QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, to have an opportunity of giving full particulars of the pioneer of Ocean Steam Navigation built, within a few acres from my home, in 1831,

Vide pp. 286–70 and p. 450, for its Custom House Register and other details.

The subject was subsequently ably taken up by Jas. Stevenson, President Literary and Historical Society, Quebec; one of his successors, in the Presidential Chair, Archibald Campbell, of Thornhill, prepared an elaborate lecture, on the subject, which was published in the *Transactions* of the society and which accompanied to England the model of the *Royal William*, when it was honored, at the great Naval Exhibition, at Chelsea, with a Diploma, bearing the signature of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Capt. Frederick C. Wurtele, the active librarian of the Literary and Historical Society, not only wrote several excellent articles in the press, to vindicate Quebec's claim to priority in ocean steam navigation, but also an elaborate pamphlet, embodying the whole evidence in the case; others also took up the cudgels for Quebec.

Laterly Mr. Sandford Fleming, the eminent scientist and past-President of the Royal Society of Canada, brought the subject before the Canadian Institute of Toronto, and succeeded in procuring a bronze tablet, to be erected under the auspices of the Government, in the Parliamentary Library, at Ottawa, commemorating this glorious incident of Quebec history. It bears the following inscription :

(MINIATURE OF THE SHIP.)

In honour of the men by whose enterprise, courage and skill the "Royal William," the first vessel to cross the Atlantic by steam power, was wholly constructed in Canada and navigated to England in 1833, *the pioneer of those mighty fleets of ocean steamers by which passengers and merchandise of all nations are now conveyed on every sea throughout the world.*

"Ordered by the Parliament of Canada, June 13-15, 1894."

be seen in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, at Quebec.

Ships from sea were announced all the way from Rimouski, to the signal service on the Citadel of Quebec, by means of balls hoisted to lofty poles, erected on the highest points along the sea shore.

Banking facilities were merely nominal at that period; some monetary institutions had hastened to forward their specie to be stored in the casemates of the Citadel, at Quebec, safe against " Canadian rebels and Yankee sympathizers," as the phrase then ran. Several Banks suspended specie payments, in 1837; on the 20th day of June, *La Banque du Peuple*, some of whose directors had been gaoled for having, it was said, afforded aid to the rebels, placarded a notice, that it was prepared to resume specie payments, when the other banks did the same. The crooked lanes of Quebec were lit with dim oil lamps and Captain Pinguet's drowsy, old city-watch, called out the time or weather. " Twelve o'clock, " " Starry night, " as the case might be, after nightfall and occasionally, like more modern watchmen, were conspicious by their absence when a row occured. Quebec decimated by the cholera plague of 1832 and 1834, scarcely numbered 34,000 souls. The insurrection of 1837-38 with its alarms, bore good fruits, the blood of the fiery, earnest patriots had not been shed in vain.

A stern Waterloo veteran, Sir John Colborne, had ruthlessly stemmed the tide of popular ferment; an imperial statesman of recognized ability, the earl of Durham investigated its causes and prescribed the remedy, with the prescience of a seer. The union of the two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, in 1841, though at best a makeshift, was the harbinger of vast changes and manifest progress; primary and elementary education received a powerful impulse. Some of our leading French writers have traced with great felicity to that period the marvellous awakening of thought and

intellect among the French element, which found an outlet in literature and history, etc. Our municipal, judicial and registry systems were moulded. "Through the means of a well divised scheme of canals, the navigation of the St. Lawrence was facilitated up to the great lakes, and thus has been opened out to the products of the West, that natural highway over which they floated to European markets." A network of railways and telegraph lines, uniting with one another the great commercial and agricultural centres of the two provinces, was being perfected; the gaps in our forests, through which rushed the iron horse, would soon be filled by hardy settlers. In 1854, a grand reform dawned on commerce, industry and agriculture: the abolition of the feudal land tenure. The province had outgrown the old order of things. Feudalism, instead of being, as in the infancy of the colony, a protection to the *censitaire*, had become a restraint upon his daily transactions; capitalists refused to invest. For half a century, it had caused heart burnings: a statesman at last sprang up, the late L. T. Drummond, strong enough, though himself a seignior, to carry through Parliament, with the aid of Sir Francis Hincks, a measure of compensation, which in the end was accepted by all. In 1852, the Hincks-Morin Ministry had helped the establishment of a line of ocean steamers between Liverpool and Quebec. The year 1854 was memorable in maritime affairs, as marking the birth of the Allan Line of ocean steamers in Canadian waters; Government granted them first to carry the English and Canadian mail, an annual subsidy of £24,000 sterling, increased to £52,000 and then to £104,000 for a weekly mail; reduced however, in 1873, to £26,000 sterling. The first steamship of the Allan Line, under contract with Government for mails, left Liverpool for Quebec, in 1856. This same year Her Majesty, on address of Parliament, selected Ottawa as the seat of Government. A great, and, as many believe,

a much needed modification in our judiciary system was introduced in Parliament, in 1857, by the late Sir George E. Cartier: the decentralization of our law courts. Twenty judicial districts were created for Lower Canada, with each a resident judge, staff of Court House officials, lawyers, etc.; the Norman peasant of that recent period had the luxury of cheap litigation brought to his own door. Was it really a boon?

On the 24th August, 1860, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales inaugurated the opening of that grand National work, the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal. On the 10th August, 1864, delegates from the British American colonies assembled at Quebec, in solemn congress, to discuss the basis of a Confederation of the Provinces. The British Parliament, on the 8th March, 1867, sanctioned the Confederation Act, and Confederation was proclaimed on the 1st July following. It opened up undreamed of vistas of material progress for the united colonies and gave a new life and separate organization to each province, our own becoming again, as in 1791, the Province of Quebec. On the 1st October, 1874, the Roman Catholic Episcopacy of Canada commemorated by an immense assemblage at Quebec, of the highest Church dignitaries of the whole continent, the erection two centuries previous, on 1st October, 1674, of the first bishopric in New France, Bishop Laval's vast diocese, extending in verity from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexica, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Sixty-four bishoprics had sprung up since; one and all were represented by their head or by delegates, in the grand Quebec conclave, presided over by Bishop Laval's esteemed successor, Archbishop Taschereau, recently raised, by His Holiness the Pope, to the dignity of a Roman Cardinal; the city was illuminated and presented a most brilliant pageant. Quebec, like the rest of the Dominion, hailed with delight the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a worthy outcome of Confederation; one of the most

gigantic undertakings in the whole world, conceived, engineered and built by energetic Scotchmen, aided by Dominion money and backed by one of their own race, greater than them all, Sir John A. Macdonald. It may not be amiss to close this hasty retrospective sketch with a notice of the development of the sciences and intellectual pursuits, as evidenced in the foundation of flourishing colleges and universities, without omitting the praiseworthy efforts of our late Vice-Roy, the Marquis of Lorne, in the creation of the Royal Society of Canada for the promotion of science and literature.

In this glimpse of the past, it seems difficult to forget the state of education, in 1837 ; and its development during the half century which followed ; let us even start earlier. History mentions as the pioneer of teachers in New France, the Franciscan Friar Pacifique du Plessis, who, in 1616, taught the Indian children on the spot where Three-Rivers was afterwards founded their catechism, and reading and writing as well. About the same time Father Jos. Le Caron, opened a school at Tadoussac. The Franciscan Friars had landed at Quebec, in 1615, but the capture of the place, in 1629, by the Kerkes, drove them seemingly back to France, as well as the Jesuits, who had landed there in 1625.

In 1632, Father Le Jeune wrote that he was busy at Quebec, teaching the young idea to shoot, to wit : a small Indian boy and a diminutive Ethiopian—*un petit sauvage et un petit nègre.* That his scholars from two in 1632, were raised to twenty in the following year.

In 1637, the Jesuits, or rather a young member of the order, Réné Rohault, son of the marquis de Gamache, began the erection, on a lot of ground facing the old Quebec market-place, in the upper town, of the Jesuits' College, the crumbling, though solid walls, of which, succumbed in 1877, to the power of dynamite. In 1663, Bishop Laval had founded *Le Grand Séminaire* of Quebec, for theological students ; five years later, in

1668, he built *Le Petit Séminaire* for classical studies. He also founded a School of Arts and Agriculture, etc., and a model school to supply teachers, under the green groves of St. Joachim held by his successors to this day. The Franciscan Friars returned to Canada in 1670, where they did good service to education, especially after the closing of the school of the Brothers Charon. At the time of the treaty of the cession of Canada, in 1763, Canada's educational outfit was indeed scanty, nothing scarcely, beyond the Quebec and Three-Rivers convents, the Quebec and Montreal seminaries and a few schools, at both places, under clerical control. The ousting of the Jesuits from their possessions caused the closing of many educational resorts, intended for the poorer classes. In 1787, the attention of the Governor of the colony, Lord Dorchester, was drawn to this subject. A parliamentary committee reported, two years later, in 1789, in favor of a university, under a principal and four professors, with an elementary free school in each parish or village, and a superior free school for each county, in which bookkeeping, grammar, mensuration, navigation, land surveying and practical mathematics would be taught. Theology was left out of the course; the king through his viceroy, to be the visitor ex-officio. A Board of Governors was to be created, formed of the judges, bishops, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and twenty other directors of both persuasions. It was contemplated to use some of the revenues of the Jesuits' estates, in addition to private bequests, in order to maintain this university—which was to be located in the Jesuits' college. It was hoped that the *Library Association*, which had sprung up in 1779, would also cast its lot with the new institution (1). The university according to its charter was to be non-

(1) CHAUVEAU : L'Instruction Publique au Canada pp. 57–63.

sectarian. This absence of predominant religious teaching killed the project, as it did, fifty years later, the *Royal Institution for the promotion of education*, founded in 1801. The charter, intended as a guarantee to both Protestants and Roman Catholics, met with determined opposition from Bishop Hubert, whilst his coadjutator, the fiery Bishop of Capse, Monseigneur Bailly, sided against him. (SMITH'S History of Canada.)

In 1801, Sir R. S. Milnes, in his opening address to Parliament, invited the House of Assembly to enact a law appropriating some portion of the public domain to the support of public instruction, the act was entitled : *An Act to establish free schools and to promote education.* A Corporation was created under this law, styled the " *Royal Institution*, for the promotion of knowledge." It was to be under the Governor-General's exclusive control. His Excellency was charged with the preparation of its constitution and by-laws, naming of teachers, etc. In 1803, sixteen townships were set aside and also a further grant of 40,000 acres of land, the proceeds of which to be divided between two seminaries, to be erected, one at Quebec, the other, at Montreal. The whole matter, however, remained in abeyance, owing to troublous times, and the war of 1812, 1814, 1818. On the 8th October, of that year, the *Royal Institution* was regularly organized by letters patent. The Anglican Bishop was named President. It was decided to place the schools under the surveillance of the clergymen of each locality and in places where there existed persons of different persuasions, the pastor of each persuasion was held to look after the welfare of the children belonging to his church. In 1834, it became apparent that, as a school system, the Royal Institution was a failure ; there were but 23 schools in operation, 398 pupils were admitted free of charge and 690 paid three shillings and four pence per month for schooling to the teacher, who also received a small stipend from Government. During a period of 40

years, the Royal Institution, according to Dr. Meilleur, had but limited success ; it had opened but 84 schools, the greater number of which had disappeared before the introduction of the Educational Act of 1841. Elementary education engaged the attention of Sir Charles Bagot, in 1843 ; of Lord Metcalf, in 1845 ; of the Earl of Elgin, in 1849-'50 ; of Morin, Lafontaine, Hincks, Viger ; each Cabinet introduced modifications and improvements in the system. In 1852, inspectors of schools were named, a new subdivision of the Province for school purposes took place ; superintendents of public instruction had been appointed. Dr. Meilleur was the first, a most efficient officer ; his successor was the Honorable P. J. O. Chauveau, an able official and elegant writer.

The 1321 schools of 1836 have now increased to 5154 and the 36,000 pupils of that year are represented now by 256,549, taught by 7,541 school-masters and mistresses, according to the latest official returns.

The Province has doubled its population, its resources, its wealth, and with its vast facilities for educating its youth—the country's future hope—may we not indulge in the golden dreams, put forth on a public occasion, by one of Canada's most gifted friends : " Like a virgin goddess in a primæval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods, and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations ; " so spoke the Earl of Dufferin, at Belfast, on the 11th June, 1872.

Quebec, June, 1887.

THE BEAVER CLUB, AT MONTREAL (1).

1785–1824.

" THE LORDS OF THE LAKES AND FORESTS ARE GONE "

Among the denizens of progressive and modern Mount Royal there are doubtless yet to be found some rare survivors of the times when the rich, sturdy and hospitable old *Nor-Westers*, to use the words of Washington Irving, " *held a lordly sway over the wintry, boundless forests of the Canadas, almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient.*"

These were the palmy days when the *Lords of the lakes and forests*, with their strong, social instincts, founded the famous *Beaver Club*, where for nearly forty years, during the winter months, a sumptuous fortnightly banquet enlivened with toasts and songs, gathered in their spacious hall, the bulk of the wealth, commercial enterprise and intelligence of Montreal, together with any distinguished traveller from other climes, sojourning at the time in the city.

The Beaver Club, says the Hon. L. R. Masson, (2) created in 1785, was the outcome of the coalition of

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(1) There was in addition a Summer Club for the Captains of the fur vessels, who in some instances were honorary members. The historian H. H. Miles, mentions also, a Montreal Club of much earlier formation, dating as far back as 1760 : the *Grey Beard Society or Club*, composed of Englishmen settled in Canada, after 1759.

(2) I owe to the excellent volume " Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest " recently published by the Hon. L. R. Masson, a great portion of my data in this article.

Canadian enterprise. associated under the name of the *Company of the North West*, to secüre a monopoly, if possible, of the fabulous wealth, the fur trade of the North West territory offered to a great company, able to control it through its thousands of *trappeurs* and *voyageurs*, located in its innumerable forts and posts, spread through the western wilds and trackless plains and lakes of the North. 'Tis true : another. powerful monopoly existed there under an imperial charter, obtained in London, a century previous : the Hudson Bay Co.

The hunting grounds, though they covered nearly half a continent, it seems, were too narrow for two monopolies : there was not enough elbow room, apparently. Soon a deadly fued sprang up between the two powerful associations whose resources and followers were marshalled by two chiefs, men of more than ordinary ability and energy : Sir Alexander McKenzie and Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk.

The violent rivalry between the two companies, culminated in a battle royal under the guns of Fort Douglas, at Assiniboia, on the 16th June, 1816, in which the Governor of the Hudson Bay Co., Mr. Semple, who had succeeded to Mr. MacDonnell met his death, with many of his soldiers, at the hands of the Metis, led on, it was averred, by the agents of the North West Co. This brought on a memorable trial where the jury returned a verdict of " not proven."

Let us revert to the exquisite, fortnightly entertainments, from December to April, of the famed Beaver Club, our oldest Canadian Club (1).

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(1) Three celebrated clubs flourished at Quebec, long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed, in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons' Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, "who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplied by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a suffi-

The original members, we are told, nearly all Scotchmen, numbered nineteen ; their wealth, education, spirit of enterprise and intelligence made them important factors in the social and commercial world of Canada : mostly all resided at or near Montreal : they were known amongst the French element, in Montreal, as " *Les Bourgeois du Nord-Ouest.*"

Imagination can depict the nineteen magnates, sporting on their manly breasts the Company's gorgeous and large gold medal, with the motto *Fortitude in difficulties*, thereon engraved—cosily seated at their mahogany, over their walnuts and wine, discussing the business prospects of the coming season, together with the hardships and perils encountered by them in forest and on lake, with occasionally spicy anecdotes about their hardy voyageurs and factors, and now and then a sly wink exchanged about some beautiful Pocahontas or other, seen in their dreams or in their travels, for we know the sturdy *Nor-Westers*, were not all Josephs.

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cient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now Mr. Morgan's emporium, facing the Place d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and Administrator, during the absence of Sir Robert S. Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. "The Baron's Club, says W. Henderson, was a sort of *Pitt Club*,—all Tories to the backbone. It was a very select affair, and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton, Sir John Caldwell, Sir George Pownall, H. W. Ryland, George Heriot, (Postmaster and author). Mathew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw. (Notes of W. Henderson.)

The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club "—*lucus a non lucendo* perhaps : it flourished about 1811 ; we believe one of the By-laws enacted that the members were expected to get *tight* at least once a year. (*Historical and Sporting notes on Quebec*, 1889.)

How many intelligent, manly fellows had joined in good cheer, those fortnightly meetings, each winter-season? At that same table had sat, in 1810, the clever Earl of Selkirk, worming out their inward thoughts and schemes, before turning savagely against them! He died in 1820. Later on Lt. (Sir) John Franklin, had pledged in a foaming bumper the health of the club, whilst the northern blast was howling over the brow of the neighboring Mount Royal:—alas, to yield up, later, his noble spirit at the call of duty to a still wilder blast on the arctic shores, in 1848, the heroic fellow!

How many others have sat together at the festive board: brimful of life, buoyant with hope, heedless of forest perils: McGill the founder of McGill College, Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, Sir Alexander McKenzie, Simon McTavish, Roderick McKenzie, his son Charles, Chs. J. B. Chaboillez, Simon and Alexander Fraser, James Forsyth, John Richardson, John Gregory N. Montour, R. Grant, W. McGilvray, Peter Pangman, John Ross, Peter Stuart, Duncan McGilvray, William Hallowell, Angus Shaw, Wm. McKay, John McDonald, Alex. McDougall, Alex. Mackay, Hugh McGillis, Alex. King, jr., James McKenzie, Desrivières, Moffatt, Gillespie, Frs. Ant. Larocque, Pierre de Rocheblave, John Duncan Campbell, John Mure, Alex. Ellice, John Willis, James Leith, D. Thompson, John Thomas, Roderick Walker and a host of others.

The Beaver Club closed its doors, a very few years after the absorption of the North West Co., by the Hudson Bay Co., in 1821.

A few rude old cups and pièces of solid plate crop up occasionally to tell their tale as silent witnesses of the past. McTavish's Castle—at the foot of the mountain, with a ghost in it as all respectable old castles are expected to have, has made room, for another eminent Scotchman's mansion, Sir Hugh Allan's!

Burnside Hall has disappeared. *The Lords of the Lakes and Forests are gone!*

JUDGE ADAM MABANE (1).

1734–92.

It is our task, a pleasant one, to introduce to the notice of our readers, under the above heading, an important personage of Quebec in days gone-by, in fact, a man who filled a very high position under early English rule in Canada. Judge Adam Mabane, born at Edinburgh, in Scotland, about 1734, after enjoying the advantages of a University course, had successfully passed an examination as a physician. History exhibits him as advantageously known to the garrison of Quebec, as a successful medical practitioner from the date of his arrival, shortly after the Conquest. In those days, legal training and commanding talents did not crop up every day, among the heterogenous *entourage* of Brigdr. General James Murray, the Governor; when in 1764, it was judged expedient to substitute to the military *régime*, which had existed for four years, regular judicial tribunals, the sagacity, uprightness, extensive legal and general information of Dr. Mabane, readily pointed him out to the representative of Britain as a most likely Judge to preside over the new Courts under consideration. This preferment, however, was neither sought for, nor desired, but rather shunned by the learned but retiring Esculapius, whose whole time was absorbed by professional duties. It fact, the lucrative and then lofty position of Judge, was thrust on Dr. Mabane; of this, there seems no room for doubt, despite all he could do to the contrary. In order to under-

(1) *Le juge Adam Mabane.—Etude Historique.—A. Côté & Cie.*, 1881.

stand fully the position of Canadian affairs, in 1764, it may not be out of place to remember that two antagonistic parties existed; first, the French, whose laws, language, religion, though placed under the ægis of a solemn treaty, were extremely distasteful to the bureaucracy and new settlers: those who styled themselves, the the King's old subjects, the conquerors, who sought in the new colony homes and affluence for their Protestant sons and daughters and for themselves, honors and position. The French colonists were known as the King's *new subjects;* they constituted the majority, the immense majority. The other party much less numerous, occupied all the avenues to office, the King's tried, loyal *old subjects.* The anglification of the French element, was the studied scheme of the politicians of the day. Various were the plans suggested; some crude in the extreme, to kill off the French nationality and make all Canada homogenous by the introduction of the parliamentary, municipal and agrarian institutions of England.

It did not seem to have struck these reformers that the time to make Canada homogenous as to laws, language, &c., would have been when the victor dictated the articles of the capitulation of Quebec, subsequently ratified by that of Montreal and finally recognized in the treaty of Versailles, of 10th February, 1763.

Had Canada in 1759 been an English colony crushed by the merceless heel of French soldiery, it is not unlikely the French Monarch of the period would have dealt with its laws, customs and nationality, in the same manner Louis XIV, wrote to his Canadian agent, de Courcelles to deal with the heretical inhabitants of New York, in 1689—*if ever he had the chance of doing so by conquest:* disperse them. England, in 1759, had been generous to the vanquished; but whatever may have been her motive, rights, immunities and privileges had been granted by treaty to French Canada —which she could neiver ignore, recall, nor withhold.

Judge Mabane, as one of the leaders among the dominant race, was often viewed by the sensitive, sullen or downtrodden French party, as *un Anglais;* therefore an enemy, still the upright, impartial and unswerving position he assumed on many of the burning questions of the hour, made him distasteful to the British party; it ended in his downfall and dismissal from the seat of justice. To a high-minded, sensitive man, accustomed to the sweets of office, the change, though borne silently—proudly shall we say—was gall and wormwood. Retiring to his lovely rustic home in Sillery, he lived for a few friends—such as General Haldimand and General Riedesel, his familiars. He had also, perhaps, dearer friends, his books, and his family circle who idolized him. Even the green glades and enchanting landscape of Woodfield (Samos as it was then called) failed at times to bring joy and peace to the ill-used, able, once powerful judge; like his predecessor Bishop Dosquet, the former proprietor of Samos, he too pined there, drooped and longed for a release from his earthly tenement. One bleak December morning, whilst a rising storm swept over the glades of his beautiful home and the hoary pines and old oaks of Woodfield sighed to the breath of the blast, the venerable judge, unmindful of his advanced age, sallied forth as was customary with him, on foot towards the city, across a path then existing on the Plains of Abraham; the blinding snow-flakes had hidden the path. Wearied and exhausted he plodded on, until he lost his way and was met and taken home, chilled and nearly speechless. Inflammation of the lungs set in; on the 3rd January, 1792, all Quebec learned with concern of the death of old Judge Adam Mabane. We congratulate the author of this excellent biography for the research and ability displayed, and trust the Abbé Louis Bois, from his cosy studio, at Maskinongé, will add others to the remarkable historical sketches due of late years to his prolific pen.

A DEJEUNER A LA FOURCHETTE, AT MR. MARMIER'S, IN PARIS.

A radiant light in the literary horizon of France is quenched: the Academician Marmier, the friend of Châteaubriand, of Thiers, of Rameau de Saint-Père, is no more.

A cablegram apprised his many admirers and warm friends, in Quebec, of his demise, at Paris, on the 7th October, 1892, at the advanced age of 83 years. Xavier Marmier, the renowned traveller and brilliant *littérateur*, was born at Pontarlier, Department of Doubs, on the 24th June, 1809. His education carefully watched over, was acquired in a provincial town; his first effusions graced the columns of a journal published at Besançon.

A lover of literature and an ardent and successful student of men and manners in distant lands, Xavier Marmier, at an early age set out to realize the dream of his youth, foreign travel; visiting Switzerland and Holland, before settling in Paris, where issued, in 1830, his *Esquisses Poétiques*. His ultimate knowledge of the German, Russian, and Scandinavian languages readily procured him the editorship of an important periodical, *La Revue Germanique*. In 1832, we find him in Germany.

In 1836–38, he was sent at the Government's expense, to make archæological researches through the northern parts of Europe; so successful was he, that in later years, this pleasant mission brought him the *cordon* of the Legion of Honour; he became famous as a learned, genial and polished writer. M. Marmier next directed his wandering footsteps to Russia, the

East, Algiers and America, garnering every where a rich store of knowledge. In 1838, he was appointed to the chair of foreign literature, at Rennes, and recalled, two years later, to Paris, viz: in 1840, where he continued until 1846, in charge of the Library of Public Instruction; he became subsequently librarian of the Library of Ste. Geneviève.

On the 19th May, 1870, he was elected to the French Academy to replace an eminent *savant*, M. de Pongerville, deceased. In 1879, as Chancellor of the Academy, the duty devolved on him of pronouncing the academical *éloge* of the great statesman and historian, M. Thiers, late President of the French Republic.

A busy and prolonged literary career, 1830–1892, furnished the indefatigable, keen-witted traveller rare opportunities to indite books and for adding volume to volume, until the yearly, increasing series represented nearly a small library, of delightful and instructive reading, be it said. (1)

Various, indeed, were the experiences of this many-sided author.

One is wafted in his wake from the " flowery banks of the Seine," so sweetly sung by Madame Deshoulières, to the grim battlefields of the Empire, across the border,

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(1) *Œuvres d'Xavier Marmier*. Lettres sur l'Irlande. Lettres sur la Russie. Histoire de la littérature en Danemark et en Suède. Histoire de Suède et du Danemark. Du Rhin au Nil. Lettres sur l'Amérique. Lettres sur l'Algérie. Les Voyageurs Nouveaux. Lettres sur l'Adriatique et le Monténégro. Du Danube au Caucase. Un été au bord de la Baltique. Souvenirs de Voyage. Chants du Nord. Lettres sur le Nord. Les Fiancés du Spitzburg. Les Hasards de la Vie. En Alsace. Gazida. Hélène et Suzanne. Mémoires d'un Orphelin. Sous les sapins. De l'Est à l'Ouest. En Amérique et en Europe. L'Arbre de Noël. Les voyages du Nil, à la recherche de l'Idéal. Robert Bruce, comment on reconquert un Royaume. En pays lointains. Nouveaux récits de Voyage. Contes populaires de différents pays. Nouvelles du Nord. Légendes des Plantes.

in the realms of the Hapsburgs, catching, as one lingers under the ruins of a legend-haunted castle frowning over the rippling waters of the blue Danube or rushing Rhine, the weird light of other days; or one ponders musingly over the splendid creations of Goëthe and Schiller in the Vaterland. Anon, one climbs with the tireless *voyageur*, the desolate steppes of Russia; or, later, journeys with him through the arid desert of Arabia; or follows him through the jungles of India; or the icy coast of Lapland.

The scene changes and you hurry through soft, Italian climes, to face Rome's Imperial or Clerical masters, mayhap to admire Greek heroism at Marathon, or to listen to the entrancing discourse of Plato or Socrates, under the portico of the temple of Minerva, at the entrance of the Piræus; every where through Mr. Marmier's writtings, shrewd common sense, manly utterances, elaborate research—not unfrequently, impassioned eloquence.

Multitudinous indeed are the vistas and the countries of which the genial sage of the *Rue St. Thomas d'Aquin* has left such glowing pen-pictures.

One portion of the adventurous traveller's wanderings interest us more specially: his voyage to America, in 1850, and sojourn at Quebec.

In some sympathetic remarks scattered through one of his late works, he alludes to several Canadian *littérateurs*, with whose writings he had become acquainted. He thus speaks of his old Quebec friend, the late Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the *doyen* of French-Canadian *littérateurs*, recently deceased.

"I can recall at the time he was writing his earliest poetry," says Marmier, "the delightful moments I spent in his company and in that of some of his other Quebec friends.

"I was then, as I am still now, only an obscure traveller in this common-place world. But I had come from France; wherefore, I met with a fraternal greeting.

"What a charming guide to meet on those fair shores of the St, Lawrence, which Voltaire styles "Wild Lands"! What romantic rambles we took round Champlain's city, to the Isle of Orleans, to the Falls of Montmorency, to the village of Lorette! At eventide we used to assemble under a hospitable roof, where the discourse ran, not on ambitious republics, not on the ingenious theories of Darwin, but on the dainty scenery which we had enjoyed during the day, discussing its history and its poetry. Before closing, the youthful daughter of the house, sometimes sang a popular air— not *La Marseillaise;* Oh, no! but *La Claire Fontaine.* O the happy time!"

Mr. Marmier was familiar with the writings of Canadian writers and knew personally several of them. We find in the same volume, the following mention:— "Les excellentes œuvres historiques de MM. Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Tassé, Casgrain, Laverdière, Bédard, Turcotte; les curieuses dissertations de MM. Belcourt, Marcoux, Lacombe et Pétitot sur les dialectes de plusieurs tribues indiennes; les études botanniques de M. l'Abbé Brunet et les études ornithologiques de M. J. M. Le Moine; les Romans Canadiens de MM. P. Chauveau, Taché, Gérin, de Gaspé, Joseph Marmette; les chansons populaires du Canada, publiées avec leur musique par M. Gagnon; les chants nouveaux de M. Sulte; les chants Canadiens de M. Poisson; les chants religieux de M. Routhier; les idylles de M. l'Abbé Gingras; les odes nationales de M. Octave Crémazie et le charmant recueil de M. Fréchette, couronné comme un livre du pays de France, par l'Académie Française. A cette excellente collection, il faudrait ajouter deux petits volumes fort instructifs: Notes sur le Canada, par M. Paul de Cazes, *Literary Sheaves,* Littérature au Canada, par M. P. Bender." *(A la Maison. La littérature Française au Canada,* par X. Marmier, 1883, p. 272.)

The incident which forms the heading to this paper occurred, during a sojourn, alas! too short, I was making in Paris, a few years back. It is noted in my dairy, under date of " Thursday, 11th August, 1881."

After paying my respects to the eminent Oriental scholar, Léon de Rosny, who had named me a Delegate, at Quebec, of the *Société d'Ethnographie*, of which he was President, I hastened to call on the respected patron of Canadians, Xavier Marmier, with whom I had previously corresponded, and who had sent me his portrait by a mutual friend, M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, of Quebec.

The same cordial greeting extended to Quebecers accredited to Mr. Marmier, awaited me, I am happy to say, at his residence, No. 1 *Rue Saint-Thomas d'Aquin*.

I can well recollect his demure old housekeeper, Mademoiselle Annette, showing me up politely to her master's sanctum, a vast library in two compartments, *au troisième*, literaly crowded with books (1). After enquiring about his Quebec friends, Mr. Chauveau, Abbé Casgrain and a few others, the academician's conversation diverted to recent works published in Canada; he interrupted my replies, by asking me to follow him into the adjoining wing of the library, saying he wished to introduce me to some old friends.

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(1) " Marmier was a great book collector, and leaves behind him a colossal library. When he became too feeble to walk, his bath-chair might have been seen daily on the Quai Voltaire and other bookworm resorts, whither he repaired to amuse himself by looking at the second-hand bookstalls. His strange figure, with his long white locks and ascetic cast of countenance was familiar to every body in the neighborhood. A more amiable man could not be found. Of rare simplicity, he was the sworn enemy of noise and puffing, and lived a secluded life, surrounded by his books, which he loved as a miser loves his hoard. For the last twenty years he was a vegetarian, feeding only on eggs and salad, washed down with a little wine and water. It was perhaps this sobriety which helped him to attain the ripe age of 84, for physically he

Judge of my surprise, when, on his pointing to a shelf in the library, my eyes lit on the titles of several of my own works, neatly bound, which, it seems, he had himself ordered from Quebec, with other Canadian publications.

After a most cordial interview, the silvery-haired *savant*, a handsome old man, invited me to a *Déjeuner à la Fourchette*, as he styled it, on the ensuing Thursday to meet with some of his Paris friends, several leading gentleman from Canada, then visiting Paris. I gladly accepted, postponing any other engagement I might have on that day to the pleasure I anticipated at such a reunion. The *Déjeuner à la Fourchette*, was fixed for 11.30, A. M., and reminded me, only that it was for an earlier hour of the day, of a *recherché* English luncheon. Punctually, on the appointed day, a sunny August forenoon, I attended. Our kind host expressed his concern that the summer vacation had taken to the Pyranees and to Trouville, some of the friends he had counted on to meet the *invités* from the shores of the St. Lawrence—among others, M. Rameau de Saint-Père, the author of "La France aux Colonies": the names of the others, have since escaped my memory. I was happy to meet two compatriots, the Hon. J. A.

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was not a Hercules. Losing his wife and daughter at an early date, he lived alone.

"One of his keenest sorrows was the demolition of the house in the Rue Saint Thomas d'Aquin, where he had resided 40 years, and when he was forced to remove to the Rue de Babylone it seemed to him as if he were removing into the world from which no traveller returns. And he was not far wrong, for death soon followed. That such a man should eschew all pomp and vanity was natural. Hence nobody is surprised that in his will he ordains that there shall be no official invitations, no military honors, no decorations, and no speeches at his funeral, which is to be that of the humblest pauper. After the church service his body will be conveyed to Pontarlier, his native town, and buried with the same austère simplicity."

Chapleau, one of our leading Cabinet Ministers, and a brilliant young member of our Provincial Parliament, M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice ; both had been sojourning in the gay capital of France a few weeks. We were all introduced to the Duc de Lévi-Mirepoix, a wealthy Paris banker, also a stirring figure in the political world of the day ; the Duke was a descendant from the chivalrous General de Lévi, Montcalm's right arm in the crushing campaign at Quebec, in 1759.

Our *cercle intime* afforded ample scope for the conversational powers of our eloquent friend, Mr. Chapleau, and for the ready repartee of Mr. Faucher de Saint-Maurice. The bulk of the dialogue was borne by our genial entertainer and the Duke. Both belonged to different schools in politics. The Duke was an ardent republican, a pillar to the new regime, inaugurated at the downfall of Napoléon III, whilst Mr. Marmier was a robust *légitimiste et monarchiste*, a steadfast friend of the Church. It was refreshing to see with what zest and freedom these bright, polished, elderly gentlemen, discussed the burning questions of the day, the attitude of the Church towards the State, the policy of Gambetta, then the hero of the hour in fickle Paris. It was a *feu roulant*, or rather a *fusillade de bons mots* and caustic replies, in which decorum guided the shaft of wit.

When a Canadian topic was mooted, we Canadians invariably put in our oars. Mr. Chapleau, as usual, made some capital hits : M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, brought into play his wit and erudition.

The talk, necessarily, with the Duke reverted to the past—" How was Canada lost to France ? "—" and saved by Chatham to Canadians "—I added. I was amazed at the hazy notions the wealthy Paris banker entertained of the career of his great ancestor, Brigadier General de Lévi, who to me had ever appeared as the most level-headed warrior France ever sent to defend her long

neglected colony; in fact, in the art of war and in cool judgment, superior to Montcalm himself.

The entertainment lasted from 11.30 a. m. to 2 p. m. exquisitely prepared, abundantly provided with light French and Rhenish wines, closing with the classic *petit verre de Chartreuse*—the *pousse-café obligé*—of French *déjeunés à la fourchette.*

Before breaking up, mine host took me aside asking me various questions, how I had found the interior of Normandy, which I had just visited, in quest of Pistres, near Rouen, from whence my French ancestors had sailed two hundred and twenty years previous for Canada. I replied, I was charmed with my trip, and that I had a second pilgrimage on hand, to the banks of the Tweed, from which my maternal Scotch ancestors sprang, in which I hoped to realize a dream of my youth and view Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's picturesque manor. Mr. Marmier then presented me with two of his works, on "The Wizard of the North."

Ever since, I have kept up a regular correspondence with the illustrious Academician. On this day, alas! the cable flashes across the Atlantic tidings of his demise. (1)

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(1) " *Le Gaulois* states that Hon. Mr. Fabre, High Commissioner for Canada, at Paris, placed a floral wreath on the coffin of the late Mr. Xavier Marmier, on behalf of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau. Marmier was a sincere friend of French Canada. A deputation of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Paris attended his funeral.

" Mr. Marmier was an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and bequeathed to it a set of his works."

" He leaves many bequests to the poor. One of the most curious clauses in his testament is the following :

" In memory of the happy moments which I have passed in the midst of the second-hand booksellers on the quays of the Seine, moments which I reckon among the most agreeable of my existence, I bequeath to these honest people a sum of one thousand francs. I desired that this money shall be spent by them in a jovial banquet during which they will be

able to amuse themselves while thinking of me. It will be my thanks for the many hours which I have intellectually enjoyed in the course of my almost daily visits to the book-stalls which extend from the Pont-Royal to the Pont Saint-Michel."

" Mr. Marmier was a good *raconteur*, and one of his favorite anecdotes was one in which the Marquis Libsi-Carrucci figured as the hero. The two, on one of their walks on the boulevards, turned into a second-hand bookshop. Libri dipped at once into a box of musty volumes, turned over a few pages, and said to the bookseller, " What is the price of this box? " " Sixty francs. " " Very well, send them home to me. " He sold them at 30,000 francs, for they were first editions of some sixteenth century Italian chronicles."—*Paris Correspondence.*

Quebec, October 7th, 1892.

[From *The Week*, 24th Nov., 1893.]

FRENCH IN A BRITISH COLONY.

"LES ETATS DE JERSEY ET LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE."

Under the above suggestive caption, M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, F. R. S. C., has added an other to his interesting and elegantly written volumes on Canadian history and others kindred subjects; the safe-guarding of the French tongue in Canada, M. Faucher evidently thinks a live issue. Dear indeed, to every nationality is its language, even in places where, through lapse of time, isolation or political exigency, it has became corrupted from its pristine purity. Jersey and Guernsey are no exceptions. The industrious islanders, though staunch and loyal subjects of Britain, and, as protestants, one with her in faith, have not by any means forgotten or eschewed the language of their forefathers in old France. They are still, as Ansted says. "Normans, but Normans of the old school, though a Jerseyman would not like to be called a Norman."

A few years ago they plainly showed their earnest attachment to Norman customs, long since obsolete elsewhere, by resuscitating the famous "*Clameur de Haro*" of the days of Charlemagne, to obstruct a scheme of public improvement.

Mr. Faucher's book goes to show how they have very recently evinced their partiality, between the two spoken languages of the islands, for that of their near neighbor, France; he does not, however, allude to the not very distant epoch, after the barbarous raid in the

Channel Islands of Robespierre's *sans culottes*, when the very name of a Frenchman was obnoxious.

We find here textually reproduced in Mr. Faucher's book a lively debate which took place on the 16th of February, 1893, in the Legislative Chamber of the "Etats de Jersey," presided over by "E. C. Mallet de Carteret, Lieut. Bailli." It originated from a discussion of the provisions of a bill introduced to remove doubts as to the right of the members to address the Assembly in English, inasmuch as a very considerable portion of the islanders, using English daily, and in many cases exclusively, had declared that it is permissible for any member of the "Etats" to address the House in English.

Some of the arguments urged by the Legislative wisdom of Jersey, in solemn conclave assembled, were of a rather singular nature, and the debate itself not very decorous, although several judges and high officials were present. A learned member, Judge Falle, speaking from an experience of thirty years, and whilst recognizing the advantage of duality of language, avers that the Legislature has several times declared that the members had not the right to use English in debate, and closes by proposing a resolution to the effect that the "Etats," whilst they are proud of the protection accorded to the island by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and her predecessors during so many centuries, and desire to reiterate their unalterable loyalty to the throne, feel that this sentiment is not impaired by the thought that they consider the idiom bequeathed to them by their forefathers too precious a legacy to allow it to be superseded or set aside, and "that only in the event of Jersey having to choose between giving up the French language or the protection of England would they consent to accept the first alternative."

Judge Falle's amendment was carried on a division of 26 against 13.

The English spoken in Jersey is far purer than the French, which among the uneducated amounts to a species of *patois* and still the legislative wisdom of the island, by a large majority of votes, upheld the French; their loyalty is above suspicion. Mr. Faucher recalls with evident satisfaction the encouraging words uttered at Montreal and Quebec, in favor of the French idiom, the language of Voltaire, Racine, Bossuet, Chateaubriand, by the illustrious statesmen connected with the administration of Canada—Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne, without forgetting our late administrator, the Earl of Derby. The little work of Mr. Faucher challenges investigation at the hands of every candid reader.

Quebec, Nov. 16, 1893.

OLD CANADIAN MANORS—MADAME DE BERCY—1789.

To the restless plodder of this progressive age as well as to the thoughtful student of the past, a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the old order of things, in feudal Canada, under some of their picturesque aspects, may not be unwelcome. Under this inspiration, it would seem, was given to the public, in a review lately published at Quebec, *La Kermesse*, a rather striking letter from its truthfulness and also a dainty poetical effusion, written some sixty years ago, by the clever chatelaine of a seigniorial manor not many miles from Montreal, Madame de Bercy.

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Few indeed are the traces of the former oppressive feudal tenure of Canada, its seigneurs, its manors; Lewis T. Drummond, himself a seigneur, grappled with and after protracted opposition, succeeded in strangling, the ogre, in 1854, with the assistance of great leaders of public opinion: Sir Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, Sir George Etienne Cartier, Sir Francis Hincks and other distinguished members of our parliament.

It may therefore, not be out of place, to recall, what a Canadian seigneur and a Canadian manor meant, prior to that auspicious date.

Canadians owed feudalism on their soil to Cardinal de Richelieu, as set forth in the charter of the company of Hundred associates, in 1627. So says Francis Parkman, a high authority on similar points:

"It was an offshoot of the feudalism of France, modified by the lapse of centuries, and further modified by the royal will." "Canadian feudalism was made to serve a double end." *The Old Regime in Canada*, Parkman, pp. 243. 4–5.

It mildly reflected French aristocracy and supplied agents to distribute lands. It differed from French, feudalism, the censitaire or tenant was not bound to the lord of the manor by military service : " the royal governor called out the militia and set over it what officers he pleased ". The settler's lot on Canadian soil, was far above, in degree of comfort and importance, that of the French peasant. He styled himself *habitant ;* he had come to *habiter le pays,* was proud of the title as it distinguished him, he being a permanent, from the transient trader, who arrived in the colony with the spring ships and returned to France in the autumn, and was perhaps only a government official. Vast land grants or seigniories, were made to distinguished settlers or French officers, on the express condition of fealty and homage to the king, or his representative at the chateau St. Louis, at Quebec and, also, on the express undertaking of themselves, clearing or conceding to settlers to be cleared, the lands patented to them by the crown, under penalty of forfeiture of patent, a not unfrequent occurrence.

Thus these large tracts of land were prevented from becoming waste. Canadian seigneurs, as a rule were not wealthy, though several, through their thrift and intelligence were prosperous. Among others may be noted, Berthelot, proprietor of the Comté de St. Laurent on the island of Orleans, facing Quebec ; Jacques Le Ber, a Montreal trader, who accumulated wealth, some 6000 livres, wherewith, he purchased his patent of nobility ; Robineau, the owner of the Barony of Portneuf, near Quebec ; the younger Charles Le Moyne, later on, Baron de Longueuil, and whose title has been lately revived by our gracious Sovereign. Of the younger Charles Le Moyne, Frontenac the Governor says : " Son fort et sa maison nous donnent une idée des châteaux de France fortifiés. " His fort was of stone and flanked with four towers. It was nearly

opposite Montreal on the south shore." (*The Old Regime*, Parkman p. 262.)

Parkman traces in sombre colours, the career of several of these *gentilhommes français* and retired half-pay officers, who unable to keep up in lavish expenditure with the same class, basking in royal sunshine, at the Louvre or at Versailles, cast their lot in Canadian wilds —where the absence of suitable careers for their sons and a handicapped trade compelled them and their numerous offspring to struggle with want; many of them unfortunately taught to look down on honest toil as derogatory, one is reminded of a similar worthy class of British half-pay officers, eking out in the past a scanty livelihood, at Woodstock, Simcoe, London, Ont., or in the eastern townships of the province of Quebec.

In dwelling on the brilliant career of the Longueuil, Mr. Parkman traces so graphic an account of the French *gentilhomme*, that I hope I will be pardoned for quoting it. "Others learned the same lesson, at a later day, adapting themselves to soil and situation, took root, grew and became more Canadian than French. As population increased, their seigniories began to yield appreciable returns, and their reserved domains became worth cultivating. A future dawned upon them; they saw in hope their names, their seignorial estates, their manor houses, their tenantry passing to their children's children. The beggared noble of the early time, became a sturdy, country gentleman; poor but not wretched; ignorant of books, except possibly a few scraps of rusty latin, picked up in a Jesuit school; hardy as the hardiest woodsman, yet never forgetting his quality of *gentilhomme;* scrupulously wearing his badge, the sword, and copying as well as he could the fashions of the court, which glowed on his vision across the sea in all the effulgence of Versailles, and beamed with reflected ray from the Chateau, at Quebec. He was at home among the Indians, and never more at home than when, a gun in his hand and a crucifix on his breast, he took

the war path with a crew of painted savages and Frenchmen almost as wild, and pounced like a lynx from the forest, on some lovely farm and outlying hamlet of New England. How New England hated him, let her records tell. The reddest blood streaks on her old annals mark the track of the Canadian *gentilhomme.*"

In order to complete the tableau of this fearful era of our border warfare, the Boston historian, with his usual felicity of expression, has in his last work, (1) narrated, the bloody raids on Canadian houses and hamlets of Rogers and his scalping Rangers, assisted by New Englanders—bloodthirsty avengers.

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Let us float down the stream of time a century and more, and catch a glimpse of the Canadian seigneur of later days. The midnight, bloody raid on New England hamlets, has lost its charm for the sturdy, country *gentilhomme ;* its ghastly memories rest in the tomb of Hertel de Rouville, Courtemanche and other worriours, though the oppressive rites and exclusive usages of early times remain. The *cens* and *rente*, are still brought to the manor, at St. Martin's Day, with the noisy capons; the banal mill, the seignorial dove-cot, the hated *corvée*, forced labour, the exclusive *droit de chasse et de pêche*, are still enforced; the raised, cushioned seignorial pew facing the altar, still awaits each Sunday, its honored occupant, who claims the first, or at least the second, sprinkle of holy water and slice of holy bread, from the parish priest and beadle. The Laird's manor is still rebuilt in stone and mortar; stone being abundant and lime, home-made, not being as of yore, imported in ships, equally so. One invariable

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(1) *A Half Century of Conflict.*

feature of the past is omitted in the structure; the loop-holes for musquetry, in case of Indian assault and siege. Danger to human life has ceased, as every fort is garrisoned by British troops, and as the ferocious Iroquois, has been forced to bury his hatchet forever. The Canadian seignior, neglected, jeered at by France, in 1757, has accepted cheerfully the inevitable and unlike the deserted Acadian, has sworn without reservation, fealty to his new masters, who in return, kave sworn to protect him.

We find a striking instance of this auspicious change in the readiness of the Canadian seigniors to rush to arms and save their homes and altars, from foreign invasion, in 1775-6.

In the severest season of the year, in March, 1776—three seigniors headed their retainers, and attempted to pour succor into Quebec, blockaded by New England soldiery, but defended by a brave leader of men, Guy Carleton—Capts. de Beaujeu, Seignior of Crane Island, P. Q., de Gaspé, seignior of St. Jean Port-Joly and Couillard, seignior of St. Thomas, P. Q., aided by Lieut. Ross, late of the 78th Highlanders.

A MODERN MANOR.

Let us hear a gifted writer, the abbé H. R. Casgrain, describe a modern Seignorial Manor, that of the Hon. Marc Paschal de Sales Laterrière, which he visited, at Eboulements, fifteen miles west of Murray Bay, P. Q.

THE DE SALES MANOR, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

" An imposing avenue leads up to the Manor festooned up to the eaves, with graceful climbing plants; it peeps out from a grove of lofty trees. 'Tis an extensive stone-structure, adorned with two pavilions. Its solid, thick walls, in the old Canadian style, would

not ill-befit the bastions of a fortress" were they built as a protection against Indian surprises. "Facing the portico, a handsome garden, of goodly extent and cultivated with care; in rear, a deep ravine, embedding a rivulet, which turns the seignorial grist-mill; the latter, situate a few feet to the left, at the base of the great hill. Its dam furnishes a sheet of limpid water, fringed with alder bushes and young beech; myriads of lively trout frisk there. Beyond, the eye rests pleasantly on a cultivated valley, which rises gently to the foot of the mountain-ranges. At one corner of the garden, on the brink of a precipice from whence comes the murmur of a little waterfall, there is a small chapel, half-hidden under a mass of verdure; it is dedicated to the Virgin. A great family grief renders the spot sacred; the untimely death of the seignor's eldest son, by the bursting of an old French cannon, long since condemned," but fired off, possibly, by the manor children on great fête days, *St. Jean-Baptiste*, &c., &c. Here comes, daily, the pious, sorrowing mother, to offer up a prayer in memory of her first-born cut off in his prime.

Where ends the garden, begin the *Chemins Perdus*, the Stray Paths in the park. A truly Canadian landscape in all its wildness: rocks, hills, valleys, steep declivities, gentle slopes, precipices, with the unceasing roar of the rivulet which flirts and whimpers through the park; dashed into rapids, waterfalls, silvery sheets of foam gleaming here and there, through the curtain of green woods.

The Stray Paths, carefully raked, wander in every direction, athwart the park; a maze of ups and downs, curves, leading straight to rustic seats; then, receding, and opening up unexpected vistas. It takes close to an hour to saunter through.

Here a lofty plateau, discloses beneath you, through forest, clearings a glimpse of the St. Lawrence and of the Isle-aux-Coudres; the green isle from this point,

looks like a dinner table laid out with white plates for the guests: the neat houses of the islanders, flecking the shore. There, at a point known as the " Observatory ", yawns at your feet, a deep crevice in the soil, where the stream rushes past in a cascade. Just descend the narrow, tortuous path, which leads down to the dark abyss; whip the pool with rod and fly, and you will fill your creel with dozens of speckled beauties. Several names are cut in the bark of the surrounding trees; I read, the initials of (Sir) E. P. Taché and (Lady) S. Taché, with the date 1830.

Further on, you meet a vale planted with fruit trees, where wild violets and daisys are mirrored in sunshine, in the wavelets of the crystal brook; the latter seems as if it wished to tarry a while in its course,to catch the song of birds and the hum of grass-hoppers. This happy valley—so congenial to the reverie of a student, is styled at the manor; "Le Vallon des Champs Elysés," the Vale of the Elysean Fields. This is the only locality, in this section of Canada, adds the abbé! where I heard the chirp of this noisy summer visitant, the grass-hopper."

Let us now ascend, resting our wearied legs, after such long and laborious rambles up to the gallery of the Citadel. Here, a loud, an involuntary exclamation is heard: admiration mixed with surprise!

Far away, in the distance eastward, the boundless expanse of our majestic flood and its many isles, the whole with the blue Alleghany Mountains as a background". To complete this felicitous picture of a sunny, modern Seignorial Manor, the abbé adds his own pleasant remembrance, of the interesting confabs and walks he enjoyed at the gloaming, with his respected, aged and cultured friend, the Hon. Marc. Paschal de Sales Laterrière, the Laird of the Manor, who, he says, on festive occasions, ordered out the seignorial coach, drawn by a favorite white mare—" une blanche haque

née", bearing the family crest, "*Boutez en avant,*" recalling some of his former readings, it reminded him, of a *gentilhomme*, of the era of Louis XIV.

MADAME DE BERCY.

Amelie Panet (Madame Von Moll de Bercy), eldest daughter of the Hon. Louis Antoine Panet, a Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, at Montreal, was born at Quebec, on the 27th January, 1789.

Educated at the Ursulines Convent, of that city, she perfected her knowledge of literature, under the eye of her learned father, who in addition to French, taught her Italian, Latin and Greek, together with mathematics, with an insight in philosophical works. The charm of Miss Panet's conversation, her accomplishments, her musical talents and kindly disposition endeared her to a large circle of friends. Several of them leaders in the social circles of the day. We may mention the antiquary Jacques Viger—the Hon. Denis Benjamin Viger, Chevalier de Estimonville, Sir James Stuart, his talented brother Andrew, Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the learned Henri Heney; in recent years, Judge Baby, himself a ripe scholar.

Miss Panet selected as her partner for life, a man, in every respect, worthy of her; William Von Moll de Bercy. She followed his fortunes and resided a short time, at Amherstburg, previous to their taking possession of the Seignorial Manor, near Montreal,—a wild spot at that period, but which her harp, her books and her literary tastes soon transformed into a gay, attractive *salon*. Far away from social circles, but not forgotten; there, she spent long and useful days; there she died, on the 24th March, 1862, at the advanced age of 73 years, much regretted. This many-sided, gifted woman, by her conciliatory manners had won the heart of her husband's tenants in their daily intercourse at the Manor. Amidst household duties, at times tolerably

irksome, Madame de Bercy, found time to indite poetical effusions and prose writings of considerable merit, though few so far have appeared in print. It is one of her letters, written to a lady friend some sixty years ago, we shall attempt to translate, though it seems impossible to render into another idiom, her terse, elegant French, especially remarkable for its simplicity. It recalls those quaint, gushing, masterly epistles Madame de Sévigné addressed to her daughter, Madame de Grignan. Madame de Bercy is a favourible type of the cultured, Canadian Seigneuresse of other days.

D'Ailleboust, 10 Nov. 1833.

MY DEAR,

" A part of what takes place when the Seignorial rents come in, which according to a good old custom, is at the last hour " à la queue du loup ", I have to be constantly on the move and to let you see my occupations, I will detail each monotonous day's work. I rise at day-break, to drive our hands from round the stove, which they cherish much more than their work. I then skim the milk, cook their breakfast, make my own coffee : a favorite fancy of mine. I like to have this beverage to my taste ; of course, I then drink it. Not having anyone to talk to during breakfast, I read from Saint Augustin, two pages " On grace. " I failed to take in their whole meaning. I was at my last bite and was closing the final passage of the volume, when two *habitants*, made their appearance with their rents. I was next busy sampling their wheat, to make sure it was dry and clean, in one word, good, sound and merchantable wheat. (Where are the noisy capons ?) Afterwards, and without loosing sight of them, I watched them measuring and storing it in the granary.

" On re-entering the house, I made an entry of the transaction in two Registers, and wrote out for them a receipt. I delayed the *censitaires* a few minutes, questioning them in order to find out, if possible. if they had bought or sold lands, unknown to the seignior. Thus I discovered that both had sinned against the law of *Lods et Ventes*. Bearing in mind what they admitted having done, I rated them roundly on the score ; they left. " Well, said I to myself, some more business dispatched ! "

" As dinner follows closely on the heels of breakfast, in the country, I looked after other trifling details. That done, I decked myself with my hood and *sabots* and left to ascertain how one of my farm hands—an " enfant du sol " to use a

popular expression, was progressing with the thrashing of the grain. I urged him on and then made sure that another farm hand was caulking properly the stable, a safeguard for the cattle, against the cold weather, closing in.

" In Canada, says Frs. Parkman, these payments, known as *cens et rente* were strangely diverse in amount and kind * * * A common charge at Montreal was half a sou and half a pint of wheat for each arpent. The rate usually fluctuated in the early times, between half a sou and two sous, so that a farm of one hundred and sixty arpents would pay from four to sixteen francs, of which a part would be in money and the rest in live-capons, wheat, eggs, or all three together, in pursuance of contracts as amusing in their precision as they were bewildering in their variety. Live capons estimated at twenty sous each, though sometimes not worth ten, form a conspicious feature in these agreements, so that on pay day, the seignior's barn-yard presented an animated scene.

Later, in the history of the colony, grants were at a somewhat higher rate. Payment was commonly made on St. Martin's day, when there was a general muster of tenants at the seignorial mansion, with a prodigious consumption of tobacco and a corresponding retail of neighborhood gossip, joined to the outcry of the captive fowls bundled together for delivery, " with legs tied, but throats at full liberty."

A more considerable, but a very uncertain source of income to the seignior were the *lods et ventes*, or mutation fines. The land of the censitaire passed freely to his heirs; but if he sold it, a twelfth of the purchase money must be paid to the seignor." (*The Old Regime*, Parkman, pp. 249–50.)

On returning from my ramble, there came two sugar makers " sucriers; " such is the name given to the woodsmen who boil the maple sap into sugar. They wanted to lease some sugar bushes. These had been previously occupied by other parties. It was uncertain whether the late occupants wished to return the same to the seignior. In all fairness this

had to be inquired into. The applicants did so, and gave me but equivocal replies. To make sure, I referred them to our forest ranger; he, prudent man, sent them back to me. No bargain was made, and two long hours were thus lost.

"I am worried and bothered. What is worse, I have to inhale the fumes of tobacco smoke; tenant and lessee, with whom I must deal, are each wedded to a pipe, inseparable companions. I sat down tired out. Eventually, I collected my thoughts; the latter tell me it is wrong to thus seek rest. I then drew near my writing-desk and sat to draft a Petition to the House of Assembly, of which my husband had scribbled on paper six lines in English, and my brother, three lines in French—in hieroglyphics! I put in order, as best I could, these discordant elements. At the foot of the petition, the words "As appears by the annexed Plan" tell me my work is not yet done. Doubtless my husband drew the plan before he left; a second copy is wanted for the Legislative Council and a third, for the Governor. I sat to copy the plan and then cleaned it up. I was getting on well, when it began to get dark. Soon I failed to see any more.

I then put-by my compass and brush, ordered a horse to be hitched to the cariole, as I had to meet a party before it got dark, a quarter of a league away. Got ready; threw a wrap over my shoulders—when! What? * * * I felt faint. What did it mean? Hum! I recollected that, hard pushed as I had been all day, I had forgotten to eat any dinner * * * But, the vehicle is at the door. I will dine when I return.

"I have returned and dined off, a cup of tea, with no other company but my own. I take up "Saint Augustin," but the book had so mixed up my ideas in the morning, that I layed it down and picked up a newspaper. My eye wandered over the advertising column of "Houses to Let" and "objects lost."

"Tea and reading alike short; I got through both. At last (this was in November), came the moment to draw closer to the house stove. I settled there. But this did not answer. I felt I must cheer up, and made three melancholy attempts to sing the *complainte* of poor Mary, Queen of Scots; this came to an end. Here I am, attempting to weary you with the tale of my daily household duties.

It will at least help to explain to you, how hungering and thirsting to see you, I must decline an invitation which would satisfy the craingsv of this double desire."—(The Canadian Voice.)

CHRISTMAS AND ITS FESTIVITIES.

"On Chrismas Eve the bells were rung
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kertle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green."

MARMEON,

All hail to thee! dear old Christmas Eve of our youth, with thy sweet, unforgotten memories, the long-looked for *messe de minuit*, with its flaming tapers, green arches and its grave, inspiring church music, without omitting the exciting homeward drive, over whitened streets and moon-lit snow, the sumptuous midnight repast—*le réveillon de Noël*—and all the expected gifts of the morrow! All hail to thee!

Other climes may rejoice in other, grander ways of solemnizing thy glories, but nowhere does your yearly advent gladden more hearts than in our Canadian land. And still to the student, you do come, as a mysterious masquerader, veiled under a strange guise, clad partially in raiment borrowed from a distant, very distant and misty era.

Our modern Christmas customs are interwoven with pagan rites and ceremonies; there can be no doubt on this point.

"By such an amalgamation," says the 'Book of Days,' "no festival of the Christian year was more thoroughly characterized than Christmas; the festivities of which originally derived from the Roman saturnalia had afterwards been intermingled with the ceremonies observed by the British Druids at the period of the winter-solstice, and at a subsequent period became incorporated with the grim mythology of the ancient

Saxons. Two popular observances belonging to Christians are more specially derived from the worship of our pagan ancestors: the hanging up of the mistletoe and the burning of the yule log."

As regards the former of these practices, it is well known that in the religion of the Druids, the mistletoe was regarded with the utmost veneration, though the reverence which they paid to it seems to have been restricted to the plant when found growing on the oak, the favourite tree of their divinity, Teutanes, who appears to have been the same as the Phenician god, Baal, or the sun, worshipped under so many different names by the pagan nations of antiquity. At the period of the winter-solstice a great festival was celebrated in his honour.....When the sacred anniversary arrived the ancient Britons, accompanied by their priests, the Druids, sallied forth with great pomp and rejoicings to gather the mystic parasite, which, in addition to the religious reverence with which it was regarded, was believed to possess wondrous curative powers. When the oak was reached on which the mistletoe grew, two white bulls were bound to the tree, and the chief Druid, clothed in white (the emblem of purity), ascended, and, with golden knife, cut the sacred plant, which was caught by another priest in the folds of his robe. The bulls, and also human victims, were sacrificed, and various festivities followed. The mistletoe thus gathered was divided into small portions and distributed among the people, who hung up the sprays over the entrances to their dwellings, as a propitiation and shelter to the sylvan deities during the season of frost and cold. The rites in connection with the mistletoe were retained throughout the Roman dominion in Britain, and also for a long period under the sovereignty of the Jutes, the Saxons and the Angles."

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Each year the revolving wheel of time brings round a festival dear to Christian nations: Christmas day. Since the fifth century, by common consent, its date is fixed for the 25th December; various the displays and usages which mark the auspicious date in different countries.

In merry old England, the Lord of Misrule then for the time asserts his boisterous sway, among the young, whilst their demure elders look on the day as one sacred to family meetings.

The "hopefuls" count, as a certainty, on a liberal allowance of plum-pudding, nuts and mince-pie, to be followed by games, music, conjuring, snap-dragon, whilst the yule clog is blazing on the hearth and the parlour hung with holly, invites the coy maidens to trust themselves for a moment under the mistletoe bough.....

Of old, the good time used even to invade, in a conspicuous manner, those revered seats of learning

THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL. (1)

(Sung at Queen's College, Oxford.)

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivo.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

(1) "The Boar's head is the symbol of Odin, the old Norsk deity, and the circle is the symbol of the Sun. It is not an orange, an apple, or a lemon, though either was used symbolically.—(*Karl Blind's papers, on Ethic ideas of the Edda.*)

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the king of Bliss
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

Oxford and Cambridge, where the wassailers pompously introduced the grim boar's head, bearing in its extended jaws an apple or a lemon, to the famous, very old health:

Caput Apris defero
Reddeo laudes Domino.
The bore's head in hande brynge I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you still sing merely.
Qui estis in convivis.

The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this land
Looke wherever it be fande.
Servite cum cantico!

Be glad both man and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our Stewarde,
To cheere you all this Christmasse
With bore's head with mustarde.

—(*Christmas Carolles* by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1521.)

A delightful legend in England shed its glamour over Christmas: the legend of the miraculous thorn-tree of Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire, "which tree always blows on Christmas Day." It had sprouted from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, a dry hawthorn-stick, stuck by him on a hill, where the saintly gentleman and his weary companions had rested; that thorn, however, had been grubbed up in the time of the civil wars, but others had been raised from it in the lawns.

In Scotland, the Lord of Misrule made room for the Abbot of Unreason, until the year 1515, when, it seems, this important potentate was dethroned by act of parliament.

The Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Greek Church, all unite in celebrating the festival of the birth of Christ—*Dies Natalis*—"Noël", as the French style it.

In England, one day was deemed insufficient; the joyful time was enlarged; it began on Halloween and ended with Candlemas Day.

In the country parts of old France, the peasantry solemnized the fête with numerous, simple lays. Some of these touching carols and traditions came over, from old France to New France, two and a-half centuries ago, and flourish here to this day.

That charming old traveller and graceful writer, Xavier Marmier, of the French Academy, relates some of the modes of keeping Christmas in the foreign lands he visited, after his return from Canada in 1850. Under his hospitable roof it was my privilege to be recently entertained. Beginning with his native province, *la Franche-Comté*, Mr. Marmier alludes to antique, simple Christmas lays—*les vieux Noëls*—composed by the rude mountaineers and sung at night-fall. "These were followed in my youth," says he, "by tales of supernatural occurrences on Christmas Eve."

On that marvellous night a boulder on the mountain brow, shaped like a pyramid, turned thrice on its base during Midnight Mass, when the priest recited the genealogy of the Saviour.

On that same night domestic animals were gifted with speech; when the farmers entered their stables they told them, in doleful accents, how they had been cruelly used, half-starved and illtreated; quite a revelation for the masters, in some cases.

On Christmas Eve the sands of the sea-shore, lofty mountain-ridges and deep valleys opened out and revealed to the starry heavens treasures concealed in their depths.

On that identical night the graves cast up the departed; the old village pastor, dead for years, awoke

from his long sleep, rose in their midst, beckoned them to follow him, and, all to meet round the cemetery-cross, to join in reciting the prayers of the nativity. This over, each one indulged in a glance at the hamlet of which he was once an inmate, surveyed his former dwelling, then all vanished ; the silent grave reclaimed its tenants. " I was then too young, " he adds, " to attempt climbing the mountain-brow to witness such thrilling spectacles. My father owned no stables ; the only domestic animal we possessed was a tortoise-shell cat which had not a word to say. "

" I can recollect the Swedish Christmas ; it is named Julnat, that is, the night of the wheel, because at that season of the year the sun's wheel turns towards the winter solstice. This name is an old Scandinavian designation, dating as far back as the pagan era ; but at present the Christian holiday is observed in a Christian-like way, and recalls many pleasant memories. Julnat is an idle time for the diet ; the law courts are closed ; business ceases, to allow families to re-unite from afar. The thoroughfares resound with the tinkle of sleigh-bells and noise of vehicles bringing home youths and maidens to the paternal roof. It is a brisk time for match-making, family re-unions and pleasant surprises ; an aged couple will be deploring the absence of a cherished son from the family group, when possibly a jingle of bells is heard at the house door, and joyful accents proclaim the arrival of the looked-for guest, who possibly has braved the wintry blast to take his share at the Julnat.

Then is the time of the verdant Christmas tree exposed to view on a lofty table, bright with flaming tapers, typefying the celestial light, which has spread from the manger, at Bethlehem, to the whole world. It is studded with the offerings selected by the good house-wife for her guests ; the eve of the Julnat the dwellings in cities and villages are aglow with lighted tapers, hung on the Christmas tree. The poorest Swede

must own a tree, even if he can afford but one taper. The festival lasts several days; the farm animals even benefit by it; that day they are entitled to an extra ration, whilst a sheaf of wheat is fastened to the barn roof for the wee birdies to peck at, lest food should fail them in the dreary winter."—*(L'Arbre de Noël.)*

In England, Cock Robin is not forgotten at Christmas.

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
For whomsoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out your crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs."

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

* * * * * *

"Here comes holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent,
.....Alleluia!

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
.....
Ivy is green, with colours bright."

The Christmas holly, mistletoe, and ivy, sacred to Druidical worship, recalls another relic of similar origin, but handed down much modified, in fact, at present, nearly obsolete in French Canada.—LA IGNOLÉE.

Practised until some years back, in some of the oldest settlements on the Saint Lawrence, it consisted in a serenade by a band of juvenile masqueraders, knocking at doors and windows, with music and song, and begging for offerings, generally eatables, for the poor, with threats of revenge if gifts were refused. The benevolent custom degenerated, however, in drinking bouts ; the offerings diverted from the original object were exchanged for refreshments, not all of the Blue Ribbon type.

A piece of pork, with the tail adhering, LA CHIGNÉE, was the traditional offering expected.

LA IGNOLÉE has its legends in prose and in verse, and closed the Christmas time just before the new year began. The curious will find an outline of these legends in the Edda, or sacred book of the Scandinavians. The mistletoe played an unenviable part in connection with the Scandinavian gods, Odin and his kind wife, Friga. Their colleague Balder, the god of poetry and eloquence, was supposed to have lost his life through the perfidious conduct of another denizen of Olympus, named Loake.

We find in Mr. Gagnon's precious store-house of Canadian songs, this legend, or song, quoted thus, page 240, as sung by the masqueraders :

" *Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse*
Et tous les gens de la maison.
Nous avons fait une promesse
De v'nir vous voir une fois l'an,
Une fois l'an.....Ce n'est pas grand'chose
Q'un, petit morceau de Chignée

" Un petit morceau de Chignée,
Si vous voulez
Dites nous-le !
Nous prendrons la fille aînée
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds.
La Ignolée ! La Ignoloche !
Pour mettre du lard dans ma poche !

Nous ne demandons pas grand'chose,
Pour l'arrivée.
Vingt-cinq ou trente pieds de Chignée
Si vous voulez.

Nous sommes cinq ou six bons drôles,
Et si notre chant ne vous plaît pas
Nous ferons du feu dans les bois
Etant à l'ombre ;
On entendra chanter l'coucou
Et la coulombe ! "

Christmas melodies, some of them, composed by great masters, fill an important space in Roman Catholic hymn books. To M. Ernest Gagnon, the painstaking collector of *Chansons Populaires du Canada*, I am indebted for the following "CANTIQUE POPULAIRE DU CANADA-FRANÇAIS," set to music by him, the words of which are ascribed to the eminent French Roman Catholic divine, Fléchier :

CANTIQUE POPULAIRE DU CANADA-FRANÇAIS.

I.

Dans cette étable,
Que Jésus est charmant !
Qu'il est aimable,
Dans son abaissement !
Que d'attraits à la fois !
Tous les palais des rois
N'ont rien de comparable
Aux beautés que je vois
Dans cette étable.

II.

Que sa présence
Paraît bien en ce jour
Malgré l'enfance,
Où l'a réduit l'amour !
L'esclave est racheté,
Et tout l'enfer dompté,
Fait voir qu'à sa naissance
Rien n'est si redouté
Que sa présence.

III.

Plus de misère :
Jésus, s'offrant pour nous
D'un Dieu sévère
Appaise le courroux.
Pour sauver le pécheur,
Il naît dans la douleur,
Pouvait-il, ce bon Père,
Unir à sa grandeur
Plus de misère.

IV.

S'il est sensible,
Ce n'est qu'à nos malheurs ;
Le froid horrible
Ne cause point ses pleurs.
Après tant de bienfaits,
Notre cœur, aux attraits
D'un amour si visible,
Doit céder désormais,
S'il est sensible.

V.

Que je vous aime !
Peut-on voir vos appas
Beauté suprême,
Et ne vous aimer pas !
Ah ! que l'on est heureux
De brûler de ces feux
Dont vous brûlez vous-même
Ce sont là tous mes vœux ;
Que je vous aime !

'Tis Christmas Day!
To one another
I hear men say—
Alas! my Brother,
Its winds blow better,
Our Christmas suns
No longer glitter
As former ones!
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
From long ago
Surcease of sorrow;
Let dead Yules lend
Their bright reflections—
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections—
Let Love revive
Joy's ashen embers,
For Love is Life
Since Love remembers.

EARL OF DUFFERIN.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLDEN TIME.

"Salut, beau jour doré, Premier de l'an !
Toujours, quand tu parais, dans un joyeux élan
Nous saluons ta bienvenue ;
C'est toi qui viens sourire aux enfants si joyeux,
Qui viens mettre en secret, dans leurs berceaux soyeux
Mille jouets de toute sorte !

"*Les Québeccoises*, W. CHAPMAN."

The (1) 1st of January, held in the Roman Catholic Church as a great festival, is also observed as a feast in the Church of England. From time immemorial it has, in Canada, meant a merry-meeting for all ; a special gala day for the ladies to receive visitors ; a date passing dear to the young, in view of the gifts and pleasant surprises it invariably had in store.

In some provinces of old France it went under the popular and appropriate name of *Le Jour des Etrennes*,

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(1) "Although there was a general popular regard to the 1st of January, as the beginning of the year, the ancient Jewish year, which opened with the 25th of March, continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England, it was not till 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal, as it had long been of the popular, year. Before that time it was customary to set down dates between the 1st of January and the 24th of March inclusive, thus : January 30th, 1648–49 ; meaning, that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648. In Scotland the desirable change was made by a decree of James VI, in privy council, in the year 1600. It was effected in France, in 1564 ; in Holland, Protestant Germany and Russia, in 1700 ; and in Sweden, in 1753".—*Book of Days.*

the Day of Gifts. Providence, in their eyes, seemed to have selected it, in bleak January, the severest month in the year, to bring to the domestic circle, with touching religious observance, a warm gleam of sunshine.

" In the quaint drawings which illuminate the Catholic missals in the Middle Ages, January, says Brady, "'is represented by the figure of a man clad in white, as the type of the snow usually on the ground at that season, and blowing on his fingers as descriptive of the cold; under his left arm he holds a billet of wood, and near him, stands the figure of the sign Aquarius, into which watery emblem in the zodiac the sun enters on the 19th of this month."

It was Numa Pomphilius who named this month Januarius, in honour of Janus, the Pagan deity supposed to preside over doors—typefying the opening and closing of the year. Janus could look into two directions at once; the double faced, typical old villain, honoured among the ancients, is not without his representatives among the moderns.

Scanning through the weird gallery of the past, the *Fasti*, of our native city, give us back the quaint figures of our Gallic ancestors, as they moved round on this festive day.

Without venturing to assert that the family sideboard on New Year's Day groaned under such pyramids of *crockignolles*, iced *gâteaux* and *bonbons*, such an array of wine decanters and *liqueur* flasks, as was customary in the hey-day of our youth—when Blue Ribbonmen, alas! were curiosities—we can positively affirm that reliable, written records remain of how things were managed in the " rock city " in the good olden time.

Several entries occur in the private journal of the Jesuits, recently published, throwing light on the customs of New Year's Day and its presents, furnishing a gratifying picture of the cordiality which reigned among the inhabitants of New France. Let us open

the quaint volume and read an extract, (1) taking us back to the distant era when a Knight Grand Cross of Jerusalem, gallant Charles Huault de Montmagny, held his court, in Champlain's Fort, at Quebec, as the worthy representative of his serene Majesty, Louis Quatorze.

These extracts will bring us face to face with several of the notabilities of the period. The Governor's visit over, the first we shall meet on 1st January, 1646, is Dr. Robert Giffard, an inmate of Quebec, a cultured professional man from Perche, France, seigneur of

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(1) "January 1st, 1646, the soldiers went to salute the Governor with their guns; the inhabitants presented their compliments in a body. He was beforehand with us, and came here at seven o'clock to wish us, a happy New Year, addressing each of the Fathers one after another. I returned his visit after Mass. (Another time we must be beforehand with him). M. Giffard also came to see us. The Hospital nuns sent us a letter of compliment early in the morning; the Ursulines also, with beautiful presents: wax candles, rosaries, a crucifix, and, at dinner, two excellent pigeon pies. I sent them two images (in enamel) of St. Ignatius and of St. F. Xavier. We gave to M. Giffard the "Life of Our Lord," by F. Bonnet; to M. des Châtelets, a little volume of "Drexellius on Eternity"; to M. Bourdon, a telescope and compass; and to others, reliquaries, rosaries, medals, images, &c. We gave a crucifix to the woman who washes the church linen, a bottle of rum to Abraham, and four handkerchiefs to his wife; some books of devotion to others and two handkerchiefs to Robert Hache; he asked for more and we gave them to him.

"I went to see M. Giffard. M. Couillard and Mademoiselle de Repentigny. The Ursulines sent to beg I would come and see them before the end of the day. I went and paid my compliments also to Madame de la Peltrie, who had sent us presents.

"At home I gave to our Fathers and Brothers what I thought they would like best. I had given beforehand to F. de Quen, for Sillery, all he chose to take from my room and a choice present for Father Massé.—*Jesuits' Journal*, p. 24.

* * * * * * *

Beauport, in virtue of a grant dating as far back as 1634; his solid Beauport manor seems to have been less attractive that winter than city life in Quebec. He is now trudging over the snowy streets towards the Jesuits College (the old Jesuits Barracks raized in 1878), facing the Basilica; let us wish him the compliments of the season! He is followed by Juchereau des Châtelets, the factor of the fur-company; both will receive pleasant souvenirs, New Year's gifts from the learned professors at the college.

Another visitor is in view, Jehan or Jean Bourdon, *savant*, land surveyor (1), engineer, explorer, a species of admirable Crichton, who left his surname to that leading thoroughfare, St. John's street. Most appropriate presents await him: a telescope and a compass.

Other callers of less importance, socially, are gratified with *petits présents*,—rosaries, medals, images, etc.

Even the laundress of the college is remembered.

That shady (2) old salt, the King's pilot, Abraham Martin *dit l'Ecossais*, who bequeathed his name to his Quebec estate, the historic plains of Abraham, comes in for creature comforts and carries away a flagon, probably of the "real stingo, from St. Domingo, by Jingo," a bottle of French rum, and his wife, six handkerchiefs. Robert Hache, the greedy fellow, is not satisfied with receiving two handkerchiefs, but "asks for and gets more."

Louis Couillard (3) who, the year previous, had munificiently given the site on which was built the Basilica minor, also Mlle de Repentigny, (4) waited

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(1) Bourdon was chief engineer of the colony.

(2) There is in the *Journal des Jésuites* an awkward entry for his fair fame; seemingly he was not a Joseph.

(3) Couillard was son-in-law of the first settler, Hébert.

(4) Mademoiselle de Repentigny was daughter of Le Gardeur de Repentigny, commander of the fleet.

until the Reverend Fathers called on them, as well as that accomplished, charitable and elegant French widow, Madame de la Peltrie, the founder of the Ursuline Convent, in 1639.

To a Silleryonian, it is pleasant to notice also a remembrance in store for that good Father Massé, who, for more than two and a half centuries, enjoys the long rest under the nave of his little church, at the spot marked by his monument, at Sillery Cove. No other New Year's day, however, will dawn for the devoted missionary ; six months more only of sublunary existence are vouchsafed him in his Sillery mission, where he expired among his tawny neophytes on the 12th May, 1646.

Among the hallowed, primitive New Year's Day customs, perpetuated in some corners of French Canada, is that known as *La Bénédiction Paternelle* — the Father's blessing on his children ; it was generally delivered in the morning after Mass.

Not always after High Mass. In some families, the touching observance took place much sooner. The historian of Montcalm and Lévis, abbé Casgrain, has related how the New Year was ushered in for the young hopefuls, in the family circle of his late father, the Honble Chs. Eugène Casgrain, at Rivière-Ouelle, P. Q. " At early morn', says he, our mother woke us up, attired us in our Sundays best suit, and gathered us all together, with the house servants following, in the parlor: she then thrust open the bed room door of our father, who from his couch, invoked a blessing on all of us ranged kneeling round him, whilst emotion used to bring tears to the eyes of our dear mother. Our father in an impressive manner accompanied his blessing with a few words to us, raising his hands heavenwards. Of course the crowning part of the ceremony, was the distribution of the New Year's gifts which he kept concealed behind him ".—(*Mémoire de Famille*, p. 206.)

Imagination reverting to the days of missionary zeal and religious fervour, long, long ago, readily conjures a striking picture of this touching old custom.

History tells of that noble type of a Christian gentleman, Pierre Boucher, Governor of Three-Rivers in 1653, the father of a worthy family of fifteen children—(he died in 1717, at the age of ninety-five)—blessing on New Year's Day the kneeling group of sons and daughters, listening, all in rapt silence, to the words of wisdom and kindness falling from the venerable man.

History also connects his name with another practice, observed annually, on the anniversary of the old patriarch's death,—the reading, in the presence of the assembled family, all kneeling, of his last will, styled, " The Legacy of Grand-Father Boucher." We shall, we hope, be forgiven for giving a few lines of this beautiful, spiritual Testament; each member of the noble (1) patriarch's family is addressed in turn, whilst the wisest counsels mingle with the effusions of paternal affection. Like another Tobias, giving his dying blessing, he concludes, saying to all : " Love one another sincerely for the love of God; remember that you will one day be called, like me, to appear before God to render an account of your actions; hence, do nothing of which you will later have to repent."

" I do not leave you great riches, but what I leave has been honestly acquired. I would willingly have left you more, but God is the master of all things.

" I have no enemy to my knowledge.

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(1) Governor Pierre Boucher, seigneur de Boucherville, near Montreal, the ancsetor of our late Premier Hon. M. de Boucherville, had been ennobled by the King of France for his bravery and for the services he had rendered in Canada. He is known to science by an interesting work published in 1663, on the natural history and natural resources of Canada.

" I have done what lay in my power to live without reproach; do the same!"

His closing words to his loving wife, and dear children are equally tender and touching.

* * *

A century will roll over and the customs of the auspicious visiting day will still continue, though in a modified form.

Doubtless, at the gloomy close of the old regime, when the infamous Bigot and his godless crew held high carnival, at Quebec, the paternal blessing and the traditional religious observances on New Year's Day were on the wane.

Gambling, *boodling* and profligacy in high places overshadowed the land; General Montcalm's correspondence, recently published, points out to other joys, other observances at that period, though the crowning pleasure of the first week in January was not omitted —*tirer le Gâteau*—the family evening reunion, at Epiphany, to draw the pea and the bean out of the colossal *Jour des Rois* cake.

In January, 1758, General de Montcalm writes to the Chevalier de Lévis: " Grand souper au palais, j'y eu comme de raison la fève, et Madame Péan fut ma reine."—*Montcalm and Lévis*, Casgrain, Vol. 1, p. 345.

A supper, and a grand one, took place that night at the Intendant's palace. Montcalm drew the magic bean; he was the king and selected the fascinating Péan as his queen.

A thoughtful, drooping New Year's day was at hand for the following year; the colony, deserted by France, expected a hostile fleet round Pointe-Levi with the return of spring. A more gloomy and exciting New Year's Day must have been for besieged and

blockaded Quebec, the 1st January, 1776, sixteen years later, when, stark, stiff and frozen, the corpse of Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, borne by a military escort through the street of the city, was deposited in Gobert's house, on St. Louis street, and the besieged were making arrangements to bury their own and the enemy's dead.

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Another commendable custom peculiar to New Year's Day was *La Quête de l'Enfant-Jésus*,—the collection for the Infant Jesus; for years it obtained in the country parts of the Province of Quebec, though it is now obsolete, or nearly so. It was managed by the parish priest, driven round by the senior church warden, or by the beadle. The gifts gathered were distributed among the poor.

In this benevolent, Christian-like excursion amidst the R. C. parishioners, strange to say, had been merged the hoary, druidical institution of *La Ignolée*, which, though described elsewhere, warrants us in adding a few remarks. " Christianity, " says Mr. J. C. Taché, in accepting this druidical usage, had sanctified it by charity, just as it had allowed the *Menhirs* to subsist, by crowning them with a cross. " 'Tis probable those singular lines :

" Nous prendrons la fille aînée,
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds. "

were a veiled allusion to the human sacrifices which marked the ancient Gallic rites. It recalls the song of Velleda, in the *Martyrs* of Chateaubriand : "Teutates " requires blood... on the first day of the century... his " voice has been heard in the druidical oaks ! "

This traditional custom of *running the ignolée* was kept up in the city and district of Montreal, until about

1860, when the Mayor, on New Year's eve, issued permits to lads to *run the Ignolée*, so as to protect them from arrest by the police. This precautionary measure did not always prove effectual in preventing disorder; when rival *Ignoleux* met, some of them under the influence of the "ardent", would get up a fight; the victors adding to their store of gifts by despoiling the vanquished, of theirs.

The *Ignolée* which took place in Canada on New Year's eve was kept up in some provinces in France on the 1st January itself.

Right well can we remember, more than fifty years ago, the observances of the day in our youth, at St. Thomas, now Montmagny; the pyramid of *Crockignolles* on a table in the ante-room, to be served out by the courteous housemaid to the jolly young villagers calling shortly after day-break, and discharging round the house to wake up the inmates, their long duck-guns, which were answered by the ringing of all the house bells, whilst we boys (my brother and self) awoke from our slumbers, enjoyed the surprise of unconscious and unadvised town visitors, spending the holiday under our parent's hospitable roof, scared by the loud, unexpected artillery discharges.

But, alas! the quaint druidical *Ignolée* has had its day, and the charitable *Quête de l'Enfant-Jésus* has followed.

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In closing these glimpses of a pleasant past, one other feature remains unrecorded,—the *Etrennes* of the newspaper carrier's address on New Year's Day. He, also, the *espiègle Gamin*, counted on and got his offerings, demurely pocketing innumerable small coins of the realm, his time-honoured perquisites.

The practice, however, cannot have originated previous ta the year 1764, when those enlightened Scotch-

men, Brown and Gilmore, printed, at Quebec, the first City newspaper, the *Quebec Gazette*, though the custom outlived the venerable news-sheet, which expired in 1874, aged 110 years.

A diligent searcher of old records, Benjamin Sulte, the historian of Three-Rivers, not many years back, collected in a fragrant bouquet specimens of the most striking New Year's Day effusions, more or less poetical, the majority without signature of writer. Among others, the one headed, "*Etrennes du garçon qui porte la Gazette de Québec, aux pratiques, le 1er janvier*, 1778," doing high homage to the "Saviour of Canada" (Lord Dorchester) is quite touching. In a subsequent one, even Sir Frederick Haldimand, no favorite with the French Canadians, especially with those of the Du Calvet stripe, is therein styled, *Le Solomon du Nord!*

Enough! The French Canadian Parnassus has paid a merited tribute to this day of the year, above all others, auspicious for the young; Crémazie, Fréchette, LeMay, Lenoir, Garneau, Fabre, Buies, Chauveau, Sulte, Chapman; nor has it been forgotten by Evan McCall, John Reade, G. W. Wickstead and other sweet singers in Canadian land.—*(Dominion Illustrated Monthly.)*

"ON THE ORIGIN OF SOME POPULAR OATHS."

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY, MONTREAL BRANCH.

On more than one occasion, the peculiar expletives used in French Canada, ostensibly to give emphasis to thoughts expressed, have seemed to me fit subjects for study.

Their close resemblance to similar expressions, resorted to, in several departments in France, seemingly point to a common, though distant origin.

I purpose here submitting a few of the best known common forms.

Unquestionably many of these expletives or *jurons*, conjure up ideas of lack of reverence for the name or for the attributes of the Deity.

A french writer of some note, Laredan Larchey, in a learned disquisition on the subject, strives to show that in reality no disrespect is meant to the Almighty, whose name or divine attributes singularly distorted, are thus taken in vain by persons, in some cases, of strong religious proclivities. "Heaven, he says, has been ever called on to witness occurrences, which challenge astonishment or cause indignation." This would also apply to Canada, as illustrated by the daily exclamations heard in common parlance "*Ah! mon Dieu!*" *Bonté Divine!* &c., and similar terms used by devout sons of the Church. In either case, no disrespect is meant to the Almighty. Among French as well as among English military men, swearing on every trivial occasion was formerly so common, that it was

considered as quite the proper thing. A witty French author asserted that "*God Dam*" *était le fonds de la langue anglaise*"—the root of the English language! whilst the Vicomte de Parny, an elegant writer, composed a poem in four cantos, bearing that profane title. Long before and after the British soldiers "swore so dreadfully in Flanders"; long before and after Cambronne uttered his malodorous *juron*, on the Field of Waterlow—though, it must be confessed in extenuation, the incidents of the day were ugly enough to make any of Napoleon's *vieilles moustaches* swear most emphatically—swearing was indulged in all over Europe.

Before venturing to compare the expletives of old with those used by New France, I may be allowed to quote, a peculiar, chirpy oath, in favor among the *Voyageurs des Pays d'En Haut*: "*Tors mon âme au bout d'un piquet*"! How the twisting of one soul's at the end of a fence-rail was to be done, was ever a puzzle to me. I could, however, imagine a raftsman, or *Coureur-de-bois*, wishing to be impressive, sandwiching his broken french dialogue, with such words as "*Mille Tonnerres!*" in imitation of the *Dunder and Blytzen*, in use in the Vaterland.

Let us examine some french *jurons!*

"*Jarniou*," uttered by a blasphemous unbeliever in God, is derived from *Jarni* (je renie) and *Dieu*.—*Je renie Dieu*: I deny God. To escape the charge of impiety, persons, altered it to *Jarnibleu* or *Jarnicoton*; the origin of this expletive is quaintly related.

T'is said Henri IV, had contracted the perverse habit of repeating "*I deny God*". Father P. Coton, his confessor, had pointed out to him the impropriety of such language, to which the king replied, that with the exception of God's name, none other was so familiar to him as that of Father Coton.

—Well, Sire, readily retorted the pious Father, say "*I deny Coton,*" hence *Jarnicoton.*

Many of these *jurons* were borrowed from Britanny others, from Provence, Languedoc, Normandy.

The *juron*, " *par le sang du Christ*, " was abridged to *Sacristi*, to evade the punishment which the law had in store for impious persons ; the french writer previously quoted knew a very pious woman, who when astonished or startled, exclaimed " *Sapristi*, " adding, however, as a correctif, " *Sapristi la Rose* " associating with it that emblem of innocence and purety.

Similar scrupules converted " *Par le sang de Dieu* " into " *Par la sambleu* " Palsambleu and other variations " *Ventredieu* " originally meant " *Par le ventre de Dieu*, " from which sprang " *Ventrebleu.* "

" *Ventre-saint-gris*," must be an alteration of *ventre saint du Christ.*

" *Par le corps de Dieu* " gave " *Cordieu* " and " *Corbleu* " ; everywhere, subterfuges to escape penal enactments !

" *Tu dieu* " is supposed to be a weak echo of " *Par le ventre de Dieu*," abridged first in " *ventredieu* " and " *ventrebleu* ".

" *Le sacré nom de Dieu* " says Mr. Laredon Larchey, furnished many expletives ; amongst others, " *Sacré nom*, " " *Cré nom* " and " *Nom de Dieu*, " " *Nom d'un nom, nom d'une pipe*, " *nom d'un petit bonhomme*," was an irreverent allusion to Jesus as an infant. " *Nom d'un petit bonhomme de bois* " alluded to popular sculptures representing our Saviour, borne by his mother, hewn out of wood. From " *Par le sacré nom de Dieu*," proceed the abbreviations " *Sacredieu*," " *Credieu*," " *Sacrebleu*, " " *Crebleu*, " " *Saperbleu*". T'is difficult to find the origin of " *Sabre de bois* ". Mr. Laredon Larchey has for it a far-fetched explanation. Canadian ears are tickled with the following bequeathed by their Gallic forefathers. *Parbleu ? Sacrebleu ! Sacrelotte ! Saperlotte* and even *Saperlipopette*, indulged in by Euphueists. One mild form of *juron*,

which I first recollect hearing from the lips of a saintly old *Curé*, I thought quite picturesque : " *Sac-à-papier* ; " the erudite Mr. Laredon Larchey connects it with the period, when lawyers, in France, carried their briefs to court, in bags. It might be worth while to trace the origin of the most fashionable expletives in English Canada and beyond the border.

THE HURONS OF LORETTE AND THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY.

In glancing over the contents of my portfolio, I discovered the following, bearing the signature of a well-known student of Canadian history at Quebec, Mr. T. B. Bédard.

It is a scrap of history in French touching the Huron Indians visited in September, 1893, by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the recipients of a loyal address of these sons of the forest.

" The incident, adds Mr. Bédard, took place in 1813.

Quebec youths were mustering to defend their homes from invasion under the double inspiration of religion and patriotism; the English Government had called on them, and the Indians, tolerably numerous at that date, also appealed to, had warmly responded."

Col. de Salaberry, who won laurels in that campaign, on consultation with the authorities, had returned to their camp to inform the Hurons that the Government had come to the conclusion of retaining them as a *corps de réserve*, in case Quebec should be invaded by the Kennebec road.

But in spite of this, Joseph and Stanislas Vincent, two well-known Indian warriors, begged loudly to be allowed to serve actively in the *Canadian Voltigeurs.*

At the battle of Chateauguay, where 300 Canadians performed the glorious feat of defeating an enemy 7,000 or 8,000 strong, the brothers Vincent swam across the river, in hot pursuit of the flying foe. But the two heroes, full of pluck and fight, whilst the engagement

lasted, had rather misty ideas of the inexorable military code, and the battle over, made for home, without asking by "your leave." This flagrant breach of discipline could not be overlooked and a letter from Mr. De Salaberry, sr., to his brave son, the Colonel, is still extant, showing how the pardon of the delinquents was procured:

[*Translation.*]

"Beauport, 4th December, 1813.

"My Son,—Joseph and Stanislas Vincent of your regiment returned to Lorette on the 2nd December inst., and hurried to meet me, full of regret and repenting of the breach of discipline of which they were guilty: they have no excuse to offer except to say that evil advice alone caused them to commit such an act of folly. They were told that the other Indian nations served in war, as Indians only, not as if they were soldiers enlisted to do so; that they ought to have turned a deaf ear to such counsels, but that youth has not the experience of age; that they appeal to me, as the father of the greatest warrior the English King possesses, and hope I will obtain forgiveness for them. I replied, I would appeal to your kind heart, and was persuaded you would grant their prayer, as a brave man is always merciful to those who submit and repent. I beseech you, then, to forgive them, seeing how they repent and have entire confidence in you. Probably my own prayer will be for much in this pardon, but there is an additional reason for clemency; the great chief also called on me and in his own and in the name of the other chiefs, he asked me to intercede in favor of their young men, telling me how much the nation loves and admires you, 'the GREAT WARRIOR.'

"LE. SALABERRY.

Mr. Bedard, who collected this incident from the lips of an aged Huron chief in 1879, furnishes as follows the names of the Huron braves, who to perpetuate their gratitude for the Hero of Chateauguay, contribued to the monument erected that year to Col. De Salaberry, at Beauport, at which celebration it was my privilege to be present.

Names of the Hurons of Lorette, subscribers to De Salaberry monument :

Paul Tahourenché, Chief,
Honoré Ho8enhq8en,
Maurice Sarenhess,
Louis Tsodokeahina,
Stanislas Tsonontalina,
Adolphe Odoladet,
Magloire Tsohahessen,
Thos. Na8endothic,
Alfred Oskanonton,
Joseph Gonzague Hodelanton8anuen,
Maurice Ahmolen,
Antoine Tsinont8arces,
Noé Hode8ateri,
Antoine Tiok8enk,
J. Bte. Arsenharonhas,
François Tekionde,
François Tha8idet,
Wilfrid Orite,
Paul Tsa8enhohi.

Quebec, Nov., 1893.

THE WILD FLOWERS ROUND QUEBEC. (1)

I

OUR MAY WILD FLOWERS.

" Oft in the woods we long delayed
When hours were minutes all too brief,
For nature knew no sound of grief ;
But overhead the breezes played,
And in the dank grass at our knee,
Show pearls of our green forest sea,
The star-white flowers of triple leaf,
Which love around the brooks to be
Within the birch and maple shade.

—(LORD LORNE'S *Poem on Quebec.*)

I have been asked to state what are the first wild flowers, noticeable in spring, at Sillery, and around Quebec generally.

April snows have scarcely disappeared, ere the Willow with its golden catkins is in bloom.

" The first gilt thing
Decked with the earliest pearls of spring."

In the neighborhood of warm springs, vegetation is of course more rapid than elsewhere.

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(1) These familiar and concise notes are based on a valuable paper on the WILD FLOWERS OF QUEBEC, delivered before the *Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*, by Samuel Sturton and recorded in its *Transactions*.

They have had the advantage of revision and additions by a lover of flowers, George M. Fairchild, jr., of Ravenscliffe, Cape Rouge, P. Q.

Those which are commonly called the first flowers of Spring, are the May-flower, the Symplocarpus or Skunk Cabbage, the Hepatica, the Spring Beauty, Indian Turnip or Jack-in-the-pulpit, and Dog-toothed violet.

The May-flower or trailing arbutus (Epigæa (1) repens) is a trailing evergreen, with rusty hairs and pinkish, white flowers, which are sweet scented. It grows on sandy soils, beneath pine trees ; it occurs in the Gomin wood, at Montmorency Falls and on the north shore of the Island of Orleans.

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(1) Mr. St. Cyr, F. R. S. C., noticed the following, on the 7th May, 1884, in full bloom, at the Island of Orleans :

Hepatica triloba, Chaix. Liver Leaf.
Dentaria diphylla, L. Bitter Cress.
Asarum Canadense, (Gingembre.) Wild ginger.
Trillium erectum, L. Deadly Nightshade.
Capsella bursa-pastoris, Moench. (Bourse.) Shepherds Purse.
Sanguinaria Canadensis, L. (Sang-dragon.) Blood Root.
Corylus americana, Walt. (Noisettier.) Hazel Nut.
Erythronium americanum, Smith. (Aildoux.) Dog Toothed violet.
Carez rosea. Schkuhr. Rose Sedge.

On the 13th May, in the Gomin Wood, in bloom :

Epigæa repens, L. Trailing Arbutus.
Alnus incana, Willd. (Aulne.) Black Alder
Alnus serrulata, Wild. (Aulne.) Smooth Alder.
Populus tremuloides, Michx. (Tremble.) Trembling Poplar
Acer rubrum, L. (Plaine.) Swamp Maple.
Taraxacum dens-leonis, Deaf. (Dent de lion.) Dandelion.

Onthe 15th May, an excursion to the south-west of Island of Orleans gave as results :

Aralia trifolia, Grey. (Petit Ginseng.) Wild Sarsaparilla.
Viola blanda, Willd. (Violette.) Bland Violet.
Shepherdia Canadensis, Nuttall.
Thalictrum dioicum, L. (Pigamon.) Meadow Rue.
Thalictrum purpurascens. D. C. Tall Meadow Rue.
Hepatica acutiloba, D. C. Acute Leaved Liver leaf.

Mr. Fairchild writes me as follows :

" The *flora* at Cap Rouge, Crescent Cove, and the river beach during May and June, is the richest and most varied of any that I have ever found in so limited an area. The St. Lawrence river brings upon her current, seeds from the far Western lakes and rivers, and casts them upon the warm and sheltering beach where they germinate and flower. A walk from Cresent Cove to Cap Rouge village at the end of May reveals a bank fringed with a profusion of wild flowers indescribably beautiful in their many colors and forms. In a walk of not over a mile I gathered thirty-seven distinct varieties, and this at the end of May. My list for this month is as follows. I give the common English name:

Pussy Willows,	Wild Poire,
Alder Catkins,	Columbine,
Skunk Cabbage,	Purple Flowered Clematis,
Jack-in-the-pulpit,	Elder,

On the 23rd May, on Levis heights, in bloom :

Mitella diphylla, L. Mitre Wort.
Trillium erythrocarpum, Michaux. White Nightshade.
Cerastium vulgatum, L. Chickweed.
Lonicera ciliata, Muhl. (Chevrefeuille.) Twin Flowered Honeysuckle.
Caltha palustris, L. (Populage.) Marsh Marigold.
Fragaria virginiana, Ehrhart. (Fraisier.) Wild Strawberry.
Coptis trifolia, Salisb. (Savouyane.) Gold Thread.
Viola cucullata, Aiton. (Violette bleue.) Blue Violet.
Viola pubescens, Aiton. (Violette jaune.) Yellow Violet.
Actæa spicata, L. var. alba Bigelow. Baneberry.

On the 27th May, 1884, at La Canardière, also in bloom :

Streptopus roseus, Michx. (Raisinette, rognons de coq.) Twist Foot.
Viburnum lantanoides, Michx. (Bois d'orignal.) Hobble Bush.
Actæa spicata, L. var. rubra, Michx. (Pain de couleuvre. Bain Berry.
Ribes prostratum, L'Hér. (Gadelle sauvage.) Wild Currant.
Tiarella cordifolia, L. Bishops Cap.
Amelanchier Canadensis, Torrey & Gray. Shad flower. (Petites poires.) Wild Poire.
Rubus triflorus, Richardson. Wild blackberry.
Cornus Canadensis, L. (Cornouiller ; croquette.) Low dog-wood.

—*Courrier du Canada*, 10th, 13th and 30th May, 1884.

Wild Ginger,	Black Alder,
Purple Trillium,	Wild Plum,
White Trillium,	Wild Cherry,
Spring Beauty,	Choke Cherry,
Dog-Toothed Violet,	Bell Wort (large),
Marsh Marigold,	Bell Wort (small),
Wood Violet,	Louse Wort,
White Violet,	Pink Moccassin Flower,
Yellow Violet,	Yellow " "
Blue field Violet,	White " "
Wild Hyacinth,	

The Skunk Cabbage, a beautiful flower, thus called on account of its loud smell, grows in a very wet meadow. It is in shape like a common sea shell, with dark purple spots somewhat ressembling tortoise shell; the half-buried flower appears to spring ready formed out of the earth, the flowers in the fall are succeeded by a mass of red fruit.

The Hepatica is a pretty little flower, appearing directly after or almost before the snow has disappeared. It is a lowly-growing plant, the leaves and flowers springing directly from the ground, and the flowers appearing before the new leaves ; they are of all shades of color, pink, blue and white. At the Island of Orleans they are found near the ferry ; and at Point Levis, near the (upper) railway station.

Nor must we omit mention of our May Trilliums, Columbines, Dog tooth Violets, Marsh Marygolds—the Buckbean, the *Uvularia Sessilifolia* and *Grandiflora* the Wild Ginger plant, the *Smilacina Trifolia*, the *Dentaria*, the Ladies' Slipper Orchis, two varieties, of which the most beautiful is the Showy Ladies' Slipper, which grows in the swamp between the Ste. Foye and Little River Roads. Such are some of the gems which Flora in May drops along her scented paths around our city ; June, July, August, have other floral tributes in store.

More than half a century back, the study of the wild flowers round Quebec, was in high favor; our city ladies, inspired by the noble example of Lady Dal-

housie, wife of His Excellency, the Earl of Dalhousie and her friend the Hon. Mrs. William Sheppard, of Woodfield, took a lively interest in this fascinating portion of the vegetable kingdom. The *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society bear testimony to the efforts of these two cultured ladies to popularize here the study of botany. Later on, one could meet in May, botanyzing parties from the city, collecting the prettiest flowers of Ste. Foye and Sillery, under the direction of an enthusiastic old botanist, Mr. S. Sturton (1), to whom Quebecers are indebted for an interesting paper on our wild flowers.

II

OUR JUNE WILD FLOWERS.

"Like treasures of silver and gold."

In May last, I pointed out according to request, but in a very succinct manner, some of the Spring flowers noticeable round Quebec. I have since had an opportunity of witnessing, on a late visit to Lake Kingsmere and the Chelsea Mountain near Ottawa, (2) how much climate or locality has to do with the size and lustre of some plants. On looking over the list I published, I was surprised to find I had omitted men-

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(1) *Mr. Sturton was Professor of botany, in an Academy for young ladies in Quebec.*

(2) *On the 24th May,* 1884, *at a pic-nic given by the Ottawa Field Naturalists Club, at Dr. J. G. Bourinot's charming rustic Lodge.*

tion of a plant well known to Quebecers, the blood root *(Sanguinaria)*, a dimunitive flower of frequent occurrence, near the city, and barely waiting for the departure of the snow to push through its stem, on which a pure white inverted cap soon appears.

" My June list of wild flowers about Quebec is as follows, says Mr. Fairchild " :

Bunch Berry,	Blue Flag,
Wayside Plantain,	Poison Ivy,
Jewel Weed,	Wild Sarsaparilla,
Yellow Wood Sorel,	Hedge Nettle,
Purple Flowering Raspberry,	Partridge Berry,
Common Mallow,	Dwarf Bleuberry,
Blue Flax,	Black Mustard,
Labrador Tea,	Common Wild Mustard
Black Snake Root,	White Hawthorne,
Early Wild Rose,	Sumac,
Blue Eyed Grass,	Pale laurel,
Food Flax,	Small Cranberry,
Chicoree,	Mullein,
Dog Daisy,	False Spikenard,
Wild Sweet Clover,	Milkweed,
Wintergreen,	Wild Clematis.

Mr. Fairchild, mentions also the following :

Wild Apple,	Wild Strawberry,
Shad flower,	Dandelion,
Wild Forget-me-not,	Twisted Stalk,
Pitcher Plant,	White Clover,
Bass Wood.	Clintonia,
Bastard Maple,	Hazel Nut,
Wild Vetch,	Trailing Arbutus,
Beach Pea,	Trembling Poplar,
Meadow Rue,	Baneberry,
Three Leaved Ginseng	Wild Currant,
Twin Flowered Honeysuckle,	Wild Gooseberry,

I am aware that there are omissions in this list, some of which are supplied, however, by those named by Mr. Sturton occuring about Spencer Wood and the Gomin Road.

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

LEGEND OF THE BLOOD-ROOT

(Sanguinaria Canadensis.)

In the dawning of the summer,
'Mid the forest bow'rs,
Sat a wood-thrush gaily singing,
To his mate, while softly springing,
List'ning came the flow'rs.

Murmurs on the restless water,
In its rippling flow;
While from tree-tops bending over,
Nodding to the faithful lover,
Shadows come and go.

Hark! a footfall in the bracken,—
And a wailing cry,
On the silence sharply ringing,
Terror to the woodland bringing,
By its agony.

'Tis from her, the loved,—the gentle,
Drawn through fear and pain;
While her mate is calling, calling,
List'ning for the answer falling,
Ne'er to sound again.

Sore the tender breast is wounded,
By the hunter's dart;
She will soon for aye be sleeping,
And the flowers o'er her weeping,
That they thus must part.

Bear her from the mossy shelter—
From the peaceful nest;
Let her soft eyes, now fast closing,
All life's light and lustre losing,
On her lover rest.

Lay her deep among the leaflets,
On the breast of Earth;
Pray the Mother, all Life-giving,
That the lost one, death out-living,
Have a second birth.

And the leaves turned darker, darker,
Like to blood in hue,
On the grave of her who perished;
And the flow'rs her mem'ry cherished,
That her story knew.

Long within the forest quiet,
Was a song-moan heard,
Ever fainter, fainter growing,
Till again spring blossoms blowing,
Then a new life stirred.

And the spirit of the mourned one,
Came in form so fair,—
Pure and white—a fitting token
Of the heart all bruised and broken
That had withered there.

And the children call it Blood-root,
When in summer hours,
From the leaves its roots they sunder,
While they at its red drops wonder,
When so white its flow'rs.

A. G. H. White.

Toronto.

That lovely trailing evergreen, *Epigœa repens*—the May flover—ought it not to have had a fuller notice—the emblem of Nova Scotia, as the Maple Leaf is of Canada? June does indeed revel in a wealth of floral treasures. This year, owing to the absence of a scorching sun, several May flowers will prolong their existence far into June, the Lillium *picta*, Dog-Tooth Violets, Ladies' Slippers, Kalmias, Smilacina, &c.

I love in early June to saunter under the green domes of nature to catch the melody of the robin at sunset, "to listen to the rustling music of leaves, to watch the ferns unrolling their fronds and to collect the mosses and the lichens"; sweeter still, for a lover of flowers and wild scenery, to add the traditional Spring visit of the grim fern-clad ruins of Bigot's *Chateau*, at Charlesbourg, so thrillingly described in Kirby's "Chien d'Or"

novel, or else, to wander on the moist shores of Lake Calvaire, at St. Augustin,—to gather in, at its first appearance, the big pond-lily, amidst tangled aquatic plants, styled by the Canadian peasant " hair of drowned men ". " *Cheveux de noyés* ", because the most expert swimmer would fail to extricate himself from their deadly embrace.

Let us hear Mr. Sturton discourse on the June flora round Quebec: " If we now stroll on the Gomin Road, we shall find growing on either side, the Bunchberry *(Cornus Canadensis)* which may also be found on the outskirts of every wood. This flower may teach us that things are not what they appear, for that which every one except a botanist, would call a flower, is no flower at all : it is an involuce of four white leaves, inside of which is a head of small, greenish white flowers, and each flower in the fall is matured into a berry, and the head of flowers into a bunch of berries ; the plant is only a few inches high.

In ditches everywhere may now be found the Brooklime Speedwell, a strong growing plant with thick shiny leaves, bearing spikes of blue flowers.

The Thyme-leaved Speedwell will now be found in the fields.

The Blue-eyed-grass is a very delicate flower, growing in wet meadows : the leaves are grass-like and it has an umbel of very pretty blue flowers which open and wither in a day, succeeding each other for some time in the same umbel.

In the bogs, the Labrador tea is now putting forth its blossoms of pure white ; the leaves are recurved and covered beneath with rusty down ; it grows to a good-sized bush, and its white flowers form a pleasing contrast to the deep rose of the Kalmia growing by its side. The leaves are used as a substitute for tea and for hops, and possess some narcotic properties.

The Oxalis Stricta, with yellow flowers, in ploughed fields, and the Oxalis acetosella, with white and purple

flowers, in the woods, may almost be called our sensitive plants ; they shut up their leaves and go to sleep at night, and on the approach of rain. These plants are used in Europe to give an acid flavour to soup. Oxalic Acid and Salt of Sorrel were formerly made from them ; now they are made from sugar.

Linnæus, whose enthusiasm for flowers was such that he went down upon his knees and thanked God that he had lived to see a furze bush in full flower, has given his name to our lovely twin-flower (Linnæa Borealis) which is now in full bloom ; the flowers are twins upon one stalk, from which they hang as roseate bells ; the interior of the corolla is filled with down, and the flowers strew the earth with lavish profuseness and scent the air all around.

I have often been led to the discovery of these flowers from their rich perfume. In the month of June, the Ragwort, a composite flower with yellow heads, and about one-and-a-half to two feet high, abounds in wet places by the side of running streams. The Anemone, so famous in English song, is principally represented by Anemone Pennsylvanica ; it grows in masses on wet banks, the leaves are in whorls and the white flowers measure from one to one and a half inches across slight observation will reveal the fact that the flower has not both sepals and petals; when such is the case it is always customary to say that the petals are wanting, and the flower is regarded as consisting of colored sepals.

The Corydalis grows plentifully on recently cleared land, amid the charred stumps of trees, and often on the sides of gravel pits. In June it is in full bloom, growing about two feet high, with beautifully cut leaves and a panicled raceine of white, yellow and red flowers." The want of space precludes description of many other wild flowers peculiar to June—Smilacina Racemosa, Solomon's Seal, the Pitcher Plant, (Sarracenia Purpurea, &c.) The Forget-me-not (Myosotis

Palustris), is luxuriant at Lake Calvaire—the Germander Speedwell, found at Pointe Levis — the (Œnothera Pumila—a kind of small Evening Primrose — the Pyrola Rotundifolia-common round Spencer Wood—the Island of Orleans; the Silene Inflata, or Bladder Campion—the sweet scented Yellow Mellilot —the White Yarrow—the Prunella—the Perforated St. John's Wort, famous for German maidens wishing to draw augury of marriage or death during the coming year.

June 2, 1884.

III

OUR JULY WILD FLOWERS. (1)

" There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower ;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which rightly read
Will lead from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The short sketch of " Our June Wild Flowers," closed with an allusion to the perforated St. John's

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(1) Our correspondent from Ravenscliffe differs from Mr. Sturton.

" I must, says Mr. F., take issue with Mr. Sturton as to the abundance of wild flowers in July. My observation is that of all our months of vegetation July is the least prolific in varieties of wild flowers. My list for July is singularly limited. It is true that some of the June flowers linger into early July, but they are on the decline.

Smooth Sweet Cecilly,	Pig Weed,
Cat Mint,	Yellow Water Lily,
May Weed,	Wood Nettle,
Blue Weed,	Lambs Quarter,
Purple Fringed Orchis,	Purslane.
Wild Mint,	

Wort, "famous for maidens wishing to draw augury of marriage or death in the coming year." I omitted, however, through lack of space, some of the most touching lines ever penned on this German custom of gathering this herb on the eve of St. John: to atone for this more than venial sin, let this sweet effusion now go forth :—

LEGEND OF THE ST. JOHNS' WORT.

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;
Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night—
The wonderful herb whose leaf must decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
While it shone on the plant as it bloomed in its pride,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour;
But it dropped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower,
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And when a year had passed away,
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay
On the day that was meant for her bridal day."

How would it do to cull St. John's Wort, on the eve of that day dear to Quebec, the maple and the beaver: *La St. Jean Baptiste*, or else to select that still more widely auspicious day (1st July) sacred to our nascent empire, passing dear to all Canada, *Dominion Day*.

I can recall among many pleasant day-dreams, an hour spent on one of our Dominion Days carelessly floating over the calm bosom of *Echo* Bay, on Lake St. Charles, in a birch canoe impelled by the vigorous, embrowned arm of old Sioui, and gliding noiseless under a sultry though serene sky, amidst the yellow and white water-lilies through the narrows towards the cool retreats of the speckled trout. No sound, except the gentle ripple caused by our frail canoe, blending with the warble of the hermit-thrush, in the overhanging woods, or the occasional screech of a Kingfisher, sitting meditatingly on a dry twig, or the dismal moan of a loon floating over the rippling surface of the placid waters. It was indeed the time to repeat with Howitt:

"'Tis summer—joyous summer time!
In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings,
Beauty and joy on every side."

And such bright, glorious, golden lilies expanding their corollas and floating to the surface, reminding you of Felicia Heman's lilies.

"O beautiful thou art
Thou sculpture-like and stately river Queen,
Crowning the depths as with the light serene,
Of a pure heart!
Bright Lily of the wave,
Rising with fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell."

Ere we begin the enumeration of the most stricking of our July Wild Flowers, let us again borrow from Mr. Sturton.—"At no other period of the year is the earth clothed with so rich a covering as in July; every mountain, meadow, bog, and piece of water, now teems with beautiful flowers, and his heart must be cold indeed that has never warmed with love for the Creator,

amid such scenes of beauty and joy, when surrounded by such resplendent beauty. I can liken it to nothing except the trees laden with dangling jewels in the story of Aladin: and who does not perceive that the jewels are more splendid hanging from a tree than if thrown into a heap. I believe Sir David Brewster is right, that diamonds are unopened buds; at any rate I mean to believe it, if nobody else will."

IV

" Everywhere about us are they glowing
Some like stars, to tell us spring is come;
Others their blue eyes with tears overflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

LONGFELLOW.

In our last, we were induced to preface our sketch of July Wild Flowers, with a few familiar remarks and quotations calculated to exhibit them with the graces which poesy can lend; let us now mention by name some of the most striking members of this fair sisterhood. We shall award the first place to Ferns, one of the crowning glories of the Gomin woods, Bijou marsh, etc., in July.

Our native Ferns—over forty varieties—belong to a very numerous class, comprising more than 3,000 species. There were, however, but 180 known to the great Swedish botanist Linnæus, the friend of the savant and botanist Herr Peter Kalm, to whom Mr. W. Kirby in *Le Chien d'Or*, novel introduces us so pleasantly, when Kalm visited Quebec, in 17.8—the guest of Governor La Galisonnière, at the Chateau St. Louis.

Linnæus' classification of the Ferns, with some modern improvements, still prevails.

We learn that the taste for cultivating Ferns began at Berlin, about the year 1820; the Germans then can claim the honor of first introducing them to prominent public notice. Leipsic, Vienna, Brussels, and subsequently England followed suit, when John Smith, then curator of the Kew Botanic Gardens, soon gathered there a collection which had few equals. Canadian Ferns are noticeable for their gracefulness and diversity, not for their size,—like some of the gigantic Australian Tree-Ferns.

Not wishing to scare the young student by an array of jaw-breaking latin words, we will give the popular names of the best known Canadian Ferns from Paxton's *Hand Book of Canadian Ferns*—a small manual issued from the press of Middleton & Dawson, Quebec, in 1868, by John Paxton, then gardener to Mrs. James Gibb, at Woodfield.

1. Adder's Tongue Fern.
2. Brachen, Common.
3. Bladder Fern, "
4. " " Slender.
5. Beech "
6. Buckler Fern, Terminal.
7. " " Prickly.
8. " " Holly-leaved.
9. " " Sweet-scent'd
10. Chain " Common.
11. Cinnamon "
12. Clayton's Interrupted Flowering Fern.
13. Gossamer Fern.
14. Heart's Tongue "
15. Hair "
16. Lady "
17. Moonwort, Common,
18. " Tall.
19. " Dwarf.
20. Maiden hair.
21. Ostrich Fern.
22. Oak "
23. Polypody, Common.
24. " Three-branched.
25. " Woodland.
26. " Winged.
27. Rock Brake, Purple.
28. " Slender.
29. Rattlesnake Fern.
30. Royal "
31. Spleen Wort, Common.
32. " Silvery.
33. " Green.
34. " Black-stalked.
35. " Narrow-frond'd
36. Shield Fern, Common.
37. Fern Swamp.
38. " Crested.
39. " Marginal-fruited.
40. " New York.
41. Goldie's Fern.
42. Sensitive "
43. Wood "
44. Walking "
45. Wooly "

Amateurs would doubtless,—by consulting some of the experienced landscape-gardeners at Cataraqui, Ben-

more, Beauvoir, Marchmont, Hamwood, &c.,—acquire most valuable hints how to identify, cultivate, and where to find the above fronded plants.

Before closing these concise remarks, we may state that Ferns are cultivated in diverse ways :

1° From their spores, or seeds, deposited in pots with earth in a damp, still, warm atmosphere.

2° In artificial Rockeries, made out of " massive fragments of old mossy rocks, &c.," placed near a steep bank, if possible, and well shaded from the south by trees. It requires of course some art, in order to give to these structures the needed ruggedness of outline, &c., to imitate nature.

3° By forming out of tree-stumps and damp mould a Rootery with a suitably shaded aspect, against the wall if possible,—a cherished home for several varieties of Ferns.

4° The most interesting method for growing Ferns in dwellings is in the Wardian Case, whether in the soil or with miniature rockwork introduced,—a most attractive ornament for the drawing-room, especially during those frosty months in which King Hiems reigns supreme and scowls at *parterres* and pleasure grounds.

The Wardian Case is susceptible of assuming any shape or size; it was invented about 1830, by an enthusiastic London window-gardener—N. B. Ward.

Mr. Paxton's *Hand book* contains ample details on all these points. Rockeries, Rooteries, Wardian Cases, have now been introduced with success for several years, at the Sillery and Ste. Foye Villas, and at Mr. Hy. Atkinson's residence at Etchemin.

July is the month to seek in swampy grounds the Purple-Fringed Orchis, the spike of which resembles a stately hyacinth; the sickly Henbane growing one or two feet high, with its veined flower, somewhat like that of the Potato—in the Cove Fields and often on the Glacis; that medicinal plant, the Hemlock, the fatal juice of which filled the fatal cup of Socrates, a

tall plant like Parsley with a spotted stem; the Willow Herb, called in Canada the Fire Weed. a splendid plant "growing from two to six feet high, branching out like a little tree and bearing splendid pink flowers"; "the seed pods of which," says Mr. Sturton, "are full of cottony down, which acts as sails to the seeds and enables the wind to bear them far away so that its flower has spread over the whole North temperate zone and encircles the earth as a girdle."

Look out in July for the "poisonous Dogbane" with its milky juice and tough bark, and its elegant pinkish white bell-shaped corolla. This pretty but redoutable plant grows in abundance, 'tis said, on the Gomin Road and the Isle of Orleans; the *Dalibarda repens* is a creeping plant with pretty white flowers. "The Succory, a blue composite flower, is now common by roadsides and elsewhere; this plant, known to our peasants as *Chicorée*, possesses economical value; the roots washed, roasted, and ground are sold as a substitute for coffee; the young shoots in early spring make good salad, especially when forced like sea-kale.

The true Partridge-berry is a pretty creeping evergreen plant growing in the woods; the leaves are small, thick and shining; it has two pretty white flowers rising from one ovary, so that the two flowers only make one berry, the two eyes of which still show where the flowers were. As the leaf is pretty and it has always either elegant white flowers or beautiful brilliant red berries, it might be introduced for cultivation as a house plant, allowing it to hang down the sides of the pot.

The Chimaphila, a plant of the sub-order Pyrola, is now in flower in the woods; it is one of our most beautiful flowers and well deserving of being cultivated, as well as imitated in wax work. But alas! I find I must cut short the enthusiastic discourse of my guide to our July Wild Flowers, in order not to trespass too much, on the space allotted in this paper. I have only time to jot

down the names of other summer beauties, such as our Yellow Canadian Lily, more gaudy even than Solomon in all his glory, the Mullein, the Ghost Flower, Indian Pipe, the wild Asparagus, the Lysimachia Stricta, the wild Chamomile, the Forget-me-not, the Arrow Head, Blue Iris, white and yellow Water-Lilies, Rudbeck's Sunflover, &c., &c., an endless array of summer bloom and fragrance.

Earnest votary of Flora, pray, follow Mr. Sturton's advice and devote a spare day or more, in sultry July, to viewing our wild flowers, in their native haunts, without forgetting to call on that fascinating family, the Ferns, and you are sure to find them, as Miss Maidenhair tells you :—

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks ;
In the forest's green retreat'
With the branches over head,
Nestling at the old tree's feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that woo the breeze,
Where no human foot-step presses.
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we wave our maiden tresses."

Sillery, 1st July, 1884.

V

OUR AUGUST WILD FLOWERS.

" In August, says Mr. Sturton, we perceive that the year has reached its prime and that every week, as it passes, tells of the fall of the year. The yellow flowers begin to strive for the mastery in color, for there is a

beautiful gradation of color according to the latitude of the place and season of the year: in the tropics and during summer-time in temperate climes, red flowers most abound; in somewhat high latitudes and the colder seasons of temperate climes, yellow predominates, and then in high latitudes and cold climates and seasons, the white. The knowledge of many of these simple laws adds much to the interest of the study of nature, and nature is all beautiful and full of life. Books are lifeless things, dried flowers are only for the botanist; give me flowers, real living flowers full of life and joy.

"The month of August, says Mr. Fairchild, is full of promise of our Golden September. Every wayside is bright with varicolored asters and golden-rods, and along our water-courses the gentians and feathery headed seeds of the clematis vine are pretty to look upon. My August list is as follows:

Hawk Weed,
Hog Weed,
Rattlesnake Root.
White Asters, } great variety.
Purple Asters, }
Blue Asters, }
Golden Rods, (great variety)
Musk Mallow,
Fringed Gentian,
Closed Gentian,
Sedges,
Wild Morning Glory.

In the bogs we may now find the Sundew.

"I owe no grudge to any one unless it be to the gentleman who tries to drain the Gomin bog, for if he succeeds all my flowers are gone; I do not wish him any ill, but I often wish in my heart he may be baffled in all his attempts to drain that precious bog. The Sundew is a singular little flower; the leaves are of brownish green, hairy and covered with a secretion like dew; the naked scape bears a one-sided raceme of flowers.

The Lobelia Cardinalis, one of our most splendid flowers, is now in full bloom near Lake St. Charles; it grows from two to four feet high; the leaves are lanceolate-oblong, the flowers are of a deep-red, very showy. In England I regarded them in the fall as the pride of my garden, having them planted in my

centre bed opposite the arbour, where we often spent many pleasant hours.

Of all the flowers of the Fall, the fringed Gentian is the most lovely. I shall never forget the first time I saw a large bed of it fully open in the sunshine, at the Isle of Orleans: the soft bright azure blue, the beautiful fringe, the immense mass of flowers and the unexpected way in which I suddenly came upon them, filled me with surprise and delight; I was not aware of my ecstacies till they were commented upon."

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light,
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean,
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and comest alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frost, and shortening days portend,
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet, and quiet eye.
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me
Hope blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These Gentians must be seen where they grow, to win the admiration their beauty deserves. The Pitcher Plant and many of our wild flowers which are sold in the market, are poor, dried, withered specimens compared with the same as seen growing in their own localities.

The flowers which especially characterize the flora of this part of North America are now in full bloom. The Yellow Solidagos or Golden rod, may be seen on Mountain Hill and every hedge-row and way-side.

The Michaelmas Daisy with its blue, white, and tinted flowers crowds every vacant place; these look very beautiful in the fields, but they baffle every effort to group them into an elegant bouquet; they are loose and untidy, and yet they are very beautiful as they grow. We have many varieties both of Golden Rod and Michaelmas Daisy.

The *Spiranthes* or Ladies' Tresses, is a very sweet scented Orchis, with white flowers placed as a spiral round the flower stalk; I have found them near New Liverpool (Etchemin) and the outskirts of the Gomin Wood, but this is one of those plants which is apt to change its habit from year to year.

The purple Eupatorium is a coarse, strong-growing plant, two or three feet high; in low wet grounds its composite flowers form large purple heads that are more remarkable than beautiful. A white Eupatorium (Eupatorium perfoliatum) may be found in the same locality a little later in the season; this is a more slender plant than the last.

The Snake's Head is a strong growing plant; the flowers are white, slightly tinted; they are almost closed and inflated, the inside is very woolly; the flowers are very closely crowded together.

In some parts of the Island (of Orleans) the bushes are richly ornamented with the Bracted Bindweed, a beautiful climbing plant of the convolvulus family; the flowers are large, very delicate and beautifully tinted;

it is our most handsome climber. This family in foreign climes includes many valuable medicinal plants, as the Scammony, Jalap, &c.

In ditches we shall soon find the Touch-me-not, a spotted, yellow flower, sometimes called (at Quebec) the Canary flower, though very erroneously, for that name belongs to the *Tropcolum canariense.* The beautiful green leaves and bright yellow *canariense* flowers of the Touch-me-not, form a pleasing contrast and give an attractive appearance to ditches, which otherwise would not be very tempting. If the seeds and flowers of this plant are examined they will be found to resemble the Balsam, to which family they belong.

The Narbalus, or Rattlesnake root is a tall plant, generally found associated with the Golden Rod and Michaelmas Daisies.

In the fall, seeds and fruit form a very attractive study, many of our berries being more handsome than the flowers they have succeeded: I may instance the brilliant red and snow white berries of the Actia, the deep blue of the Clintonia, the twisted stem, and the netted, veined berries of the Smilacinas."

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

Five little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold ;
And they crowded their way through the soil with pride,
" Hurrah ! We are going to be mushrooms ! " they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down
And the little white heads were shriveled and brown ;
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.

—*Walter Learned, in* St. Nicholas.

WILD COREOPSIS.

A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay,
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro;
Like insence, floating o'er the marsh below,
Come fragrant odors of the late-mown hay;
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,
The tapering tamaracks tower in stately row.

And wading through the shimmering waves with song
Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,
Who swings off the saffron blossom bells;
Back roll the years—a melancholy throng—
And I beheld in sea-girt Sicily
Theocritus amid the asphodels!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CHAMPLAIN'S TOMB.

"A NUT FOR ANTIQUARIES TO CRACK."

Under this suggestive heading, there were published in our historic city, in 1866, several lively, learned disquisitions, with the object, a praiseworthy one, assuredly, of determining the spot where, in a *sépulcre particulier*, were deposited the precious remains of the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, deceased as well all know, in the Fort Saint-Louis, on Christmas Day, 1635.

The public discussion, for a time an acrimonious one, was confined to the Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, on one side; on the other, to Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, a painstaking Quebec journalist. (He died March, 1893).

Some recent excavations of the city engineer, Mr. O'Donnell, in connection with the city water-works, especially those in Sous-le-Fort street, at the immediate foot of Breakneck steps, had sprung the mine of antiquarian curiosity.

A subterranean vault, it was urged, had been exhumed by Mr. O'Donnell, containing a fragmentary, incomplete but conclusive proof, in the way of an inscription, indicating it as the "sépulcre particulier," alluded to in the documents: such was the conclusion arrived at by Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain: a brother of the craft, however, complained that his share in this glorious discovery had been, in a measure, ignored.

He further urged that the conclusion arrived at seemed to him premature and required further confirmation. Laverdière and Casgrain, however, carried the day. For nine years at least, the belief became pretty

general that Champlain had been buried at the foot of the Breakneck steps, at the eastern point of Little Champlain street. Cultured foreign tourists, used al[1] the local influence they could command to probe, by personal inspection, this worrying secret of the past; some, the most intrepid among them, when not too portly, tried to squeeze themselves down the narrow trap leading to the diminutive Herculaneum under Sous-le-Fort street, to study, on the spot, the mysterious inscription and copy it.

Slender tourists might be making the attempt yet, had not one of the Menteiths of 1866, the Abbé Casgrain, on the 4th November, 1875, manly and fairly come out in print in the *Opinion Publique*, with new documents obtained by him since 1866, casting much doubt on his previous published opinion. In this issue of the Montreal journal the Abbé Casgrain, after alluding to the publication by the Prince Society of Boston of an English annotated translation of the voyages of Champlain, states that the publishers have applied to him for further information in their task of annotating the passage of *Les Œuvres de Champlain*, relating to his death and last resting place; that in order to lay before them every document bearing on the subject, the Abbé has thought proper to give publicity to certain documents which have come into his possession since the publication of his *brochure*, in 1866, l'*Opinion Publique*, 4th November, 1875.) The Abbé Casgrain lays particular stress on a document discovered by himself and his friend, Abbé Laverdière, among the historical papers bequeathed to the Laval University by G. B. Faribault, Past-President of the Literary and Historical Society, and bearing date 10th February, 1649. By dint of patient researches Mr. Casgrain discovered in the archives of the Court-House other documents explanatory of the first, and by which he makes out that the *Chapelle de Champlain* was situated on the site of the present Post Office, in the yard in rear of the same.

The Abbé, without being too positive, candidly confesses that these new documents are of a nature to seriously impugn the position that he and the Abbé Laverdière had assumed in placing the tomb of Champlain in Sous-le-Fort street, in 1866.

Future antiquaries dealing with the arcana of Stadacona won't find the occupation a sinecure.

The whereabouts of Champlain's tomb! there indeed remains a hard nut to crack!

Much esteemed tourist don't get discouraged. Bring the *sépulcre particulier* from Sous-le-Fort street, if you so fancy it. Place it in the yard of the Post Office. You can find texts and authorities for each assumption. Be content to add:

"Grammatici certant; adhuc sub judice, lis est."

Sillery, August, 1886.

The question has been since ably debated by Dr. N. E. Dionne, F. R. S. C. and in an elaborate paper read before the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, on the 12th April, 1888, by Dr. J. Harper, M. A. F. E. I. S.; the erudite lecturer selected for Champlain's Tomb, the declevity on Mountain Hill, to the east, lower down than the site of Prescott Gate, where until 1657, had existed the first cemetery of Quebec, given up that year, on account of the springs of water filtering through the soil.

An other Richmond entered the field in March last, an industrious searcher of old plans and deeds, Mr. Thos. O'Leary. In a correspondence over his signature in the *Quebec Daily Telegraph* of the 21st March last, Mr. O'Leary says: "I believe I can substantiate with reasonable proof:—

That the tower of the Basilica on Buade street is built on the site of Champlain's Chapel, and over the tomb in which his body was placed.

That both the chapels of " Our Lady of Sorrows ", and St. Joseph, as well as the arched walls dividing the centre from the side aisles, are the original ones of the church begun in 1647 and consecrated in 1666.

That the church first began at the choir end and was extended from time to time up to Champlain's Chapel, which thus became a part of the church.

That it was to have it still bear some distinctive mark from the remainder of the church that the tower was erected over it, thus accounting for the latter's unusual position.

That a cemetery existed at two distinct periods alongside the church on Buade street, the first on the ground now occupied by the side aisle or " Holy Family Chapel. "

That this cemetery was closed not later than 25 or 30 years after Champlain's death, when the bodies were taken up and removed.

And that the Church of N.-D. de Recouverance was on the present site of Buade street.

In conclusion I would say that if Champlain's tomb or a trace of it is to be found it will be within the four walls and under the chapel of St. Joseph. I would also add that if any of your readers should go into the Basilica they will notice that at first glance the chapels of " Our Lady of Sorrow " and St. Joseph appear alike, but such is not the case, the former being some four feet greater in width but of less depth than St. Joseph's, whilst it is almost square."

THOS. O'LEARY.

Quebec, March 17, 1894.

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

" The long-deferred project of a monument to the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, is again coming to the front, this time with better prospect of success. The idea, however, is not a new one. It originated nearly twelve years back, and then took form as the outcome of a general meeting of the *Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*, as appears by the following extract, page 9, *Transactions* printed in 1880.

" *General monthly meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, held on the 9th April*, 1879, *touching the erection of a statue or monument to Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec.* "

At the general monthly meeting, held the 9th April, 1879, the President, J. M. LeMoine, introduced in the following terms the project of erecting a monument or statue to the founder of the city, Samuel de Champlain : " Gentleman, I am, I think, merely echoing the sentiments of the four hundred members of this society, I might, perhaps, add, of all Quebec, in pressing on your attention the propriety of commemorating by some outward sign—let me say the word at once—by a suitable monument or statue in one of our public places the name of the illustrious founder of our city, Samuel de Champlain. As a discover,a geographer, an undaunted leader, a man of letters, a Christian gentleman, the founder and first Governor of Quebec must ever live in American annals. Revered and immortal will be his name! Close on thirty years of his adventurous career were spent either at the " Abitation de Kebec, " in the lower-town or on the frowning cliff of old Stadacona

where stood his famous Fort St. Louis. To enlist your sympathy in this patriotic cause, I need merely mention the subject. At the present moment, our younger sister-city, Montreal, founded in 1642, thirty-four years later than Quebec, is taking the necessary steps, with the aid of citizens of all origins to have erected within two years a monument and statue to its valiant founder, Chomedey de Maisonneuve. It is time Quebecers should wake up also to a sense of duty—the pleasant duty of keeping green and fragrant the memory of its venerated first Governor, and if it should be the province of any society in particular, by its connection with history to favor any such project I think the pleasant task by right belongs to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. "

Moved by Dr. W. Boswell, seconded by James Stevenson, Esq.

" That the society approves of the above."

Erecting monuments to historical personages is a very expensive undertaking. T'is not to be accomplished in a day or a year. Scott's superb shaft, on Prince street, Edinburgh, cost $80,000. Quebec can afford no such costly stonebust; some place at $10,000; some at $20,000 the probable cost of the monument to our founder. But whatever the structure may be, let us hope it will be worthy of Champlain—worthy of Quebec.

A difficulty, perhaps not unsurmountable, may arise as to the selection of the site for this memorial, from the existence of a clause in the deed of purchase by the City Council, from the Provincial Government, of that portion of the Jesuit estate facing the Basilica, on which the future City Hall is likely to be built.

Under the terms of the deed, three statues are to be erected on this lot, of which Champlain's will form one.

The most fitting place for a monument to the founder of the city is undoubtedly the spot where stood his official residence, known as the historic Fort Saint

Louis, now Dufferin Terrace ; an additional reason in favor of this selection might be adduced from the fact that one of the learned antiquaries, the Revd. abbé H. R. Casgrain, engaged in discussing the problem of the whereabouts of Champlain's tomb, is of opinion that the illustrious first governor's ashes repose on this site, in the space in rear of the present City Post Office."

I remain, dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, 12th December, 1890.

(*Q. Morning Chronicle.*)

The project, more than once brought forward by the *Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*, warmly advocated by the Press and leading citizens of every nationality, is now, we are happy to say, in a fair way of being magnificently carried out. Ere three summers shall have cast their sunshine o'er the brow of the historic city, a suitable monument to Samuel de Champlain, its illustrious founder, will raise its lofty shaft in our midst.

An earnest appeal has been recently made and responded to by all classes, for contributions to erect this monument on a site at once the most commanding in the city, and also more directly associated with the high office of its first Governor, that of the old Fort St. Louis, now Dufferin Terrace.

The call for funds was not confined to our citizens and rightly so.

Champlain did even more than found Quebec.

Is Champlain not the father of New France also?

Without running counter to history, might he not be

reckoned as well, the original founder of the Royal Mount.

In 1610, on his third ascent of the St. Lawrence, he reached the spot, where the great commercial metropolis, Montreal, now proudly stands, selected a lot of ground for a settlement and called it LA PLACE ROYALE; his next duty was to enclose it with a wall four feet high and thirty feet long.

He, it was also, who named the picturesque island which stands sentry over the port of Montreal, Ste. Hélène, in honor of his youthful and accomplished spouse, Hélène Boullé.

Champlain can also claim the credit of having, the first, ascended the course of the dark Ottawa; he was the first explorer of Ontario; the first to locate permanent settlements, at several points on the St. Lawrence: Tadoussac, Quebec, Three-Rivers, Sorel, Montreal: hence, why he is styled the father of New France.

His crowning glory was indubitably the selection of the lofty promontory of Quebec, as a fortress, the key to the whole country. As a strategetic point, none have ever challenged his selection.

A fortified, impregnable fort from the river-front meant security to the nascent colony. Canadians of all origins have been invited to co-operate to the erection of a monument, whose completion must redound to the credit of all Canada, whilst it will add to the number of land-marks, which interest travellers visiting Quebec.

In order to meet the requirements of the projected column, which is intended to include a statue of the famous discoverer, geographer and leader, it is computed that $30,000 judiciously applied, would suffice, of which one half, is expected to be raised in the city of Quebec, itself.

At a public meeting, presided over by His Worship, the Mayor, Joseph Frémont, two Committees were

named: one a very important one, an Advisory Committee to select the design and site of the intended monument and also an Executive Committee, to carry out the building operations. Subjoined is a list of the office bearers chosen and of the members of the Advisory Committee on selection of design and site. We learn from the indefatigable Chairman of the monument Committee, Hon. Judge Chauveau that $17,000 have already been subscribed.

CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT

PATRON

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor

HONORARY PRESIDENT

The Prime Minister of the province of Quebec

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT

The Mayor of Quebec

ACTIF PRESIDENT

Honorable Judge Chauveau

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Jas. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.—Herbert Molesworth Price

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Doctor N. E. Dionne—Fred. Würtele—N. Olivier

TREASURERS

J. C. Moore, Manager, Merchants Bank—P. G. Lafrance, Manager, Banque Nationale

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

On selection of design and site of monument

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Hon. Judge Irvine	Hon. François Langelier
Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière	Andrew Thomson
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Rev. M. Bélanger	S. Lesage
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CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

Of the famous edifices, which in the past have crowned the lofty cape, to which, Our-Governor General, the Earl of Durham, in 1838, added a superb terrace, more than trebled in extent, by one of his successors, the Earl of Dufferin, in 1878, a full history appears pp. 66–96 in *Picturesque Quebec*.

I shall confine myself to a concise mention of the spot, where the C. P. Railway officials have erected at a cost of more than $500,000 a palatial hotel opened out to the travelling public on the 18th November, 1893.

So many graphic descriptions of it have appeared in the daily press, that it seems superfluous to enlarge on them. The following excerpt is from the *Montreal Daily Witness* of 18th May, 1893.

"Viewed, especially from the river, the Chateau-Frontenac forms one of the most striking objects in the landscape of the old city, with whose feudal aspect its style of architecture harmonizes so delightfully. The building, in fact, looks like one of those (1) old feudal castles, which are nowhere to be seen except in Europe, or in the pages illustrated by a Doré or a Castelli. Even the precipice is not wanting, for it is erected almost on the very edge of the great cliff upon which so large a portion of Quebec is built, and which a little to the westward culminates in Cape Diamond and its crowning glory, the famous citadel, that has won for the old

(1) The design is borrowed from three antique French chateaux on the Loire, modernised to suit the time.

place the proud title of the "Gibraltar of America." Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive of a more aerial or commanding site than the one it occupies, and looking up from the river, which, nearly 200 feet below, rushes onward to the sea, it seems to cling like an eagle's nest to the side of the great rocks above, and to fittingly complete its military and picturesque appearance. And then the ground upon which it stands is historic, and invested as such with a deep and abiding interest for the world at large. Where Quebec's new palace hotel now rears its stately proportions, once stood the old Chateau or Castle of St. Louis, the very mention of whose name recalls so many thrilling memories, carrying the mind back to the very infancy of the colony, and reanimating, so to say, the illustrious dead, Jacques Cartier, DeMontmagny, D'Ailleboust, LaBarre, Frontenac, Laval, Talon, Begon, Tracy, LaGalissonnière, Saint-Castin, Iberville, LaSalle, Joliette, LaVerendrye, Montcalm, Lévis, Bougainville, Wolfe, Murray, Nelson, Cook, Champlain, Haldimand, Arnold, Montgomery, Carleton, Richmond, Prescott, Dorchester, Craig, Dalhousie, Aylmer, Durham, etc. One by one their ghostly figures rise up before the mind's eye in the presence of the splendid pile, which to-day replaces the old Castle of St. Louis, and which has been so appropriately called the "Chateau-Frontenac," after the sturdy old French governor, who, over two hundred years ago, from the same spot hurled his defiance at the English invader, telling Phip's envoy that he would answer his master's impertinent summons to surrender, "by the mouths of his cannon." Hawkins has glowingly sketched the glories of the ancient Castle of St. Louis. He says :

"The history of the ancient castle of St. Louis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of government in the province affords subjects of great and stirring interest during the several periods. The hall of the old Fort, during the weakness of the colony was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious Iroquois, who, having passed, or overthrown, all the French outposts,

more than once threatened the Fort itself, and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French kings, the province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St. Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes, and down the course of the Mississipi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec, was displayed from a chain of forts, which protected the settlements through the vast extent of country; keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period the council chamber of the Castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil—many a long deliberation and deep-laid project—to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France, and assert throughout the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British arms, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire of the government, of which the castle of Quebec, was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American continent north of Mexico. It is astonishing to reflect for a moment, to how small, and, as to size, comparatively insignificant an island in the Atlantic ocean, this gigantic territory was once subject."

" The Swedish savant, Kalm, the disciple of Linnæus, who visited Quebec, and the Chateau St. Louis about 1748, also draws a charming picture of the residence of the governors of New France, and the regal state they maintained, but it was left to that marvellous word-painter, " Adirondack " Murray, to reanimate the scene in a way that literally curdles the blood. Writing to the " Boston Herald ", from Quebec in 1887, after spending the evening on Dufferin Terrace, he said:

" The silence of the place grows weird, the glamour of the old past is on me, and I see uncanny sights. Is not that man, the man in the angle there, Champlain? Surely it is he, the very same man who crossed the ocean twenty times, who shot the Iroquois chief near Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, who founded this city 250 years ago, and whose dust is under the altar there in the great basilica? And who are these coming this way? Surely this is he, the brave old Lord de Frontenac, the old bluff saviour of Canada? My Lord, I greet you! This

city belongs to you and Champlain. See, there goes Laval, ambitious priest, and better scholar, who founded the great college yonder, before John Harvard left his gift to letters in Massachusetts! See, old Frontenac frowns at him. And who is he in the angle of the promenade, gazing southward? LaSalle? Incredible! Why, his body sleeps beneath the flowers of a Texan prairie. Montcalm and Wolfe arm in arm! Brave captains, you fight no more. Look! look! Those two in the deep shadows of that old elm, that girl and young English middy there. By heavens, that is Nelson, my Lord of Trafalgar, flirting with the lovely Mary Simpson! My God, this ground is haunted, and the dead of new and old France alike are here. I'll get me to the yacht (The "Champlain") and say my prayers. Beshrew me, this is a ghostly spot in truth."

"The old, or original Castle of St. Louis, dating back to 1620, and whose foundations can yet be seen under Dufferin Terrace, was destroyed in 1834 by a fire, which only spared the wing, or new castle, erected by Sir Frederick Haldimand, the English Governor-General, in 1784. It is upon the site of the latter, and part of the old Lower Governor's garden that the new hotel, which is now rapidly approaching completion, has been erected. During the work of demolishing the old building, which was used for many years as the Laval normal school, a vaulted room was laid bare, which had evidently been the powder-magazine of the old fort.

As will be seen, the situation of the new hotel, is not only most interesting, historically speaking, but is probably one of the finest and most salubrious in the whole world. Every visitor to old Quebec knows with what pleasure the eye rests upon the glorious panorama that unrolls itself to the sight from Dufferin Terrace. The beauty of the Bay of Naples is much praised; but it is doubtful if it surpasses in any respect, the diversifield view from Quebec's majestic and famous promenade, while history speaks in trumpet tones from almost every object embraced within the wide range of vision. The noble expanse of water below, the opposing heights of Levis, also battlement-crowned, the Island of Orleans sparkling like a jewel on the bosom of the mighty river, the foaming cataract of Montmorency, the

distant range of the Laurentian mountains and the warlike rock of Cape Diamond, with its diadem of walls and towers—all combine to make up one of the grandest scenes imaginable. Into the masonry above the " porte cochère " has been carefully let in by the builders, the curious old stone, marked with a gilt cross, over which our antiquaries have so long puzzled their brains, and which the late Sergeant Thompson, in his " Diary, 1759 to 1830, " speaks of as having been found on September 17th, 1784, when the miners at the Chateau were levelling the yard, and as having been placed, by his order, " in the cheek of the gate of the new building (Chateau Haldimand), in order to convey to posterity the antiquity of the Chateau St. Louis. " Over the origin of this stone, with its Maltese cross enclosed within a shield, and its half-effaced date of 1647, there has been much controversy—some even pretending to trace it to the supposed existence in Quebec of a priory of the Knights of St. John or Malta during the French regime ; but, whatever may be the truth about it, it is not the less a conspicuous and interesting feature of the new C. P. R. hotel."

THE POWDER MAGAZINE OF FORT ST. LOUIS.

Under this caption, Mr. Ernest Gagnon, secretary of the Board of Works, contributed a scholarly article to the *Courrier du Canada*, furnishing curious details anent the origin, various uses and transformations of this ancient structure, which the pick and shovel of the workmen engaged in razing the *Château Haldimand*, all at once brought in the light of day, and which was the subject of controversy in the Quebec press. These solid casemates erected two centuries previous,

were hidden for more than one hundred years, from public gaze by the overshadowing edifice sacred to the memory of Governor Frederick Haldimand ; in lieu thereof, now stands the turreted south-westerly wing of the *Hôtel Château-Frontenac.*

The grim old magazine, was alluded to in the Diary of John Thompson, Overseer of Public Works,at Quebec, in 1784.

It stands out very conspicuous in the plan drawn by Villeneuve in 1684.

Let us hear Mr. Gagnon. " In July, 1685, the Marquis of Denonville, who had succeeded to M. de la Barre, as Governor in Canada, arrived in Quebec, and took possession, with his wife, of St. Louis Castle.

The Fort and the *Château* were both in a deplorable state.

The year of his arrival, the new governor, had constructed outside of the fort erected by M. de Montmagny, a short distance from the present DesCarrières street, the powder magazine razed in 1892—consequently nearly two hundred years old.

In a letter dated 20th August, 1685, M. de Denonville declares that he is building this magazine without authority. He was acting thus, on account of the imminent and extreme danger there was, in storing powder, inside of the *chateau* then in a ruinous state and in which there was such a mass of woodwork that it was constantly in danger of destruction by fire.

The magazine was divided into two compartments : one, for the powder belonging to the fort; the other, to contain that owned by the residents. This division was visible, a few months ago (1892), when the old castle Haldimand was being demolished.

Here is the text of the letter addressed by M. de Denonville, to the french minister, on the 20th August, 1685, on this subject.

" All our (Government) powder is stored in a separate building beyond M. de Meulle's house, in the centre of

a field, at the mercy of the first tramp who may take in his head, to set fire to it.

There is a portion in this improperly styled *chateau*, which could easily be set in a blaze. I cannot understand how the people could remain quiet, under such a state of things.....

I must crave forgiveness, sir, for erecting a magazine as per subjoined model, without having apprized you of it and obtained your consent: a thing I will not repeat, unless a similar danger should arise. It will cost the King a trifle over twelve hundred crowns. The Intendant accepted the lowest tender, according to specifications prepared by Villeneuve, the Engineer you gave me : attention will be paid that the masonry be solid; I think you will approve of the site selected, which is covered by the fort, itself a poor defence. I would have placed it within the fort walls, to save the King's money had there been room. You will perceive that I intend to divide it into two compartments, so that the citizens can deposit their powder without communicating with the King's ammunition."

When, in 1693, count Frontenac ordered Fort St. Louis to be enlarged and re-built, the new walls were prolonged beyond the " powder magazine," which thus became enclosed within the interior of the fort, as appears by a despatch to the minister, sent by Frontenac and Champigny, dated 4th November, 1693.

" As for the interior of the fort, it had been commenced the previous autumn, on the supposition, that this was the place, where funds destined to the fortifications, ought to be applied, not only to secure the powder magazine, erected outside of the fort, in an exposed situation, but also because the whole walls were going to decay, &c. "

When (Haldimand Castle was built 1784–87), the " powder magazine " became an outhouse, of the new building and it was used for different purposes, accord-

ing to the requirements of the main building, which it adjoined.

The vaulted roof of the hoary french structure, must have re-echoed many musical strains, many joyous accents, silenced for ever, in the period comprised from 1787 and 1834, when the nearly unique destination of Haldimand Castle, was to receive within its stately chambers, the rank and fashion of Quebec, invited to the official entertainments given by the Governors.

We all know that the Castle St. Louis (the second one erected by Frontenac, 1694–98, and enlarged of one story, 1809–12, was destroyed by fire on the 23rd January, 1834.

Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aylmer, with their staff removed to Haldimand Castle. The "powder Magazine," erected by M. de Denonville, outside of the walls of Fort St. Louis, thus became close to the source of honors occupied by the Governor!

A plan, bearing date 1853, exhibits the ground-floor of Castle Haldimand, tenanted by the departments of Public Works and Crown Lands of the United Provinces; and the "powder Magazine," in the occupation of the archives of the Provincial Secretary. This was its last official stage. When in 1857, the Laval Normal school was installed in the old Haldimand Castle, the Magazine was converted into a kitchen: *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

CONGRESS OF THE FORESTRY ASSOCIATION,

HELD AT QUEBEC, 2ND–5TH SEPTEMBER, 1890.

Undoubtedly few subjects are of more lasting importance to Canadians, than the preservation or restoration of their forests and vast timber limits; none, probably more lost sight of in the past. Quebec had reason to feel a legitimate pride in learning that it had been selected, for the annual meeting of the distinguished scientists, who represent the American Forestry Association. It owes this distinction, to one of its most worthy sons—the Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière—now recognised as the Father of Arboriculture in Canada. The opening Congress is thus alluded to in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*:

"The Hon. H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE is a far-seeing man, and through his efforts, that very useful institution, "The American Forestry Association," of which he is the valued First Vice-President, has been invited to hold its annual summer session in the city of Quebec. The Government of the province has kindly placed its ample rooms, in the Parliament buildings, at the disposal of this body of learned and patriotic men. The Government, as well as the city, has placed a sum of money at the disposal of the Reception Committee, which will entertain the visitors in good style. President BEAVER, Governor of Pennsylvania, will be unable to accompany his fellows, but the gathering will be large and representative. There will be also, a good many delegates. We hope to see the body number at least a hundred strong, but the probabilities are that more may be present. Mr. JOLY has received already fourteen very valuable papers, but he expects to receive fully as many

more. The meetings will run from Tuesday, the 2nd September, to Friday, the 5th. The public will have every opportunity of listening to the papers, and hearing the remarks thereon. Yesterday, there was a meeting of the Citizens' Reception Committee, under the Presidency of JAMES MACPHERSON LE MOINE, Esq., in Mr. JOLY'S office.

The form which the entertainment of our visitors will take, will likely be a trip round the harbour, and a sail to La Bonne Ste. Anne. Mr. TACHÉ will read a memoir on our system of Crown Lands leases and distribution, and addresses will be delivered by Messrs. JOLY, LE MOINE and FRÉMONT."

The following is a list of the members of the reception committee:—J. M. LeMoine, president; H. G. Joly, secretary; Colonel Landry, Colonel Forsyth, Messrs. Archibald Campbell, E. E. Taché, Jules Tessier, S. Lesage, Wm. Little, Auguste Dupuis, Hon. Colonel Rhodes, R. R. Dobell, Israël Tarte, T. Beckett, David Bell, Hon. F. Langelier, Hon. John Hearn, the Mayor of Quebec, Hon. Charles Langelier, L'Abbé Laflamme, Ernest Pacaud, R. Turner, Thos. Chapais, Dr. Bolduc, H. M. Price, Dr. George Stewart, Victor Châteauvert, A. H. Furniss, E. A. Barnard.

Forest preservation and tree re-planting are not only frought for us, with immense commercial importance, they also appeal tenderly to some of the best feelings of the inmate of a rural home, as well as to those of the holiday rambler in our solemn woods. Who can see a forest and fail to be impressed, with its solitary, silent grandeur.

Truly, has it been said "as one looks upon the "green-robed senators of Mighty woods," it is not difficult to realise to some extent, the feeling which prompted the ancients to associate them with the worship of the Deity; and we can almost forgive the Greeks for believing that the woods were peopled with Gods."

"Time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods
Where no sorrow intrudes
With the streams and the birds and the flowers."

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

More than once, in my sporting excursions, in our dense Laurentian ranges, I too have felt that peculiar pleasure in the pathless woods," that makes us "love not man the less, but nature more." Without being a scientist, I longed to cordially greet an association of scientists, whose kindly mission, was to discuss in our presence, the best methods to preserve our forests, and to plant trees, readily consenting, at the meeting of the Quebec citizens, to act as Chairman of the Reception Committee of citizens.

The following is a list of the members and delegates in attendance at the meeting :

Province of Quebec.—Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière, J. M. LeMoine, Wm. Little, F. X. Perreault, Edmond A. Barnard, Hon. E. J. Price. Hon. D. A. Ross, Richard Turner, L. A. Robitaille, E. E. Taché, Deputy Commissioner, Crown Lands; H. D. Hoore, Hon. Louis Beaubien, W. J. Ross, W. P. Greenough, Portneuf; George Moore, Archibald Campbell, Ulric Barthe.

Province of Ontario.—Hon. Archibald Blue, Toronto; Dr. P. H. Bryce, Toronto; Hon. A. White, Toronto; John Craig, Toronto.

Maine.—Hon. George F. Talbot, Portland.

Massachusetts.—J. D. W. French, Boston; John M. Wood, Somerville; N. T. Kidder, Milton.

New-Hampshire.—J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls.

New-York.—General Jas. Grant Wilson, New-York.

Pennsylvania.—Thos. J. Edge, Harrisburg; Dr. H. M. Fisher, Philadelphia; George F. Heston, Newtown; T. J. Edge, Harrisburg; Mrs. Brinton Coxe, Philadelphia.

Ohio.—Professor Wm. R. Lazenby, Columbus.

Colorado.—Colonel E. T. Ensign, Colorado Springs.

Florida.—Mrs. W. J. Keyser, Milton.

District of Columbus.—Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Fernow, Washington.

Some twenty members of the Paris Alpine Club, were present at the close of the Congress :

Messrs. Darnant, Secretary of the Council of State, at Paris, President of the Committee; Baratte, Bourgaut, Coindre, of Lyons; V. Chevillard, Judge Gayot, R. Girardot, A. Gontard, Guénée, V. de la Houplière, Leger, Lorenti, Professor at Lyons; E. Regnault, Raveneau, Professor at the Normal School, Paris; A. Roche, Lyons; Marcel Rougé, Rouget; A. Salles, Editor of the *Revue Française*, Paris; Thuvien, member of the Geographic Society of Paris.

Words of Welcome addressed by the Chairman of the Citizens' Reception Committee.

J. M. LeMoine.

Ladies and Gentlemen :—

To day ought to stand as a red-letter day in our annals.

Quebec welcomes here, in conclave, one may safely assert, the most noted scientists in Sylviculture, of the whole continent, the accredited representatives of the *American Forestry Association* and delegates from the leading States of the neighboring Republic and of Canada.

Needless, to say how much the citizens of Quebec appreciate the honor conferred on the Ancient Capital of this province, by its selection for the annual summer meeting of the learned Congress here assembled.

Needless any encomium on the object of this assemblage; it commends itself to the attention of the whole continent; it takes in every spot, where, by God's bounty, a tree can grow!

It is our felicity this day, to extend the right hand of good fellowship to, and commune with, gifted writers and specialists, who have come to us from afar—several not without inconvenience and some fatigue—the bearers of a message of good will, seeking to proclaim to the American world (for their utterance duly chronicled by the press, will reach far beyond the boundaries of this province), the results of conscientious studies and mature experience, as to the best modes resorted to, in France, in Germany and elsewhere, of restoring decaying, in many cases alas! ruined forests: a momentous question indeed for the present, and of deep, very deep import for the future; and if speaking for our own land, what would rural Canada be without fuel during the inexorable chills of January

and February? What an impoverished exchequer will ours be, should the day over come, when our teaming forest crown-lands, entirely denuded of timber, cease to offer attraction and investment to the capitalist and to the exporter of timber? Just imagine the despair of the Canadian peasant, located far from coal deposits and fuel supplies,—in the back ranges of this province, when having sated his insane ardor for cutting down every forest tree without re-planting any, and gained a complete victory over his enemy, the standing, live tree, he is compelled to bid adieu for ever to his pleasant home, for lack of fuel to heat it!

God forbid we should ever see that day!

How many thousands of young trees are ruthlessly sacrificed each year, on the national holiday (the 24th June), for its decoration, instead of flags and bunting, on our streets? Why not spare the lovely maple saplings and put up gay flags only? I have my doubts whether *St. Jean Baptiste!* looks down from above, complacently, on this wanton destruction of the fair ornaments implanted by nature, in this portion of his flourishing northern domain.

We have viewed trees and forests under their utilitarian, their commercial aspect, as such claiming the serious attention of the legislator as well as of the patriot; there is an other point attractive to the lover of trees, shall I call it, a tender, captivating phase, of the very practical, far reaching subject of forestry; seeing so many ladies present, I think I may, safely count on their powerful support; women, as if by instinct, devine, love, admire every thing which is graceful in nature: the varied plants, the rainbow tints of flowers, the grand trees, to which spring-tide lends a wealth of perfume or of foliage. A tree or a grove, you all know, may not only afford in summer a retreat, cool and shady, a healthy atmosphere to breathe; to the student, it may recall a striking, memorable incident in

history. For the ancients some trees, some groves were sacred, endowed with prophetic voices.

Dodona was not the only forest, where oaks had tongues, full of meaning, occasionally, of alarming portent; and, me thinks, on a sunny June morn, or on a pensive moon-lit September eve, my fancy, in its exuberant moments, could gather from a cherished centennial Elm which stands sentry over my dwelling, pleasant, mysterious whisperings, when stirred by mid-summer Zephirs; perchance on the morrow, when the angry voice of the storm was heard, it would creak and groan aloud, as if in pain!

A mountain pine, an emerald cluster of maples, in their proud leaf and protective shadow, oft give perennial vigor to a rivulet, whose crystalline waters bring health and gladness to a whole village. Cut down that tree; root out the cluster and ten chances to one, the living rivulet will dry up.

Shade-trees in our green pastures, provide a grateful shelter to the lowing kine, during August's sultry days.

Trees have yet other sweet memories.

A verdant maple, a graceful far-expanding, feathery Elm, a gigantic, sturdy beech, may be dear to the family circle: perchance the one or the other dates from the natal hour of the first-born.

"What does he plant who plants a tree,
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again:
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes will see—
These things he plants who plants a tree."

The Heart of the Tree—H. C. Bunner.

Ladies and gentlemen, poets have sung "the venerable brotherhood of old trees," is this why we ought to cherish and protect the trees of our homes? And in

asking the question, am I not echoing the sentiments of many here present? I dearly love the trees of my rustic home. Truly, I know, on God's earth, no more noble object than a majestic oak, a wide-spreading elm, a lith, green, graceful maple, a luxuriant silver-birch,

" most beautiful of forest trees, the lady of the woods "

an umbrageous, centennial white pine, alive with the rustle of summer zephyrs and tuneful with the voice of birds.

Well might a French poet write :

" Quel livre vaut un arbre auguste et tout en fleurs?
L'homme fait en six mois un livre et des meilleurs.
Dieu met cent ans à faire un chêne "

Yes, indeed, it takes a man six months, sometimes less, to write a book, even a good one ! It takes Omnipotence one hundred years to raise an oak !

Friends, we shall treasure the lesson you come to teach, that a tree is not to be considered as an enemy.

We shall henceforth learn, to protect and cherish, not only the graceful shade trees of our lawns, but also their " venerable brotherhood " in the dark, silent woods. The care, the water we shall bestow on some of them, they will return in many ways : restoring the failing sources of diminished streams—fertilizing arid tracts of country previously held as useless—supplying material which will send a glow of heat through our homes ; wealth in our coffers through the Argosies of commerce ; health and gladness to our children, nestled at eventide under their cool foliage. Such, gentlemen, we take to be the teachings of your patriotic association.

Many of you, have no doubt, discovered since your arrival in our midst, more than one point of dissimilarity between our climate and the productions of our soil and your own. Ours are not the concentrated suns and gorgeous vegetation of Florida, California, Virginia, the Carolinas, etc.

We have no native orange groves brimming, each year, with golden and ambrosial fruit.

Our great forests won't give you the shade of the magnolia, the blossom of the sassafras, and you would look, there, in vain, for the white corolla of the Catalpa. Nor will you find growing wild there, the pine-apple. the citron and the fig-tree.

Our climate, however, severe at times, is bracing and healthy. No malaria here, rest assured !

The sons of the soil, are a sturdy race; like yourselves, a race of free men.

Our population, a concrete of many nationalities made up, blending the Saxon, the Gaul, the Scot and the Celt !

I shall not enlarge on the special claims our storied town may have on your attention. When the ice of reserve will have melted, after a few days of sojourn among us, you will be better able to take in the old " rock city " and its picturesque surroundings, leading you back in the dim past, more than three and a half centuries, to the advent and winter-quarters on our shores of Europeans, as early as 1535.

May we not thank you in advance for the useful lesson in store for us Canadians ! The tree henceforth will rank as the friend of the tiller of the soil, not as his enemy; and in the words of a sweet singer of an other land, we shall proclaim, aloud and fearlesly when the occasion may require :

" WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE ! "

Gentlemen, in the name of the citizens of Quebec, you are welcome, thrice welcome ! "

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION'S NAVAL PILGRIMAGE TO LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

On board ss. *Druid*, 5th September, 1890.

" On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed his quiver
Steamed a vessel light and free ;
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
And the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea."

One of our sweet pensive September suns, after repeated attempts, has at last successfully struggled through the dense, dark, grey clouds, banked up in the east. A light rain last night has made the Petunias and Morning-Glories expand and " ope their eyes " joyfully—after many days of drought. A loved hand is culling the fairest flowers in the *parterres* of Spencer Grange, to build two gigantic *bouquets* for the entertainment of this day.....

From the romantic purlieus of St. Peter street, comes the sound of the sturdy, steamer *Druid* winding his horn, or rather his shrill whistle : a signal to laggards to hurry on board ; to start, sharp 10 a m..... for the adventurous voyage.

We have reached at last, past Lord Dufferin's grand terrace, looming out 182 feet over the Queen's wharf; and find in attendance, as oft we before found, fresh and jolly, at his post, when the city or Government tenders civilities *per mare*, the Commodore of the Canadian navy,—our friend—J. U. Gregory.

There stands the burly commander of the *Hirondelle*, chirpy, full of jokes and good humor. " Have a cigar," to Forester from distant Colorado. " Hope you

had rosy dreams ? " to some blooming damsel from the far West.....and so on, so on.

Finally, he disappears down the companion steps, leading a fair New Yorker, anxious to deposit below her wrap and parasol ; the Commodore in the meantime enlivens the pleasant hour with a snatch of an old sea ditty :

" A life on the ocean-wave,
A home on the rolling deep."

Cheers respond from the main cabin to the forecastle, and a broad smile pervades the manly and placid countenance of Lieut. J. H. W. Threed, one of our guests, a naval officer of the big ironclad *Bellerophon*, at rest on her anchor's a few cables length to the south of the Queen's wharf. There was zest, hope, contentment all round, and no mistake.

Never was the most exciting Arctic voyage, recorded in naval annals, undertaken under more favorable auspices.

One hundred ventursome pilgrims were seeking to reach by sea the remote, hallowed shore of *La Bonne Sainte-Anne*. Few, 'tis true, had any great ailment, for which relief would be asked. No crutches !—not one brought along !

No, not even the illustrious navigators, Cook and Bougainville, one hundred and forty-one years ago, felt more eager to breast the dangers of the deep when they sought one another, on the broad St. Lawrence, than our light-hearted Forestry-folks, bent on exploring the mysteries of the *côte de Beaupré* and the sacred shrine. Glory was the inspiring idea in the breast of the two great sea captains ; a prize held out worthy of them, the conquest or loss of Canada, our dear country. For the Foresters, goodfellowship, pleasure and instruction, the only prize held forth, but that, in glowing colors !

What is after all glory ! The furrow left on Laurentian waves, in 1759, by the old *Centurion* or the

Atalante, (1) was not deeper, less evanescent, than that imprinted by the paddle-wheels of our staunch, though not a very fleet greyhound, the Druid. "The paths of glory," alas ! where do they lead to ?

On came, over the gangway the rush of guests : a surging crowd of enthusiastic Foresters ; a few from golden California, some and admired ones from distant Ohio and Colorado ; a bevy from the green mountains of Vermont, Maine and scholarly Massachusetts, whilst Washington sent a representative body :—scientists and thinkers ;—Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, claimed the Secretary to the Association, the active Dr. Fisher, and also a bright, enthusiastic, handsome orator, Mrs. George T. Weston, the spouse of a Newton physician. How well she did discourse ! On rushed, at their heels, a gay and noisy corps of French *littérateurs* from old France, twenty odd members of the famous Alpine Club, bright with green badges, face aglow with fun, with an occasional tinge of sadness. "How the d——l *La Belle France* could ever have parted without a prolonged struggle, with *Ce Beau Canada*, more than a hundred years ago ?" "*C'est un fait accompli, regrettable*," said one, "*mais enfin c'est fait ?*"

This is no time for repining and *Vogue la Galère !* Conspicuous amidst the crowd stands the tall, dignified Governor and benefactor of the Bahama Islands, Sir Ambrose Shea, conversing with the genial General J. Grant Wilson, U. S. A. On and on they come, until the deck fore and aft was covered with Foresters and their hosts, male and female ; delegates from the sister Province, and bright ones, from Ontario ; talkative foreign Consuls, some full of importance, in fact thinking themselves nearly Ambassadors of Euro-

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(1) Both vessels conspicuous at Quebec during the great siege.

pean Powers; city officials, worthily presided over by the Pro-Mayor, Hon. John Hearn; speck and span new members of the Provincial Cabinet, with their eloquent, alert premier, the moving spirit Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière following briskly the gay cavalcade. "Let go the hawser" sang out our bustling captain, with an abundance of gold on his uniform, and the *Druid* shot past the *Bellerophon*, the *Canada* and the pretty, tiny *Thrush*, bearing the flag of the youthful Prince George, under a full head of steam.

A few minutes more, the steamer, amid channel was edging in towards, the grassy beaches of Beauport, where the scream of the iron horse has this spring drowned the roar of the cannon and the shout of victory which Montcalm's Grenadiers and the Canadian militia echoed on this strand on the 31st July, 1759, when Wolfe's Highlanders and the brave British Grenadiers were confronted by the inaccessible heights of Montmorency.

EXCURSION OF THE FORESTRY ASSOCIALION.

"The excursion offered to the members of the American Forestry Association took place yesterday by steamer *Druid* to St. Anne de Beaupré, and was a delightful success. The members of the Alpine Club of France, now in town, accepted the invitation to join the excursionists.

Amongst these present were noticed Sir Ambroise Shea, Governor of Bahama Islands; J. Bryce, M. P., South Aberdeen; Gen. G. Wilson, New York; H. L. de Villemorin and P. de Villemorin, Paris; Hon. H. Mercier, Hon. Charles Langelier, Hon. Geo. Duhamel, Hon. H. Archambault, Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière and Mme. Joly, M. G. Joly de Lotbinière, and P. B. Casgrain, M. P.

Forestry Association:—Messrs. J. D. W. French, Boston; N. G. Kidder, Milton, Mass.: M. A. Blue, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ontario; Aubrey White, Deputy Minister of Crown Lands, Ontario; B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division, Washington, and Mrs. Fernow; Mr. and Mrs. Edge and Mrs. Geo. T. Weston, Newton, Pa.; J. Craig, of the Dominion Experimental Farm; Professor Lazenby, Columbus, Ohio; George Moore, Hon. L. A. Robitaille, Edgar T. Ensign, and Mrs. Ensign, Colorado Springs; H. R. Moore, Hon. J. K.

Ward, and Mrs. Ward, Wm. Little, J. X. Perrault, Montreal; J. M. LeMoine and Miss LeMoine; Dr. T. A. Bryce, Ontario; E. A. Barnard, Mrs. Sandfield Macdonald, Miss Barnard and Miss Richard, Arthabaska; W. Gerald Ross, Quebec; Archy. Campbell, Quebec; N. M. Craig, Dr. H. M. Fisher, Philadelphia; Mrs. Cox, J. B. Charleson, Superintendent of Forest Rangers.

The City Council of Quebec was represented by Alderman Hearn, Pro-Mayor, P. Gagnon, J. H. Gignac, Kaine, Dr. Fiset and Dr. Jolicœur. Others present were Mr. Taschereau, Dr. Harper and Mrs. Harper, Mr. Schwartz, Consul for Sweeden and Norway, and Mrs. Schwartz, P. Côté, N. P., T. O'Brien, Charles Deguise, Alex. Clément, Mr. and Mrs. Ortz, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Boswell, S. Sylvestre, J. A. W. Lebel, Aug. Edge, Ulric Barthe and Mrs. Barthe.

A delightful time was spent at St. Anne's, where about an hour was spent, and then on the return trip, a magnificent luncheon was served, and admirable speeches and addresses were made by the Hon. John Hearn, Hon. Mr. Joly, Hon. Mr. Mercier, Messrs. Fernow, Ph. Villemorin, Darnaut, Dr. Bryce, Mr. Blue, Mr. Gregory, Mrs. Geo. T. Weston, Gen. Wilson, Hon. J. K. Ward, Mr. J. X. Perrault and others.

—(*Morning Chronicle*, 6th September, 1890.

TWO MEMORIAL TREES.

A very pleasant incident took place on the return of the American Forestry Association from the enjoyable excursion, on board the steamer "Druid," tendered by the city, on the 5th instant. Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière, on leaving the steamer, summoned all present to accompany him to the Parliament Buildings, to fulfil, as he aptly stated, a duty as pleasant as it was sacred—imposed by a communication just received that day from Tennessee, U. S. "I shall read," said he, "to the ladies and gentlemen present, a delightful letter just put in my hands." Among those attending we notice the Pro-Mayor, Hon. John Hearn; the Chairman of the Citizens Committee, J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.; Dr. John Harper and Mrs. Harper, Archibald Campbell, of Thornhill; Lt.-Col. Jos. Forsyth. G. Joly de Lotbinière, barrister; J. U. Gregory, Dr. Fisher, of Philadelphia, Secretary to Forestry Asso-

ciation; B. E. Fernow, Superintendent of State Forestry, Washington, and Mrs. Fernow; Mrs. Geo. T. Weston, Philadelphia; W. Little, Hon. J. K. Ward, Mr. White and Mr. Blue, Ontario; Geo. Moore, Montreal, florist; Professor Lazenby, Ohio; Col. and Mrs. Ensign, Commissioner of Forestry for Colorado.

Mrs. Weston, amidst loud cheers, was invited by Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière, to plant the sacred tree, to be dedicated to Lord Dufferin, as requested by the letter received. It was done accordingly; each member contributing a shovelful of earth.

On opening the package, it was found to contain another hickory tree, which it was unanimously decided to plant as a memorial tree of the meeting of the American Forestry Congress, at Quebec, of which Mr. Fernow was the eloquent exponent in our city. Mrs. Fernow was asked to perform the agreeable duty and planted the denizen of Gen. Jackson's grove accordingly, amidst repeated cheers—all hats off, when the President of the Citizen's Reception, Mr. LeMoine, proposed the following sentiment :—

"May this young tree flourish and expand, until the dews of heaven put forth its luxuriant foliage each year, on the return of the leafy months! may it be tuneful with the song of birds!"

After three rousing cheers and a tiger from those present, a general shaking of hands took place and this closed the proceedings of the American Forestry Association at Quebec for the year 1890.

We append a copy of the letter, which was read, on the planting of each tree :

"Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 28, 1890.

Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière,

Vice-President, American Forestry Association,
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I have this day expressed to you a Hickory Tree from the Hermitage, the home of General Andrew

Jackson. This tree is from General Jackson's favorite grove, still flourishing in front of the Hermitage. The Hickory was General Jackson's favorite tree, hence the name given him "Old Hickory" by his personal friends to signify the strength and firmness of his character. We send you this tree from a historic and sacred Tennessee grove, with a request that you plant and dedicate it to Lord Dufferin, Canada's former Governor, who represented a people whom we respect and earnestly desire to cultivate warm and friendly relations with for all time.

With best and kindest wishes,

I am, Dear Sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. WRIGHT,
Vice-President A. F. Assn., Tenn.

N. B. — I beg to hand you a piece of walnut from a log of Gen. Jackson's old cabin home, yet standing in the rear of the Hermitage Grove."

PART II

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

GLIMPSES OF QUEBEC

DURING THE

LAST TEN YEARS OF FRENCH DOMINATION

1749-59

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE "LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY," 3rd DEC., 1879, BY THE PRESIDENT, J. M. LEMOINE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Had my object been merely to please your fancy and captivate your imagination by exhibiting those noble *traits* of individual bravery, those examples of sacrifice of self for love of country, those hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, of which our annals abound, closing my narrative with the grand spectacle of the triumphal march of civilization over Indian ferocity in its most repellant forms, it is not the era of expiring French power, at Quebec, I should have searched for material.

My eyes would have reverted to those brave old times of Champlain—d'Iberville—de Frontenac—Dollard des Ormeaux—Brebœuf—Mlle de Verchères, &c.

However, the dark days which heralded the loss of Canada to France, are not without their interest. To the student of history, they are pregnant with teachings; every where you read the bitter lesson, which in all

ages Kings and Commoners have had to learn; every where breaks forth the inexorable logic taught by the violation of the eternal laws of moral rectitude and civic duty.

1749.

Let us then view Quebec such as a celebrated tourist found it in 1749; ten years later we will witness the falling asunder of a stately, but insecure edifice, the French domination in North America.

On the 5th August, 1749, a distinguished traveller, recommended by royalty (1)—accredited by academies and universities—Professor Kalm, the friend of Linnæus, landed in the Lower Town. His approach had not been unheralded, nor unexpected; advices from Versailles having previously reached the Governor of Canada. On stepping on shore from the "canopied" *bateau*, provided for him by the Baron of Longueuil, Governor of Montreal, Major de Sermonville, the officer to whose care he had been committed, led him forthwith to the palace of the Marquis de La Galissonnière, the Governor-General of Canada, who, he says, received him with "extraordinary goodness." His Excellency at that time, the recognized patron of literature and of the arts, in New France, in anticipation of the Professor's arrival, had ordered apartments to be got ready for the illustrious stranger, who was introduced to an intelligent guide, Dr. Gaulthier, royal physician, and also an able botanist. Kalm, henceforth, will be an honored, nay, a not unfrequent guest at the Château St. Louis, yonder, during his stay in Quebec.

The Professor tells how cheerfully he paid to the crew, comprised of six rowers, the usual fee or *pour-boire* to escape the traditional "ducking" to which all travellers (without excepting the Governor-General)

(1 The Kings of France and of Sweden.

were otherwise subjected to, on their first visit to Quebec or Montreal.

A man of mark was the Swedish botanist and philosopher, not only by his position among European *savants*, but also as being the special (1) envoy of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm, and as the representative of the three Universities of Aobo, Lund and Upsala, who had supplied the greater portion of the funds necessary to carry out his scientific mission, which lasted nearly four years. Provided with passports and recommendations to the Swedish Ministers at the Courts of London, Paris, Madrid, the Hague, we find Peter Kalm sailing from Upsala, on the 16th October, 1747, accompanied by Lars Yungstræm—an assistant, skilful as a botanist, a gardener and an artist.

The disciple of Linnæus, after having successively visited Norway, came to England; and after spending some time there, he crossed the Atlantic, viewing New York and Pennsylvania, and finally Canada, noting down, day by day, in his journal, countries—men—manners—animals—trees—plants—ores—minerals, &c, with accuracy and in detail. His travels are the subject-matter of two large volumes, illustrated with plates, maps, &c., and translated into English, at London, in 1771.

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(1) Baron Sten Charles Bielke, of Finland, had proposed to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm, to send an able man to the Northern ports of Siberia and Iceland, as localities which are partly under the same latitude with Sweden; and to make there such observations, and collections of seeds and plants, as would improve the Swedish husbandry, gardening, manufactures, arts and sciences. Professor Linnæus thought that a journey through North America would be yet of a more extensive utility, the plants of America being then but little known. Kalm's mission to America, however, was due to the initiative of Count Tessin, a nobleman of merit, on his becoming President of the Royal Academy; to the learned botanist Linnæus; and to the influence of the Prince Royal, subsequently King of Sweden, and then Chancellor of the University of Upsala.

Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we shall follow the adventurous footsteps of Professor Kalm, in our streets, and round our old city, one hundred and thirty years ago, and take note of what his cicerone, Dr. Gaulthier, may tell him about the "old rock," its inhabitants, customs, &c. Kalm, on his way to the Château St. Louis, had to ascend Mountain Hill. Shall we not have a word to say about this, to us very familiar thoroughfare? Why called Mountain Hill?

When Quebec was founded, and for years afterwards, a very rugged footpath led from the strand under Cape Diamond to the lofty area above, where the great Indian Chief Donacona no doubt used to bag grouse and hares by dozens, in the day of Jacques-Cartier. On the 27th November, 1623, the descent to the Lower Town had been opened out and made more practicable; we would imagine it must have undergone another levelling to admit of the ascent of the first horse, who paced the streets of Quebec, the stud presented from France, as a gift to His Excellency, Charles Huault, de Montmagny, in 1648. Though horned cattle existed in the colony as early as 1623, oxen were for the first time used to plough, on the 27th April, 1628. Champlain's habitation stood in the Lower Town, on the site where the little Church of *Notre-Dame-de-la-Victoire* was subsequently erected. The first European settler in the Upper Town was a Parisian apothecary, by name Louis Hébert, who in 1617, set to clearing some land for agricultural purposes, where now stand the Basilica and the Seminary, and that area of ground extending from Sainte-Famille Street to the Hôtel-Dieu. Hébert built himself a tenement, the historian Laverdière thinks, were the Archbishop's Palace now stands. He also erected a mill (a wind-mill probably) on that point of Saint-Joseph Street which connects with Saint-François and Saint-Flavien Streets. Hébert's house and his neighbor, Guillaume Couillard's (the foundations of

which were discovered, in 1866, by the Abbé Laverdière in the Seminary Garden, in rear and facing the entrance to the old wing of the Seminary) seem to have been the first structures raised in the Upper-Town. Mountain Hill, *Côte Lamontagne*, took its name according to some writers, from one Lamontagne, located in the neighborhood; according to others, from its being the ascent to the mountain on which is sits our picturesque town.

How many gallant French Vice-Roys? How many proud English Governors and Admirals have ascended this steep hill, from the era of Champlain to that of Peter Kalm and his learned and accomplished friend Admiral de La Galissonnière, the victor of poor Byng in the Mediterranean; from the fighting time of 1759, when de Bougainville, de Vauclain, Durell, Saunders, Cook, Palliser, Jervis anchored their ships-of-war in our port, to the auspicious day, when the Lord of Lorne and the royal Lady by his side were escorted by our citizen-soldiers to their quarters on Cape Diamond?

If it should be superfluous to retrace the mode of reception extended to the envoys of Downing Street in our day, possibly, many of you, would not be averse to seeing lifted from the past the veil of years, and recalling some of the pageants, with which the colony greeted the proud marquisses and counts, who ascended Mountain Hill, accredited representatives of the *Grand Monarque*, who swayed martial France.

Shall we then accompany the Professor down Mountain Hill and witness the preparations made on the 15th August, 1749, for the reception of the new Governor, the *Marquis de La Jonquière*, who is to replace *Amiral de La Galissonnière*.

" About eight o'clock, says Kalm, the chief people in town assembled at the house of Mr. de Vaudreuil, who had lately been nominated Governor of *Trois-Rivières*, and lived in the Lower Town..... Thither came likewise the Marquis de La Galissonnière,

who had till now been Governor-General..... He was accompanied by the people belonging to the Government. I was likewise invited to see this festivity. At half an hour after eight, the new Governor-General went from the ship into a barge, covered with red cloth, upon which a signal with cannons was given from the ramparts, for all the bells in the town to be set a-ringing. All the people of distinction went down to the shore to salute the Governor, who, alighting from the barge, was received by the *Marquis de La Galissonnière.* After they had saluted each other, the Commandant of the Town addressed the New Governor-General in a very elegant speech, which he answered very concisely: after which all the cannons on the ramparts gave a general salute. The whole street, up to the Cathedral, was lined with men in arms, chiefly drawn out from among the Burghesses. The Governor General then walked towards the Cathedral dressed in a suit of red, with abundance of gold lace. His servants went before him in green, carrying fire-arms on their shoulders. On his arrival at the Cathedral he was received by the Bishop of Canada and the whole Clergy assembled. The Bishop was arrayed in his Pontifical Robes, and had a long gilt tiara on his head and a great crozier of massy silver in his hand (1). After the Bishop had addressed a short speech to the Governor-General, a Priest brought a silver Crucifix on a long stick (two Priests with lighted tapers in their hands going on each side of it) to be kissed by the Governor. The Bishop and the Priests then went through the long walk up to the choir. The servants of the Governor-General followed with their hats on, and arms on their shoulders. At last, came the Governor-General and his suite, and after them a crowd of people. At the beginning of the choir, the Governor-General and the *Général de La*

(1) Travels of P. Kalm in North America, Vol. II, p. 300.

Galissonnière stopped before a chair covered with red cloth, and stood there during the whole time of the celebration of the Mass, which was celebrated by the Bishop himself. From the Church he went to the Palace, where the gentlemen of note in town afterwards went to pay their respects to him. The religious of the different orders, with their respective superiors, likewise came to him, to testify their joy on account of his happy arrival. Among the number that came to visit him, none staid to dine but those that were invited before hand, among which I had the honor to be. The entertainment lasted very long, and was elegant as the occasion required."

In earlier times, the military and religious display was blended with an aroma of literature and elaborate indian oratory, combining prose and poetry.

Our excellent friend, Francis Parkman, will tell us what took place on the arrival, on the 28th July, 1658, of the Viscount D'Argenson, the Governor of the colony. " When Argenson arrived to assume the government, a curious greeting had awaited him. The Jesuits asked him to dine; vespers followed the repast; and then they conducted him into a hall where the boys of their school—disguised, one as the Genius of New France, one as the Genius of the Forest, and others as Indians of various friendly tribes—made him speeches by turn, in prose and in verse. First, Pierre du Quet, who played the Genius of New France, presented his Indian retinue to the Governor in a complimentary harangue. Then four other boys, personating French colonists, made him four flattering addresses, in French verse. Charles Denis, dressed as a Huron, followed, bewailing the ruin of his people, and appealing to Argenson for aid. Jean François Bourdon, in the character of an Algonquin, next advanced on the platform, boasted his courage, and declared that he was ashamed to cry like the Huron. The Genius of the Forest now appeared, with a retinue of wild Indians

from the interior, who being unable to speak French, addressed the Governor in their native tongues, which the Genius proceeded to interpret. Two other boys in the character of prisoners just escaped from the Iroquois, then came forward imploring aid in piteous accents; and in conclusion the whole troop of Indians from far and near laid their bows and arrows at the feet of Argenson, and hailed him as their chief.

Besides these mock Indians, a crowd of genuine savages had gathered at Quebec to greet the new "Ononthio." On the next day, at his own cost, as he writes to a friend, he gave them a feast, consisting of seven large kettlesful of Indian corn, peas, prunes, sturgeon, eels and fat, which they devoured, he says, after having first sung me a song, after their fashion."

On the long list of famous Viceroys, under French or English rule, in Canada, we know of but one who could have stood, undismayed, this avalanche of addresses and oratory, ready with a happy reply to each. Need I name him? he, the best friend of Quebec.

Probably one of the most gorgeous displays on record, was that attending the arrival of the great Marquis of Tracy, in 1665. He came with a brilliant staff, a crowd of young nobles; and accompanied by two hundred soldiers, to be followed by a thousand more of the dashing regiment of Carignan-Salières. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, and, on the thirtieth of June, 1665, anchored in the basin of Quebec. The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty; and Point-Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of the saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. The boats at length drew near, and the lieutenant-general and his suite landed on the quay with a pomp such as Quebec had never seen before.

Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two, portly and tall, " one of the largest men I ever saw," writes Mother Mary; but he was sallow with disease, for fever had seized him, and it had fared ill with him on the long voyage. The Chevalier de Chaumont walked at his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons, and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the King's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets (1) and thus, while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above. Breathing hard, they reached the top, passed on the left the dilapidated walls of the fort and the shed of mingled wood and masonry which then bore the name of the Castle of St. Louis; passed on the right the old house of Couillard and the site of Laval's new seminary, and soon reached the square betwixt the Jesuits college and the Cathedral.

The bells were ringing in a phrensy of welcome. Laval in pontificals, surrounded by priests and Jesuits, stood waiting to receive the deputy of the King, and as he greeted Tracy and offered him the holy water, he looked with anxious curiosity to see what manner of man he was. The signs were auspicious. The deportment of the lieutenant-general left nothing to desire. A *prie-Dieu* had been placed for him. He declined it. They offered him a cushion, but he would not have it, and fevered as he was, he knelt on the bare pavement with a devotion that edified every beholder. *Te Deum* was sung and a day of rejoicing followed." (2)

In our day, we can recall but one pageant at all equal: the roar of cannon, &c., attending the advent of the great Earl of Durham, but there were noticeable

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(1) "His constant attendance when he went abroad," says Mère Juchereau.

(2) The *Old Regime in Canada*, p. 177-9.

fewer "priests," fewer "Jesuits," and less "kneeling" in the procession in 1838.

Line-of-battle ships—stately frigates, twelve in number : the *Malabar—Hastings—Cornwallis—Inconstant—Hercules—Pique—Charybdis—Pearl—Vestal —Medea—Dee*—and *Andromache* escorted to our shores, the able, proud, humane, (1) unlucky Vice-Roy and High Commissioner, with his clever advisers, the Turtons, Bullers, Wakefields, Hansomes, Derbyshires, Dunkins, *cum multis aliis.*

On the 21st August, 1749, Kalm was present at an interview of delegates from three of the Indian nations of Canada, the Anies, Micmacs and Hurons with the French Governor of Quebec. The Anies (Oneidas) delegates—four in number—were the only survivors (two excepted) of a band of fifty Indians who had recently "ambushed" near Montreal, where they went in quest of plunder and had been killed by the French. The Hurons were identical with those then settled at Indian Lorette : we are told that they delivered their harangues, seated on chairs, round His Excellency who was seated, whilst the Micmacs, "sat on the ground like Laplanders." Kalm describes the Hurons as "tall, robust people, well shaped and of a copper colour. They have short black hair wich is shaved on the forehead, from one ear to the other. None of them wear hats or caps. Some have earrings, others not. Many of them have the face painted all over with vermilion ; others have only strokes of it on the forehead and near the ears, and some paint their hair with vermilion. Red is the color they chiefly make use of in painting themselves ; but I have likewise seen some who had daubed their faces with a black colour. Many of them have

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(1) I use the term advisedly, for had he followed out the Colborne policy and gibetted the "Bermuda exiles," he would have had one sin less to atone for, at the hands of Lord Brougham and other merciless enemies in England.

figures on the face, and on the whole body, which are stained into the skin, so as to be indelible..... These figures are commonly black; some have a snake painted on each cheek, some have several crosses, some an arrow, others the sun, or anything else their imagination leads them to." (Vol. II, p. 320.) What an observant man, the Swedish Professor seems to have been!

These Indian Councils, with their wampum belts fantastic, airy and grotesque costumes of the chiefs, &c., have more than once been trying to the gravity of Europeans—whether French or English. Professor Dussieux, probably on the authority of Charlevoix, gives some humorous incidents which happened at the grand Indian Councils held in 1700 and 1701, at Montreal.

"The Algonquin chief, says he, a winsome and brave young warrior proud of his victories on the Iroquois, had done his hair in a ridge like the comb of a cock, with a scarlet plume, erect on the crest and hanging over behind.....

Another chief of note and wit, wore on his pate the skin of the head of a young bullock, with the horns falling over his ears..... .....

An Outagami chief had smeared his face with red paint, and had on his head an old *poudrée* and disordered *perruque*, which gave him a hideous, but mirth-provoking appearance. Wishing to honor the French Governor with a French bow, he removed his wig: this caused an explosion of laughter among the French, without interfering with his own gravity; he then demurely replaced his wig and got through with his harangue." (1)

One is reminded of the interview of one of our Vice-Roys with the great Chief (Peter Basket possibly ?) of

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(1) Le Canada *sous la Domination Française.* L. Dussieux, p. 95.

the Restigouche Indians in our own day. His Excellency had listened with marked attention to one-half of the solemn sing-song address of his duky, loyal subject, who was decked with armlets, feathers and medals, when on closer examination he spied, attached to his nose, ears and other portions of his person, bright silver labels, (washed ashore from a wrecked vessel,) ticketed "RUM"—"BRANDY"—"GIN"—"WHISKY"—"PORT"—SHERRY." The sight was too much even for the gravity of an English Vice-Roy: a loud guffaw ensued among the gubernatorial party, much to the disgust and chagrin of the swarthy son of the forest, who haughtily withdrew.

Let us have the Professor's opinion on other matters. We saw previously that the importation of the first horse from France took place in 1648; it may not be amiss to say that some years later (1665-70) several horses had been sent out as gratuities by the French King to encourage French officers and a better class of colonists, to settle in Canada (1).

Professor Kalm, in 1749, speaking of horses, says: "All the horses in Canada are strong, well made, swift, as tall as the horses of our cavalry, and of a breed imported from France. The inhabitants have the custom of docking the tails of these horses, which is rather hard upon them here, as they cannot defend themselves against the numerous swarms of gnats, gad flies, and horse flies. They put the horses one before the other in their carts, which has probably occasioned the docking of their tails, as the horses would hurt the eyes of those behind them by moving their tails backwards and forwards." Well now! shall we make the avowal? A grave doubt hovers over us. Did the Professor ever drive a tandem?

"The Governor-General and a few of the chief

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(1) See Appendix, *verbo* "HORSES."

people in town have coaches, the rest make use of open horse-chairs."

Could this be the traditional *calesche* which our American tourists style "rocking chairs?" "It is," he continues, "a general complaint, that the country people begin to keep the many horses, by which means the cows are kept short of food in winter. The cows have likewise been imported from France and are of the size of our common Swedish cows..... .....The beef and veal at Quebec is reckoned fatter and more palatable than at Montreal. Some look upon the salty pastures below Quebec as the cause of this difference. In Canada, the oxen draw with the horns, but in the English colonies they draw with their withers as horses do." Those "horses, oxen, cows," and other cattle kindly loaned by Europe to Canada two centuries ago, are now returning by scores, (1) fat and improved!!!

Let us now see what Kalm has to say of a very valuable and time-honored industry; shipbuilding, in 1749. We quote: "They were now building several ships below Quebec, for the king's account. However, before my departure, an order arrived from France prohibiting the further building of ships of war, except those which were already on the stocks, because they had found that the ships built of American oak do not last as long as those built of European oak. Near Quebec is found very little oak, and what grows there is not fit for use, being very small, therefore they are obliged to fetch their timber from those parts of Canada which border upon New England, But all the North American oaks have the quality of lasting longer and withstanding putrifaction better, the farther north they grow and *vice versa*. The timber from the confines of

(1) See Appendix, *verbo* "EXPORTATION OF CANADIAN CATTLE TO EUROPE."

New England is brought in floats or rafts on the river near those parts and near the Lake St. Pierre, which falls into the great river St. Lawrence."

The French had built (1) ships at Quebec nearly a century before Kalm's visit. Colbert had authorized the Intendant Talon to offer bounties; a ship was on the stocks in 1667. Doubtless, when Kalm left Quebec in the fall of 1749, the ship-rights were actively engaged on the hull of the King's ship "L'Orignal," (2) which, in October of 1750, broke her back on being launched at Diamond Harbor. Shipbuilding, however, was doubtless checked by the instructions sent out by the French Court, and seems to have had but a precarious existence under British rule until 1800. When Kalm visited Quebec, in 1749, it was the seaport of all Canada: "There were thirteen great and small vessels in the harbour, and they expected more." In our day, we have seen thirteen hundred square-rigged vessels registered as the arrivals of the year!

What a charming picture Herr Kalm draws of the Governor-General of New France — the Marquis de La Galissonnière. This nobleman, by his "surprising

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(1) See appendix, *verbo* "SHIP-BUILDING AT QUEBEC UNDER FRENCH DOMINATION."

(2) The *Abeille*, a small literary journal, published within the walls of the Seminary of Quebec, under date of 19th January, 1878, contains extracts from the 3rd Volume of the *Journal des Jésuites*. One of these extracts runs thus: "October, 1750, King's ship "L'Orignal," built at Quebec, was lost in launching at Cape Diamond."

We likewise read in the first Volume of Smith's *History of Canada*, page 224: "Oct. (1750) This year, a ship of the line, a seventy-four, was built at Quebec, but was lost, having broken her back in getting off the stocks at Cape Diamond."

The last timbers of this old wreck were removed from the river channel in November, 1879, by Captain Giguère's (Government) Lifting Barge. Many fragments have been converted into walking sticks and toys of various designs. A selection of these well preserved Canadian oak planks has been presented to, and graciously accepted by, H. R. H. Princess Louise, to pannel a room in her English home.

knowledge in all branches of science," has quite captivated the philosopher. "Never," says Kalm, "has natural history had a greater promoter in this country, and it is even doubtful whether it will ever have his equal here." A statesman, an orator, a great sea captain, a mathematician, a botanist, a traveller, a naturalist: such, the Marquis. He knew about "trees, plants, earths, stones, ores, animals, geography, agriculture, &c., writing down all the accounts he had received; whereby, he soon acquired acknowledge of the most distant parts of America." He was an object of wonder to all who came in contact with him. "Some of the inhabitants believed he had a preternatural knowledge of things," and when, naively says Kalm, he began to speak with me on natural history and of the method of learning and of employing it to raise the state of the country, I imagined I saw our great Linnæus under a new form." "Never was there a better statesman than he; and nobody can take better measures and choose more proper means for improving a country and increasing its welfare. Canada was hardly acquainted with the treasure it possessed in the person of this nobleman, when it lost him; the King wanted his services at home." Thus, one hundred and thirty years ago, discoursed the learned Peter Kalm of the most accomplished French Governor, Versailles ever sent to Quebec, Michel Barrin, Marquis de La Galissonnière. Ladies and Gentlemen, can we not find a parallel in our day? In Kalm's portraiture, has any one failed to recognize Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin, that accomplished statesman, versatile orator, munificent friend of education, enlightened and sincere benefactor of Quebec, our late Governor, absent, he also, because his sovereign "wanted his services at home." Have we forgotten his open-handed hospitalities, his genial, ever kind Countess? Is there any harm in wafting a grateful remembrance to the absent friend of our country? *(Applause.)*

Kalm's description of the public edifices is worthy of note.

" The Palace (Château Saint Louis), is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outsides by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the governor-general wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the governor-general of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the court-yard; and when the governor, or the bishop, comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The governor-general has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Récollets*, which is very near the palace."

The Castle St. Lewis, built by Champlain in 1624, was much improved and enlarged by the wing, still existing, erected in 1784 by Governor Haldimand. The old *Château* was destroyed by fire on 23rd January, 1834. On its lofty site and far beyond, is perched our incomparable, world-renowned *Boulevard:* the Dufferin Terrace.

" The Churches in this town are seven or eight in number, and all built of stone.

The Cathedral Church is on the right hand coming from the Lower to the Upper town, somewhat beyond the Bishop's house. The people were now at present employed in ornamenting it. On its west side is a round steeple with two divisions, in the lower of which are two bells. The pulpit and some other parts within the

church are gilt. The seats are very fine." (This church, now a Basalica Minor, was begun in 1647—destroyed by bomb shells during the siege of 1759 and rebuilt.)

" The Jesuits' Church is built in the form of a cross, and has a round steeple. This is the only church that has a clock.....

This little church, of which the corner-stone was laid by the Governor General, the Marquis de Tracy, on 31st May, 1666, existed until 1807. The oldest inhabitant can yet recall, from memory, the spot where it stood, even if we had not the excellent drawing made of it with a dozen of other Quebec views, by an officer in Wolfe's fleet, Captain Richard Short. It stood on the site recently occupied by the shambles, in the Upper Town, facing the Clarendon Hotel. Captain Short's pencil bears again testimony to the exactitude, even in minute things, of Kalm's descriptions: his Quebec horses, harnessed one before the other to carts. You see in front of the church, in Captain Short's sketch, three good sized horses drawing a heavily laden two wheeled cart, harnessed one before the other. The church was also used, until 1807, as a place of worship for Protestants. Be careful not to confound the Jesuits' Church with the small chapel in the interior of their college (the old Jesuit Barracks) contiguous thereto. This latter chapel had been commenced on the 11th July, 1650. The Seminary Chapel, and Ursulines Church, after the destruction by shot and shell, in 1759, of the large R. C. Cathedral, were used for a time as parish-churches. From beneath the chief altar of the Jesuits' Church was removed, on the 14th May, 1807, the small leaden box containing the heart of the founder of the Ursulines' Convent, Madame de la Peltrie, previously deposited there in accordance with the terms of her Last Will.

You can see, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the pick-axe and mattock of the "*bande noire*" who robbed our city-walls of their stones, and demolished the Jesuits'

College and city gates, were busily employed long before 1871.

There are few here present, I will venture to say, who, in their daily walk up or down Fabrique Street, do not miss this hoary and familiar land mark, the Jesuits' College. When its removal was recently decreed, for a long time it resisted the united assaults of hammer and pick-axe, and yielded, finally, to the terrific power of dynamite alone.

The Jesuits' College, older than Harvard College, at Boston, takes one back to the dawn of Canadian history. Though a considerable sum had been granted to foster Jesuit establishment at Quebec, by a young French nobleman, René de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, as early as 1626, it was on the 18th March, 1637, only, that the ground to build on, " twelve arpents of land, in the vicinity of Fort St. Louis: " were granted to the Jesuit Fathers. In the early times, we find this famous seat of learning playing a prominent part in all public pageants: its annual examinations and distributions of prizes called together the *élite* of Quebec society. The leading pupils had, in poetry and in verse, congratulated Governor D'Argenson on his arrival in 1658. On the 2nd July, 1666, a public examination on logic brought out with great advantage two most promising youths, the famous Louis Jolliet, who later on joined Father Marquette in his discovery of the Mississippi, and a Three-Rivers youth, Pierre de Francheville, who intended to enter Holy Orders. The learned Intendant Talon was an examiner; he was remarked for the erudition his latin questions displayed. Memory likes to revert to the times when the illustrious Bossuet was undergoing his latin examinations at Navarre, with the Great Condé as his examiner: France's first sacred orator confronted by her most illustrious general.

How many thrilling memories were recalled by this grim old structure? Under its venerable roof, oft' had

met, the pioneer-missionaries of New France, the band of martyrs, the geographers, discoverers, *savants* and historians of this learned order: Dolbeau, de Quen, Druillettes, Daniel, de la Brosse, de Crépieul, de Carheil, Brebœuf, Lallemant, Jogues, de Noue, Raimbeault, Albanel, Chaumonot, Dablon, Ménard, LeJeune, Massé, Vimont, Ragueneau, Charlevoix, (1) and crowds of others. Here, they assembled to receive their orders, to compare notes, mayhap, to discuss the news of the death or of the success of some of their indefatigable explorers of the great West; how the "good word" had been fearlessly carried to the distant shores of lake Huron, to the *bayous* and perfumed groves of Florida, or to the trackless and frozen regions of Hudson's Bay.

Ladies and Gentlemen, need I add anything more on a subject (2) which the genius of Francis Parkman has surrounded with so much sunshine?

Later on, when France had suppressed the order of the Jesuits, and when her lily banner had disappeared from our midst, the college and its grounds were appropriated to other uses—alas! less congenial.

The roll of the English drum and the sharp "word of command" of a British adjutant or of his drill sergeant, for a century and more, resounded in the halls, in which latin orisons were formerly sung; and in the classic grounds, and grassy court, (3) canopied by those stately oaks and elms, which our sires yet remember—to which the good Fathers retreated in sweet seclusion, to "say" their *Breviaries* and tell their beads, might have been heard the coarse joke of the guard-room and the coarser oath of the trooper.

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(1) Faucher de Saint-Maurice.

(2) THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA. By Frs. Parkman, Boston, 1867.

(3) A memorable Indian Council was held in the court of the Jesuits' College, on 31st August, 1666.

It had been first used as a " magazine for the army contractor's provisions, in 1761. " On the 4th June, 1765, His Excellency General James Murray had it surveyed and appropriated for quarters and barracks for the troops, all except some apartments ; the court and garden was used as a drill and parade ground until the departure of Albion's soldiers in 1871.

How singular, how sad to think that this loved, this glorious relic of the French *régime*, entire even to the Jesuit College - arms, carved in stone over its chief entrance, should have remained sacred and intact during the century of occupation by English soldiery—(there is evidently little of the Vandal or Communist about the trooper. who took the word of command from Wolfe, Wellington or Wolseley)—and that its destruction should have been decreed so soon as the British legions, by their departure, in 1871, had virtually handed it over to the French Province of Quebec?

The discovery on the 28th August, 1878, of human remains beneath the floor of this building—presumed to be those of some of the early missionaries—induced the authorities to institute a careful search during its demolition. These bones and others exhumed on the 31st August, and on the 1st and 9th September, 1878, were pronounced by two members of the faculty, Drs. Hubert Larue and Chs. E. Lemieux, both Professors of the Laval University, (who signed a certificate to that effect) to be the remains of three (1) persons of the male

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(1) Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice having been charged by the Premier, Hon. Mr. Joly, to watch the excavations and note the discoveries, in a luminous report, sums up the whole case. From this document, among other things, we glean that the remains of the three persons of male sex are those of:

1° Père François du Péron, who died at Fort St. Louys (Chambly) 10th November, 1665, and was conveyed to Quebec for burial.

2° Père Jean de Quen, the discoverer of Lake Saint John, who died at Quebec on 8th October, 1659, from the effects of

sex and of three (1) persons of the female sex. Some silver and copper coins were also found, which with these mouldering remains of humanity, were deposited, under lock and key in a wooden box ; and, in September 1878, the whole was placed in a small but substancial stone structure, in the court of the Jesuit Barracks, known as the " Regimental Magazine, " pending their delivery for permanent disposal to Rev. Père Sachez, Superior of the Jesuits Order in Quebec.

In May, 1879, on opening this magazine, it was found that the venerable bones, box and all had disappeared, the staple of the padlock on the door having been forced. By whom and for what purpose, the robbery ? There is the puzzle.

Walk on, Ladies and Gentlemen, and view with the Professor's eyes the adjoining public edifice, which stood here in 1749, the Récollet Convent, " a spacious building," says Kalm, " two stories high, with a large orchard and kitchen garden."

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a fever contracted in attending on some of the passengers brought here that summer by the French ship *Saint-André*.

3° Frère Jean Liegeois, scalped 29th May, 1655, by the Agniers at Sillery—the historian Ferland assigns as the probable spot, the land on which the late Lieutenant-Governor Caron built his Mansion " Clermont " now occupid by Col. Ferd. Turnbull). The remains of this missionary. when excavated, were headless—which exactly agrees with the entry in the *Jesuits' Journal*, May, 1655, which states that Jean Liegeois was scalped ; his head cut off and left at Sillery, while his mutilated body, discovered the next day by the Algonquins, the allies of the French, was brought to Sillery (probably to the Jesuits' residence, the same solid old structure close to the foundations of the Jesuits' chapel and monument at the foot of the Sillery Hill, which many here have seen), from whence it was conveyed to the Lower Town in a boat and escorted to the Jesuits' College, with the ceremonies of the R. C. Church.

(1) Three Nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu Convent, according to authorities quoted by Mr. Faucher, were buried in the vault (*caveau*)of the Jesuits' Chapel. The sister-hood had been allowed the use of a wing of the Jesuits' College, where they

Its Church or Chapel was, in September, 1796, destroyed by fire; two eye-witnesses of the conflagration, Philippe Aubert DeGaspé and Deputy Commissary-General James Thompson, the first, in his *Mémoires*, the second, in his unpublished *Diary*, have vividly portrayed the accident. The Church faced the Ring and the old Château; it formed part of the Récollet Convent, "a vast quadrangular building, with a court and a well stocked orchard" on Garden street; it was occasionally used as a state prison. The Huguenot and agitator, Pierre DuCalvet, spent some dreary days in its cells in 1779-83; and during the summer of 1776, a young volunteer under Benedict Arnold, John Joseph Henry, (who lived to become a distinguished Pennsylvania Judge) was immured in this monastery, after his arrest by the British, at the unsuccessful attack in the Lower Town, in Sault-au-Matelot street, on 31st December, 1775, as he graphically relates in his *Memoirs*. It was a monastery of the order of Saint-Francis. The Provincial, in 1793, a well known, witty, jovial and eccentric

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removed after the conflagration of the 7th June, 1755, which destroyed their hospital.

4° *Mère* Marie Marthe Desroches de Saint-François-Xavier, a young woman of 28 years, who succombed to small pox on the 14th August, 1755.

5° *Mère* de l'Enfant-Jésus, who expired on the 12th May, 1756.

6° *Mère* de Sainte-Monique, who died in July, 1756, the victim of her devotion in ministering to the decimated crew of the ship *Le parfait*, sunk in the port by order of Government, to arrest the spread of the pestilential disease which had raged on the passage out. Mr. Faucher closes his able report with a suggestion that a monument ought to be raised, to commemorate the labors and devotion of the Jesuits, on the dedicated area on which stood their venerable College.

Relation de ce qui s'est passé lors les Fouilles faites par ordre du Gouvernement dans une partie des fondations du COLLÈGE DES JÉSUITES *de Québec, précédée de certaines observations par* FAUCHER DE SAINT-MAURICE. *Québec. C. Darveau* —1879.

personage, Father Félix DeBerry, had more than once dined and wined His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, the father of our Gracious Sovereign, when stationed in our garrison in 1791-4, with his regiment the 7th Fusileers.

The Récollet Church was also a sacred and last resting place for the illustrious dead. Of the six French Governors who expired at Quebec, four slept within its silent vaults, until the translation, in 1796, of their ashes to the vaults of the Basilica, viz : (1) Frontenac, (2) deCallières, (3) Vaudreuil, (4) de la Jonquière. Governor de Mésy had been buried in the Hôtel-Dieu Chapel, and the first Governor, de Champlain, 'tis generally believed, was interred near the Château Saint Louis, in a " sepulcre particulier," near the spot now surmounted by his bust, benath the soil, on which, in 1871, was erected the new Post Office.

In these days of " mining furor " one would like to accompany the Professor, in the explorations he made,

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The following inscription was on the coffin-plate :

(1) Count Frontenac—" Cy gyt le Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Gouverneur-Général de la Nouvelle-France. Mort à Québec, le 28 novembre 1698."—(*Hist. of Canada, Smith Vol. I., p.* 133.)

(2) Gov. de Callières.—Cy gyst Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Hector de Callières, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de la Nouvelle-France, décédé le 26 mai 1703."—*Ibid., p.* 148.)

(3) Gov. de Vaudreuil.—Cy gyst Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Messire Philippe Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Grand Croix de l'Ordre Militaire de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de toute la Nouvelle-France, décédé le dixième octobre 1725."—(*Ibid., p.* 190.)

(4) M. de la Jonquière—" Cy repose le corps de Messire Jacques-Pierre de Taffanell, Marquis de la Jonquière, Baron de Castelnau, Seigneur de Hardarsmagnas et autres lieux, Commandeur de l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de Saint-Louis, Chef d'Escadre des Armées Navales, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général pour le Roy en toute la Nouvelle-France, terres et passes de la Louisiane. Décédé à Québec, le 17 mai 1752, à six heures et demie du soir, âgé de 67 ans."—(*Ibid., p.* 222.)

in September, 1749, on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, in the sail-boat kindly provided for him and his friends. St. Joachim, Petite-Rivière, St. Paul's Bay, Eboulements, Murray Ray (then known as Mal Baie), are successively surveyed with Dr. Gaulthier; Bay St. Paul is examined with the eye of science.

September 2, 1749—"This morning, he says, we went to see the silver or lead veins. They lay a little on the South-side of the mills belonging to the priests ....." He conjectures, adds C. Roger, that all " the flat ground at St. Paul was formerly the bottom of " a river, as a great part of the plants which are to be met " with, are marine, such as glass-wort, sea-mil wort, " and seaside pease; but when he asked the inhabitants " whether they found shells in the ground by digging " for wells, they always answered in the negative. He " received the same answer from those who lived in " the low fields, directly north of Quebec. Now, the " worthy and learned Professor had been ill-informed, " as from the Montmorency to nearly the source of the " St. Charles, there is to be seen layer upon layer of " such shells, to the great astonishment of every stranger " at all geologically interested either by study or by " profession. At Mount Lilac, in Beauport, and at Marl " Farm, in Lorette, marine shells are obtainable in " cart-loads."

You have had the Professor's opinion on Governors, Indians, public buildings, ships, houses, horses, mines, would you like to know what he thought of the young ladies of Quebec one hundred and thirty years ago: one would fancy those he saw did not belong to the (1) F. F. Q.'s—the *bonne société* of the period, from the severity of his remarks.

" Their fault, he says, is that they think too well of themselves. However, the daughters of people of all

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(1) F. F. Q. First Famillies of Quebec.

ranks, without exception, go to market, and carry home what they have bought. They rise as soon and go to bed as late, as any of the people in the house. I have been assured that, in general, their fortunes are not considerable; which are rendered still more scarce by the number of children, and the small revenues in a house. The girls, at *Montreal*, are very much displeased that those, at *Quebec*, get husbands sooner than they. The reason of this is, that many young gentlemen who come over from *France* with the ships, are captivated by the ladies, at *Quebec* and marry them; but as these gentlemen seldom go up to *Montreal*, the girls there are not often so happy as those of the former place."

"The ladies in Canada are generally of two kinds; some come over from *France* and the rest, natives. The former possess the politeness peculiar to the *French* nation; the latter may be divided into those of *Quebec* and *Montreal*. The first of these are equal to the *French* ladies in good breeding, having the advantage of frequently conversing with the *French* gentlemen and ladies, who come every summer with the king's ships, and stay several weeks, at *Quebec*, but seldom go to *Montreal*. The ladies of this last place are accused by the *French* of partaking too much of the pride of the *Indians*, and of being much wanting in *French* good breeding. What I have mentioned above of their dressing their head too assiduously, is the case with all the ladies throughout *Canada*. On those days when they pay or receive visits, they dress so gayly, that one is almost induced to think their parents possessed the greatest dignities in the state. The *Frenchmen*, who considered things in their true light, complained very much that a great part of the ladies in *Canada* had got into the pernicious custom of taking too much care of their dress, and squandering all their fortunes and more, upon it, instead of sparing something for future times. They are no less attentive to know the newest fashions; and they laugh at each other, when

they are not dressed to each other's fancy." He adds, "The ladies at Quebec are not very industrious. A girl of eighteen is reckoned very poorly off, if she cannot enumerate at least twenty lovers. These young ladies, especially those of a higher rank, get up at seven and dress till nine, drinking their coffee at the same time. When they are dressed, they place themselves near a window that opens into the street, take up some needle-work, and sew a stitch now and then; but turn their eyes into the street most of the time. When a young-fellow comes in, whether they are acquainted with him or not, they immediately set aside their work, sit down by him, and begin to chat, laugh, joke, and invent *double-entendres;* and this is reckoned very witty.

In this manner they frequently pass the whole day, leaving their mothers to do all the business in the house. In Montreal, the girls are not quite so volatile, much more industrious. They are always at their needle-word, or doing some necessary business in the house. They are likewise cheerful and content: and nobody can say they want either wit or charms " (1).

Here, we must end our peregrinations with the learned Swede, and bid adieu to our genial Cicerone, Professor Kalm, with all his quaint though shrewd, estimates of Canadian affairs.

1759

Prepare, now for other, dark, far less pleasant scenes. The bright sky of old Stadacona will rapidly lower; leaden clouds, pregnant with storms aro hovering over head. The simplicity of early days in getting obsolete. Vice, gilded vice flaunts in the palace. Gaunt famine is preying on the vitals of the people. 'Tis so, at

(1) Kalm's Travels, Vol. II, p. 400-2.

Versailles ; 'tis so, at Quebec. Lust, selfishness, rapine, public plunder every where—except among the small party of the *Honnêtes Gens:* (1) a carnival of pleasure, to be followed by the voice of wailing and by the roll of the muffled drum.

In 1748, the evil genius of New France, " La Pompadour's *protégé*" François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant, had landed at Quebec.

Born in Guyenne, of a familly distinguished at the bar, Bigot, prior to coming to Canada had occupied the high post of Intendant in Louisiana. In stature, he was small, but well formed ;—active, full of pluck, fond of display and pleasure—an inveterate gambler. Had he confined his operations merely to trading, his commercial ventures would have excited little blame, trading having been a practice indulged in by several other high colonial officials. His salary was totally inadequate to the importance of his office, and quite insufficient to meet the expenditure his exalted position led him into. His speculations, his venality, the extortions practised on the community by his heartless minions : this is what has surrounded his memory with eternal infamy and made is name a by-word for scorn.

There existed, at Quebec, a *ring* composed of the Intendant's secretary, Deschenaux ; of the Commissary General of Supplies, Cadet ; of the Town-Major, Hugues Péan ; of the Treasurer-General, Imbert. Péan was the Chief and Bigot the Great Chief of this nefarious association. Between Bigot and Péan, another link existed. Péan's favor at Court lay in the charms of his wife. Madame Péan, *née* Angélique De Meloises, was young, pretty, witty and fetching ; a fluent and agreeable speaker, in fact so captivating that François Bigot was entirely ruled by her during all his stay at Quebec. At

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(1) Montcalm, de Vaudreuil, de Longueuil, de Bougainville, LaCorne, de Beaujeu, Taché, de Léry, de St. Ours and others constituted this party of honorable men.

her house in St. Louis street, he spent his evenings; there, he was sought and found in May, 1759, by Col. de Bougainville returning from Paris, the bearer of the despatches, announcing the coming struggle.

Would you like some of the pen-photographs which a clever French contemporary (1) has left of the corrupt *entourage* of the magnificent intendant: here are a few:

" Brassard Deschenaux, the son of a poor cobbler, was born at Quebec. A notary who boarded with Deschenaux, senior, had taught his son to read. Naturally quick and intelligent, young Deschenaux made rapid progress and had soon something to do in the office of Intendant Hocquart where Bigot found him and succeeded in having him appointed clerk in the Colonial Office at Quebec. Industrious, but at heart a sycophant, by dint of cringing he won the good graces of Bigot, who soon put unlimited trust in him, to that degree as to do nothing without Deschenaux's aid; but Deschenaux was vain, ambitious, haughty and overbearing and of such inordinate greed, that he was in the habit of boasting ' that to get rich, he would even rob a church.'

" Cadet was the son of a butcher; in his youth he was employed to mind the cattle of a Charlesbourg peasant; he next set up as a butcher and made money. His savings, he invested into trade; his intriguing spirit brought him to the notice of the Intendant Hocquart, who gave him contracts to supply meat for the army. Deschenaux soon discovered that Cadet could be useful to him; he made him his friend and lost no opportunity to recommend him to the Intendant. He was accordingly often employed to buy the supplies for the subsistance of the troops. In verity, there were few men more active, more industrious, more competent

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(1) Mémoires sur les affaires du Canada, 1749-60.

to drive a bargain. The King required his services and secured them, by having Cadet named Commissary-General. He had his redeeming points ; was open-handed in his dealings ; of a kindly nature and lavish even to excess."

The worthy Commissary-General, like Péan, was blessed with a charming wife, whom Panet's *Diary* styles " La Belle Amazone Aventurière. " Probably, like her worthy spouse, of low extraction ; " elle n'était pas sortie de la cuisse de Jupiter, " to use a familiar French saw.

She certainly was not like Cæsar's wife " above suspicion. " Madame Cadet, later on, transferred her allegiance from the rich butcher Cadet, to one " Sieur Joseph Ruffio " ;.....but let us draw the veil of oblivion over the shortcomings of another age.

" Capt. Hugues Péan, *Chevalier de la Livaudière*, was Town-Major of Quebec, *aide-Major des Troupes.*" He was not long in discovering that with an Intendant like Bigot, he could dare anything. Had he not, without any trouble, netted on grain 50,000 half crowns ? A large quantity of wheat was required for Government ; he was charged with the buying of it. There was a fat job in store for the Town-Major. How was his master the Intendant to manage the matter for him ? Bigot was a man of resource, who never forgot his friends. First, he provided Péan with a large sum out of the Treasury to buy the wheat as low as possible for cash ; and then, his complaisant council passed an order or Ordonnance fixing the price of grain much higher than that at which Péan had purchased. The Town-Major charged it to Government at the rate fixed by the Ordonnance ; the margin left him a handsome profit. He thought he would next try his hand at building coasting crafts, which he could manage to keep constantly in commission for Government ; this, also, was lucrative. Other devices, however, were resorted to ; a secret partnership was entered into between Cadet

and a person named Clavery, who shortly after become store-keeper at Quebec. Cadet was to purchase wheat in the parishes, have it ground at a mill he had leased; the flour to be sent abroad, secretly. Péan, too, had a large warehouse built, at Beaumont, some say. Cargoes of grain were thus secretly shipped to foreign ports in defiance of the law. Bréard, the Comptroller-General, for a consideration winked at these mal-practices, and from a poor man when he landed in Canada, he returned to France in affluent circumstances.

The crowning piece of knavery was the erection of a vast shop and warehouses near to the Intendant's Palace. Clavery had charge of this establishment, where a small retail business was carried on as a blind.

The real object was to monopolize the trade in provisions and concentrate it here. Clavery was clerk to Estèbe, Royal store-keeper at Quebec. In this warehouse were accumulated all such provisions and supplies as were wanted annually, and ordered from France for the King's stores at Quebec.

It was the practice of the Intendant to send each summer the requisitions to Paris. Bigot took care to order from France less supplies than were required, so as to have an excuse to order the remainder in times of want, at Quebec. The orders were sent to Clavery's warehouse, where the same goods were sold twice over, at increased rates. Soon the people saw through the deceit, and this repository of fraud was called, in consequence, *La Friponne.* " The Knave."

Want of space prevents me from crowding in photos of the other accomplished rogues, banded together for public robbery during the expiring years of French domination in Canada.

It is singular to note how many low-born (1) parasites and flatterers surrounded Bigot.

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(1) Servants, laquais and nobodies were named store-keepers, "*leur ignorance et leur bassesse ne furent point un obstacle*", say the *Mémoires*, 1749–60.

In 1755, the wheat harvest having failed, and the produce of former years having been carried out of Canada or else stored in the magazine of Bigot's ring, the people of Canada were reduced to starvation: in many instances they had to subsist on horse flesh and decayed codfish. Instead of having recourse to the wheat stored here, the Intendant's minions led him to believe that wheat was not so scarce as the peasantry pretended, that the peasants refused to sell it, merely in anticipation of obtaining still higher rates; that the Intendant, they argued, ought to issue orders for domiciliary visits in the rural districts; and levy a tax on each inhabitant of the country, for the maintenance of the residents in the city, and of the troops.

Statements were made out, shewing the rations required to prevent the people from dying of hunger. Cadet was charged with the raising of this vexatious impost. In a very short time, he and his clerks had overrun the country, appropriating more wheat than was necessary. Some of the unfortunate peasants, who saw in the loss of their seed wheat starvation and death, loudly complained. A few called at the Intendant's Palace, but the heartless Deschenaux, the Intendant's Secretary, was ever on the watch and had them questioned by his *employés*, and when the object of their visit was discovered, they were ushered into the presence of Deschenaux, who insulted them and threatened to have them imprisoned for thus presuming to complain to the Intendant. Bigot was afterwards advised of their visit, and when they appeared before him, they were so maltreated and bullied that they left, happy at believing that they had not been thrown into prison: soon, none dared complain. Bread was getting scarcer every day. The Intendant had named persons to distribute the bread at the baker's shop, the flour being furnished by Government. The people crowded the bakeries on the days fixed; the loaves were taken by violence; mothers of families used to

complain that they could not get any; they used occasionally to besiege the Intendant at his Palace with their lamentations and prayers, but it was of no avail; the Intendant was surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, who on retiring, gorged from his luxurious board, could not understand how the poor could die of hunger.

Land of my fathers reclaimed from barbarism at the cost of so much blood—so much treasure; bountifully provided with nobles, priests, soldiers, fortifications by the Great Louis; sedulously, paternally watched over by Colbert and Talon: to what depth of despair, shall we say, degradation art thou sunk!

Proud old city, have you then no more defenders to put forth, in your supreme hour of woe and desertion! Has then that dauntless race of *Gentilshommes Canadiens*, the d'Iberville, Ste. Hélène, de Rouville, de Bécancourt, de Repentigny, disappeared without leaving any successors!

And you stern old de Frontenac, you who replied so effectually to the invader through the mouth of your cannon, is your martial spirit quenched for ever, in that loved fortress in which rest your venerated remains, you who at one time (1689) were ready, at the head of your Regulars and fighting Canadians, (1) to carry out

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(1) " He (de Callières), says Parkman, laid before the King a plan, which had, at least, the recommendations of boldness and cheapness. This was to conquer New York with the forces already in Canada, aided only by two ships of war. The blow, he argued, should be struck at once, and the English taken by surprise. A thousand regulars and six hundred Canadian Militia should pass Lake Champlain and Lake George, in canoes and bateaux, cross to the Hudson, and capture Albany, where they would seize all the river craft, and descend the Hudson to the town of New York, which, as Callières states, had then about two hundred houses and four hundred fighting men. The two ships were to cruise at the mouth of the Harbour, and wait the arrival of the troops, which was to be made known to them by concerted signals, whereupon they were to enter and aid in the attack. The

the rash scheme hatched by de Courcelles ; the conquest of New York and destruction of the chief settlements in New England involving the dispersion of more than eighteen thousand people, in the same manner a British Commander sixty-six years later, (in 1755) tore from their homes the peaceable Acadians of *Grand-Pré*. (1)

I could enlarge to any extent the gloomy picture which the history of this drooping period discloses. Two skilful novelists, the one in the English language, Wm. Kirby (2), of Niagara, the other in the French, Joseph Marmette (3) of Quebec, have wooven two graphic and stirring historical romances, out of the materials which the career of the Intendant Bigot and

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whole expedition, he thought, might be accomplished in a month ; so that by the end of October, the King would be master of the country.....

It will be well to observe what were the instructions of the King towards the colony which he proposed to conquer. They were as follows : If any Catholics were found in New York, they might be left undisturbed, provided that they took an oath of allegiance to the King. Officers, and other persons who had the means of paying ransons, were to be thrown into prison. All lands in the colony, except those of Catholics swearing allegiance, were to be taken from the owners, and granted under feudal tenure to the French officers and soldiers. All property, public or private, was to be seized, a portion of it given to the grantees of the land, and the rest sold on account of the King. Mechanics and other workmen might, at the discretion of the commanding officer, be kept as prisoners to work at fortifications and do other labor. The rest of the English and Dutch inhabitants, men, women, and children were to be carried out of the colony, and dispersed in New England, Pennsylvania or other places, in such a manner, that they could not combine in any attempt to recover their property and their country. And that the conquest might be perfectly secure, the nearest settlements of New England were to be destroyed, and those more remote, laid under contribution.—(*Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*, p. 187–9.)

(1) See Appendix, *verbo* " CONQUEST IN NEW YORK."

(2) THE CHIEN D'OR, A LEGEND OF QUEBEC.

(3) L'INTENDANT BIGOT.

the desertion of the colony in its hour of trial, by France, so abundantly supply. One redeeming *trait*, one flash of sunshine lights up the last hour of French domination; the devotion of the Canadian militia towards their oblivious mother-country; their dauntless courage, at the Beauport engagement, after the battle of the Plains, 13 Sept., 1759—and at the battle of Ste. Foye, on the 29th April, 1760, a day glorious to French arms, but at best, a bootless victory.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—You were told at the opening of this address, that the carnival of riotous dissipation, gambling and public plunder, kept up for ten years at Bigot's luxurious palace, on the banks of the St. Charles, by his pampered minions and low-born parasites " would close with the wail of anguish and the roll of the muffled drum. " You shall not have long to wait.

The Morning of the 13th September, 1759, has dawned ; an astounding rumour fills the air ; the citizens of Quebec repeat with bated breath : WOLFE'S ARMY IS AT THE CITY GATES.....

Hark ! What means this deafening roar of artillery, this hissing of shot and shell, these rolling, murderous volleys of musketry in the direction of the heights of Abraham ?.....

Hark ! to these loud cheers, British cheers mixed with the discordant yells of those savage warriors, Fraser's Highlanders ! The fate of a continent has just been decided. The genius of William Pitt has triumphed, though victory was bought at a dear price.

Here comes from St. Louis Gate (1) on his way to

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(1) In accepting the *Château St. Louis* as the spot where Montcalm expired, we still wish to leave the question an open one. Did Montcalm expire at the *Château?* under Dr. Arnoux' roof,? at the General Hospital ? as averred by Capt. John Knox, or possibly, under his own roof, on the Ramparts, near Hope Gate ? this point is not yet cleared up. See disquisition in *Album du Touriste* " Où est mort Montcalm ? "

the *Château*, pale, but dauntless, on a black charger, supported by two grenadiers, one at each side of his horse, a General-Officer wearing the uniform, which won at Fontenoy, won at Laufeldt, as well as at the (1) Monongahéla and at (2) Carillon. A bloody trail crimsons the *Grande Allée*, St. Louis street, on that gloomy September day. My friends, 'tis the life-blood of a hero. Drop in reverential silence, on the moistened earth (3) a sympathetic tear : France's chivalrous leader, the victor on many battle-fields, has returned from his last campaign !

" *Oh ! mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! le marquis est tué* " is repeated by many voices, notably by some women as the death-stricken but intrepid general glides past, to which he courteously replies, trying to quiet their fears, " that he was not seriously hurt and not to distress themselves on his account." " *Ce n'est rien ! ce n'est rien ! ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*"

You have all heard the account of the death-bed scene, of his tender solicitude for the good name of France, of his dying injunctions to De Ramesay, the King's lieutenant in charge of the Quebec Garrison, and to the Colonel of the Roussillon Regiment. " *Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honor of France. Endeavour to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cape-Rouge*; *as for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death* " !

" At nine o'clock in the evening of that 14th of September (1759), a funeral cortege, issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed

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(1) On the 9th July, 1755, De Beaujeu won this brilliant victory.

(2) The 8th July, 1758, has been rendered memorable by Montcalm, his regulars and Canadian Militia, at Carillon.

(3) We are told a light shower of rain fell on the morning of the 13th September, 1759.

streets to the little church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers keep time the measured footsteps of the military escort ; de Ramesay and the officers of the garrison following to their resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the delapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war, a bomb shell. (1) The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me, Domine*, were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts de Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence.

A few citizens had gathered ;—in and among the rest, one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender." (2)

The skull of the Marquis of Montcalm, exhumed in the presence of the Rév. Abbé Maguire, almoner, in 1833, many here present, I am sure, have seen in a casket, reverently exposed in the room of the present almoner of the Ursulines Convent, abbé Ls. George LeMoine.

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(1) See *Appendix*.
(2) " Glimpses of the Ursulines Monastry. "

Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall close this brief summary of the final struggle of French arms, with the sympathetic, sentiments uttered by a United States writer, endeared to us by several graphic sketches of Canadian Life, W. D. Howells, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* a famed novelist:

"That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which, Quebec was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother country was indifferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle; and Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec, is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to earn her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited, on the eve of his costly victory, the "'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' which he would rather have written than beat the French to-morrow;" but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered when told how brief his time was, "So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

APPENDIX.

HORSES.

" L'un des premiers soins du Monarque fut d'y faire passer (au Canada), à ses frais, des chevaux, tant pour faciliter aux colons les travaux de l'agriculture, que pour procurer leur commodité particulière, attendu que jusque-là ils n'avaient pu marcher qu'à l'aide de raquettes pendant l'hiver. Le 16 juillet 1665 on débarqua à Québec douze chevaux, les premiers envoyés de France par le Roi. Il était naturel que les sauvages, à qui ces animaux étaient entièrement inconnus, témoignassent une grande surprise en voyant ces *orignaux de France*: c'est ainsi qu'ils les appelaient, par comparaison avec ces animaux du pays, n'ayant pas de mots dans leur langue pour les désigner. Ce qu'ils admiraient surtout, c'était qu'ils fussent si traitables et si dociles sous la main de leurs cavaliers, qui les faisaient marcher à leur fantaisie (1) Sa Majesté a encore envoyé des chevaux, écrivait en 1667 la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, et on nous a donné pour notre part deux belles juments et un cheval, tant pour la charrue que pour le charroi. (2) " L'année 1670, le Roi envoya pareillement un étalon et douze juments, et les fit distribuer aux gentilshommes du pays, les plus zélés pour la culture des terres: une jument à M. Talon, deux juments à M. de Chambly avec un étalon, une à M. de Sorel, une à M. de Contrecœur, une à M. de Saint-Ours, une à M. de Varenne, deux juments à M. de Lachesnaye, une à M. de Latouche, une à M. de Repentigny, enfin la douzième à M Le Ber.

Voici les conditions auxquelles le Roi faisait ces sortes de dons aux particuliers: ils devaient les nourrir pendant trois ans; et si par leur faute, quelqu'un de ces animaux venait à mourir, celui à qui il avait été donné était obligé de payer au receveur du Roi la somme de deux cents livres. Dans l'autre cas, il pouvait le vendre après les trois ans expirés, ainsi que les poulains qu'il aurait pu avoir; mais avec charge au bout de trois ans, de donner au receveur de Sa Majesté un poulain

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(1) Relation de 1665, p. 25, Journal des Jésuites, 10 juillet 1665.
(2) Lettres de Marie de l'Incarnation, lettre 76e, p. 621.

d'un an pour chaque cheval, ou la somme de cent livres. Il était pareillement ordonné que, lorsque ces poulains que le Roi faisait élever et nourrir seraient parvenus à leur troisième année, on les distribueraient à d'autres particuliers, et toujours aux mêmes conditions. (1) Comme on le voit, ces conditions ne pouvaient être plus avantageuses aux particuliers, ni au pays en général ; aussi Colbert, qui avait tant à cœur de voir fleurir la colonie, écrivait à M. Talon, le 11 février 1671 : " Je tiendrai la main à ce qu'il soit envoyé en Canada des cavales et des ânesses, afin de multiplier ces espèces si nécessaires à la commodité des habitants. (2)" De tous les animaux domestiques envoyés par le Roi dans la Nouvelle-France, les chevaux furent, en effet, ceux qui s'y multiplièrent le plus, quoique le nombre des autres y augmentât d'une manière étonnante. (3) —(*Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Faillon, Vol. III, p. 222.)

EXPORTATION OF CANADIAN CATTLE TO EUROPE.

According to the statistics furnished by Mr. McEachran, V. S., and Government Inspector of live stock, the total shipments for 1879 from Montreal and Quebec from the opening to the close of navigation, as compared with the two preceding years, are as follows:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Cattle	24,823	18,655	6,940
Sheep	78,792	41,250	9,500
Hogs	4,745	2,078	430

The great majority of animals shipped from Quebec were forwarded by rail from Montreal, and large as the increased shipments of cattle, sheep and hogs this year are over 1878 and 1877, the exports next year will doubtless show a still larger increase as compared with those of 1879.—(*Quebec Mercury*, 28th Nov., 1879.)

Mr. J. A. Couture, veterinary surgeon, the officer in charge of the Point-Levi cattle quarantine, furnishes the following

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(1) Archives de la Marine, vol. Canada, T. II, de 1670 à 1676, 20 août 1670.
(2) *Ibid.*, lettres de Colbert à M. Talon, 11 février 1671.
(3) Relation de 1668, p. 3.

figures regarding the Canadian Cattle Trade during the season of 1879. The total number of live stock shipped, at Montreal was 17,101 head of cattle ; 59,907 sheep, and 3.468 hogs. From this port the shipments were 4,000 head of cattle, 17,274 sheep, and 188 hogs ; or a grand total from the two shipping ports of 21,112 head of cattle ; 77,181 sheep and 3,656 hogs. The estimated value of this live stock is, cattle, $2,111,200 ; sheep, $771,810 ; and hogs, $52,720 ; or a grand total of $2,935,730. The value of the forage exported with this stock for food, averaging the trip of each steamship at ten days, is placed at $92,690 ; and the estimated sums paid to the various steamship lines for freight is $583,900.—(*Quebec Mercury*, 24th Nov., 1879.)

SHIP-BUILDING AT QUEBEC UNDER FRENCH DOMINATION.

" La construction des vaisseaux était une autre branche d'industrie que Louis XIV avait à cœur d'introduire en Canada ; et dans ce dessein, il eut soin d'y faire passer tous les ouvriers nécessaires, ainsi que d'autres, pour préparer des bois propres à cette construction et les transporter en France. Peu après son arrivée en Canada, M. Talon donna tous ses soins à un objet de si grande importance. " Il faut couper des bois de toute sorte, lit-on dans la Relation de 1667, qui se trouvent par tout le Canada, et qui donnent facilité aux Français et aux autres, qui viennent s'y habituer, de s'y loger dès leur arrivée. Il fait faire des mâtures, dont il envoie cette année des essais à La Rochelle pour servir à la marine. Il s'est appliqué, de plus, aux bois propres à la construction des vaisseaux, dont l'épreuve a été faite en ce pays par la bâtisse d'une barque, qui se trouve de bon service, et d'un gros vaisseau tout prêt à être mis à l'eau (1). " Dans l'état de la dépense du Roi pour l'année 1671, nous lisons cet article remarquable : " Quarante mille livres pour être employées à la construction des vaisseaux qui se font en Canada, comme aussi à la coupe et à la façon des bois envoyés de ce pays pour les constructions qui se font dans les ports du royaume (2). Le premier de ces vaisseaux, auxquels on travaillait l'année 1672, devait être du poids de quatre à cinq cents tonneaux ; et, dans le même temps, on se disposait à en construire un

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(1) Relation de 1667, p. 3.
(2) Archives de la Marine. Registre des dépêches de Colbert pour les Indes, 1671, fol. 18.

autre plus considérable encore, dont tous les matériaux étaient déjà prêts (1). L'un de ces bâtiments étant enfin achevé, on demanda au Roi qu'il voulut bien le laisser dans la colonie, ce qui pourtant n'eut pas lieu (2)." *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Cauada*, Faillon, Vol. III, p. 256.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW YORK.

"Louis XIV," says Parkman, "commanded that eighteen thousand unoffending persons should be stripped of all they possessed, and cast out to the mercy of the wilderness. The atrocity of the plan is matched by its folly. The King gave explicit orders, but he gave neither ships, nor men, enough to accomplish them; and the Dutch farmers, goaded to desperation, would have cut his sixteen hundred soldiers to pieces." (3)

THE DEATH OF MONTCALM.

(From Lt.-Col. Beatson's Notes, "THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.")

MONTCALM, conspicuous in front of the left wing of his line, and WOLFE, at the head of the 28th Regiment and the Louis-

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(1) Relation de 1672, p. 2.
(2) Archives de la Marine. Registre des dépêches, années 1674 et 1675. Lettre du 16 mai 1676 à M. de Frontenac.
(3) *Mémoire pour servir d'Instruction à Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac sur l'Entreprise de la Nouvelle-York*, 7 *juin* 1689.
"Si parmy les habitants de la Nouvelle-York il se trouve des Catholiques de la fidélité desquels il croye se pouvoir asseurer, il pourra les laisser dans leurs habitations, après leur avoir fait prester serment de fidélité à Sa Majesté.....Il pourra aussi garder, s'il le juge à propos, des artisans ot autres gens de service nécessaires pour la culture des terres, ou pour travailler aux fortifications, en qualité de prisonniers.....
Il faut retenir en prison les officiers et les principaux habitants, desquels on pourra retirer des rançons. A l'esgard de tous les autres étrangers (*ceux qui ne sont pas Français*), hommes, femmes et enfants, Sa Majesté trouve à propos qu'ils soient mis hors de la Colonie et envoyés à la Nouvelle-Angleterre, à la Pensylvanie, ou en d'autres endroits qu'il jugera à propos, par mer ou par terre, ensemble ou séparément, le tout suivant qu'il le trouvera plus seûr pour les dissiper et empescher qu'en se réunissant ils ne puissent donner occasion à des entreprises contre cette Colonie. Il envoyera en France les Français fugitifs qu'il pourra trouver, et particulièrement ceux de la Religion Prétendue-Réformée (*Huguenots*).—(New York Col. Docs. IX, 422.)
Vide.—Le Roy à Denonville, 7 *juin* 1689 ; *le Ministre à Denonville, même date ; le Ministre à Frontenac, même date ; ordre du Roy à Vaudreuil, même date ; le Roy au Sieur de la Caffinière, même date ; Champigny au Ministre*, 16 *Nov.*, 1689.

bourg Grenadiers, towards the right of the British line, must have been nearly opposite to each other at the commencement of the battle, which was most severe in that part of the field: and, by a singular coincidence, each of these heroic leaders had been twice wounded during the brief conflict before he received his last and fatal wound.

But the valiant Frenchman, regardless of pain, relaxed not his efforts to rally his broken battalions in their hurried retreat towards the city until he was shot through the loins, when within a few hundred yards of St. Louis Gate. And so invincible was his fortitude that not even the severity of this mortal stroke could abate his gallant spirit or alter his intrepid bearing. Supported by two grenadiers—one on each side of his horse, he re-entered the city: and in reply to some women who, on seeing blood flow from his wounds as he rode down St. Louis Street, on his way to the Château, exclaimed *Oh. mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!* courteously assured them that he was not seriously hurt, and begged of them not to distress themselves on his account.—*Ce n'est rien! ce n'est rien! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.* (1)

The last words of WOLFE, imperishably enshrined in the pages of History, still excite, after the lapse of a century, the liveliest admiration and sympathy: and similar interest may, perhaps, be awakened by the following brief narrative of the closing scene in the eventful career of his great opponent.

MONTCALM, when his wounds had been examined, enquired whether they were mortal; and being answered in the affirmative, said, *I am glad of it: how long can I survive?—Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less,* was the reply. *So much the better,* rejoined he; *for then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec* (2).

"Being afterwards visited by M. de Ramezay—who, with "the title of *Lieutenant-du-Roi*, commanded the garrison— "and the Commandant de Roussillon, he said to them, "*Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honour of France.* "*Endeavour to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond* "*Cap-Rouge; as for myself, I shall past the night with God,* "*and prepare for death.*"

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(1) For these particulars I am indebted to my friend Mr. G. B. Faribault, a gentleman well known in Canada for his researches into the history of the Colony; whose information on the subject was derived from his much respected fellow-citizen the Hon. John Malcolm Fraser, grandson of one of WOLFE'S officers, and now (1858) one of the oldest inhabitants of Quebec; where, in his childhood and youth, he had the facts, as above narrated, often described to him by an elderly woman who, when about eighteen years of age, was an eye-witness of the scene. R. S. B.

(2) BEATSON'S *Naval and Military Memoirs of Great Britain:* 1790.

Copy of the Epitaph prepared by the Academy of Inscriptions at Paais, for the Marquis of Montcalm's tomb; leave was asked by the French Government to have the marble tablet, on which it was inscribed, sent out to Quebec, and granted by the English Government. (*Vide William Pitt's Letter, 10th April*, 1761.) This inscription, for some cause or other, never reached Quebec.

EPITAPH.

Hic jacet,
Utroque in orbe æternum victurus,
LUDOVICUS JOSEPHUS DE MONTCALM GOZON,
Marchio Sancti Verani, Baro Gabriaci,
Ordinis Sancti Ludovici Commendator.
Legatus-Generalis Exercituum Gallicorum;
Egregius et Civis et Miles,
Nullius rei appetens præterquam veræ laudis,
Ingenio felici, et literis exculto;
Omnes Militiæ gradus per continua decora emensus,
Omnium Belli Artium, temporum, discriminum gnarus,
In Italia, in Bohemia, in Germania
Dux industrius.
Mandata sibi ita semper gerens ut majoribus par haberetur,
Jam clarus periculis
Ad tutandam Canadensem Provinciam missus,
Parva militum manu Hostium copias non semel repulit,
Propugnacula cepit viris armisque instructissima.
Algoris, inediæ, vigiliarum, laboris patiens,
Suis unice prospiciens, immemor sui,
Hostis acer, victor mansuetus.
Fortunam virtute, virium inopiam peritia et celeritate compensavit;
Imminens Coloniæ fatum et concilio et manu per quadriennium sustinuit,
Tandem ingentem Exercitum Duce strenuo et audaci,
Classemque omni bellorum mole gravem,
Multiplici prudentiâ diu ludificatus,
Vi pertractus ad dimicandum,
In prima acie, in primo conflictu vulneratus,
Religioni quam semper coluerat innitens,
Magno suorum desiderio, nec sine hostium mœrere.
Extinctus est
Die XIV. Sept., A. D. MDCCLIX, ætat. XLVIII.
Mortales optimi ducis exuvias in excavatâ humo,
Quam globus bellicus decidens dissiliensque defoderat,
Galli lugentes deposuerunt,
Et generosæ hostium fidei commendârunt.

The Annual Register for 1762.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

OF J. M. LEMOINE, PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DELIVERED ON 25TH NOVEMBER, 1881.

SUBJECT: "EDINBURGH,—ROUEN,—YORK."

GLIMPSES, IMPRESSIONS AND CONTRASTS.

EDINBURGH.

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town."

(*Marmion.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As President, it is my duty, a pleasant one, rest assured, to open this evening, our annual winter-course of lectures. On more occasions than one, your indulgence has made me forget my repugnance to address a public meeting. More than once, instead of being reminded of my shortcomings, I have found myself surrounded in these rooms, by friendly faces, greeted by cheerful, encouraging looks. In *lieu* of presenting you historical *tableaux* of the early, shall I say with the late Lord Elgin, "the heroic times of Canada," as oft' I have done, I shall to-night ask your attention and beckon you to follow me, far from our Canadian home. We shall indulge in a ramble, short though it be, over a foreign, but not unfriendly, land, in that haunted,

olden world from whence sprang our fathers. With your permission, we shall dwell for a few moments on the performances, follow the foot-prints, treasure up the experience of those who have preceeded us ; if possible, benefit by their wisdom, endeavour to learn from them, let us hope, some not useless lessons. A limited but agreeable sojourn abroad, which brought me, on many points, to think still higher of my own country, has also made more manifest to me than it was hitherto how many useful hints, how many teachings, the records, the monuments, the sights of other cities can furnish. It is my intention to select for our study to-night three conspicuous cities of Europe, in order to seek for contrasts if any, between them and our own ancient town. In the course of my wanderings in England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, &c., no sites, by their historical *souvenirs*, edifices, monuments, and scenery, have attracted me more than Edinburgh, Rouen and York ; though of course, I have met with cities more wealthy, more extensive, more populous. In fact, there are striking analogies, as well as unmistakable points of contrast, between these antique towns and the capital of this Province, our own picturesque city. A glance at Edinburgh, Rouen, York, may point out how the hand of man can increase the advantages, add lustre to the charms which nature has conferred and make of a city, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Possibly, we may find that wealth and population in cities, flow through various, sometimes unrevealed channels ; that true progress does not mean a wanton destruction of the externals of a revered past ; that whilst a progressive community is expected to throw open wide its portals to the fertilising wave of commercial activity, it can be helped to achieve importance, prosperity, nay fame, by preserving intact, for coming generations, as sacred heirlooms, the monuments of its history, the landmarks of its patriotic struggles, the sacred remains, in verity, of its former self. Let

us begin by a short sketch of the "Modern Athens," the Queen City of the North, Edinburgh, whose quaint old, and beautiful new, town are familiar to many present here to-night. It was my good fortune to view the Scotch capital under circumstances which must ever leave in my mind an impression as lasting as it was pleasant. I saw it triumphant, most gaudy, in full holiday attire; its streets, its squares, its parks and public edifices, decked with much bunting, the gayest of flags, floral designs, triumphal arches, festive wreaths in the broad light of day, whilst by night the pageant's splendor was dazzling with Brush's (1) electric light and myriads of gas lamps: all this in anticipation of the advent of royalty, to grace the great national Military Review. Proudly deployed, with streaming banners, under the walls of Holyrood, the historic palace of the royal Stuarts, stood, as if animated with but one heart, one impulse, 42,000 Scotch Volunteers; many regiments in the picturesque mountaineers costume; a body of men as to physique, martial-bearing, manly beauty, unsurpassed, I dare to say, on any point of the globe. They stood erect, calm, as calm, I would fain believe, as their fathers had stood on another historic spot, I had just visited three days previous, at Hougomont, on the vast plain of Brussels; except that instead of the frenzy of battle lighting up their eye, no other frenzy stirred them, but that of loyalty to that "illustrious Sovereign and gracious Lady," to use the eloquent and recent words of President Arthur at Yorktown, our gentle Queen, who for the first time, I then had a chance of seeing. Among Victoria's 250,000,000 of subjects, none I felt could exceed in devotion the stalwart volunteers of "Auld Scotia," who from every city every hamlet of the little Scotch world had, as if a pibroch had sounded on the hills, mustered from all directions on the 25th August last.

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(1) Brush's Electric Light, was then, on trial, in Edinburgh.

Is his loyalty to his sovereign a part of the Scotchman's strength, one of the elements which helps him on, the world over, in life's hard struggle?

It is not only in distant portions of the British Empire we find the Scot to the front in the field of thought or mart of commerce; our own Dominion testifies also to that fact. I hope I may not give offence even in this period of upheaval, when the tide of popular rights is surging so high, in saying, *en passant*, a word in favor of successful loyalty. *(Loud applause.)*

That August week was indeed a bustling, busy one for all Edinburgh. The iron-horse had just landed my daughter and myself, late at night, after the long ride from Euston Square Railway Station, London, under the shadow of the gorgeous monument erected on Princes street, in 1844, at the cost of $80,000 to the man in Scottish literature, I revered the most: Sir Walter Scott. The first sunbeam brought me across the street, on my bedroom window, the exquisite tracery of this lofty and graceful shaft.

Every object round me seemed to repeat the name and bespeak the renown of the famous minstrel, the "Ariosto of the North": Waverley Monument, Waverley Hotel, Waverly Garden, Waverley Station, Waverley Market. In fact it looked as if the first to greet me was the immortal author of Waverley, "from his monument seated on a rock, in his niche, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, with a book and pen in his hand, resting on his knee and his favorite dog, Maida, lying at his feet, and looking up wistfully at his master;" all so well depicted on the marble.

There was poesy, genius, patriotism, confronting me, in the streets, in the air, above, below; all around me Scott's fame overshadowed, permeated, glorified the land. *(Applause.)* I was too full of Waverley lore, of Lockhart's life-like portraiture of Sir Walter, to be easily satisfied. An Edinburgh barrister, distantly connected with Scott's family, Mr. Thomas Scott, procured

me an *entrée* to Scott's town house in Castle street (now owned by Scotch Merchants) and on my stating I had come all the way from Canada, a pilgrim to the land of Scott and Burns, I was permitted, thanks to my cicerone, to invade the sanctum of commerce and to pry into a sanctum to me much more holy. I was introduced into the very room in which so much of Scott's literary labor was performed; the courteous merchant retiring from the table, I was allowed to sit in the very spot, at the identical table (the furniture having been religiously preserved), where in June, 1814, occurred the now famous scene of the " unwearied hand " which had that night startled William Menzies and his jolly fellow-students, convivially engaged, so graphically recalled by Lockhart. (1) The elevated window in the yard opposite, through which the students looked in, on Sir Walter writing at the table where I now sat, is still the same. My eye scanned it closely, measuring the distance and the extent of the diminutive grass plot, in the little court adjoining Scott's " den " as Lockhart styles it.

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(1) " Happening to pass through Edinburgh, in June, 1814, I dined one day with the gentleman in question (now the Honorable William Menzies, one of the Supreme Judges at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the Bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. " No," said he, " I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me, here, which has often bothered me before and now it

Alas! how many changes in the Edinburgh world during these sixty-seven intervening years (1814-81) and Scott's memory is still fragrant, nay, greener and fresher each year! In this iron age of utiliterianism, laying aside the intellectual aspect of the question, how much in hard cash have Scott's writings been worth yearly to the land of his birth? My obliging cicerone called my attention to Muschat's cairn, near Holyrood, as well as to the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel; we rambled on foot through the south-back of Cannongate and Cowgate to Grass Market, passing through into Cowgate, what was once the abode of prelates and nobles, now, of labourers and old furniture brokers; close by, had been enacted the Porteous mob tragedy; John Knox's old fashioned tenement and the neighboring closes were not forgotten. The crush in Edinburgh was such—not a bed to be had in the hotels—unless bespoken weeks previous, that we came to the conclusion to run down by train, some thirty-seven miles, and rest under the shadow of Melrose Abbey, until the Volunteers and the numberless strangers, attracted by the review should have left. The little town of Melrose

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w'ont let me fill my glass with a good will." I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing of Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye; it never stops: page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied, and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—and I can'not stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."—"Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk probably," exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. "No, boys," said our host, "I well know what hand it is"—"t'is Walter Scott's." This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of Waverley. Would that all who that night watched it, had profited by its example of diligence as William Menzies"! (*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. IV, pp. 28-9, American Edition.*)

is but an hour by train from the Scotch capital; and at 4 p. m. on that day, we were confortably ensconsed in the *George and Abbotsford Hotel*, in view of the lofty, broken minarets of Melrose Abbey, so sweetly sung in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* We did not even wait for the pale moon to shed her pale light over the weird, time-honored cloister of St. Mary:

> " If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
> When the broken arches are black in night,
> And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
> When the cold light's uncertain shower
> Streams on the ruined central tower;
> When buttress and buttress, alternately,
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
> When silver edges the imagery,
> And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
> When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave
> Then go—but go alone the while—
> Then view St. David's ruined pile;
> And, home returning, soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair! "

Here is what our intelligent guide tells us :—" Melrose Abbey, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, was founded in 1136 by David I. It was granted by royal charter to the Cistercian order of monks, which had a short time previously been instituted in France. The monastery at Melrose was a mother church to all Cistercian order in Scotland. In the retreat from Scotland of Edward II, in 1322, the English wreaked their vengeance on religious houses, and they despoiled the fair shrine of Melrose. In order to repair the abbey, King Robert made a grant to the abbot of Melrose of £2,000 (1) for rebuilding the church of St. Mary. It is to this destruction of the church that is due the

(1) Equal to about £50,000 of our money.

exceeding beauty of the view, for when the church was restored, the Gothic style of architecture had reached its finest development. The original church must have been a rude erection, when the whole monastery was built in ten years, for work was not done at railway speed in those days, but it would not be easy to say how many years were required to build the one whose very ruins delight every eye.

In the year 1384, the English, under Richard II, made an inroad to Scotland, and on their return the King lodged one night in the Abbey, and set fire to it in the morning. He made several grants to the Abbey afterwards, which leads us to hope that his majesty repented the ungrateful and sacrilegeous act. It may be that the chancel of the church was destroyed at that time, for the style of architecture there is the perpendicular Gothic, which commenced in the reign of Richard II. The stone used in this part of the building is different from that in the transepts. The transepts may well be considered as the oldest portion of what now comprises Melrose Abbey. The monastery at Melrose was destroyed in 1545 by the Earl of Hetford. There is a tradition that the English, on their way back to England at that time, had actually passed the monasteries of Melrose and Dryburg, when the bells at one of these places were rung to express the joy of the inmates. The English, hearing the sound, were not slow to come back, when the joy was changed into mourning. The Scottish Reformation following shortly after, the Abbey never recovered from the destruction perpetrated at that time.

After the Reformation, James Douglas, commendator, took down a great part of the ruin to build houses. The date on one of the windows in 1590. The statues were demolished in 1649; and for a long period the Abbey was used as a quarry by the people of Melrose. It is said that there is not an old house in the town, but has, in its walls, a stone from the Abbey. Since the Abbey came

into the possession of the Buccleuch family, every thing has been done, and is being done, to keep the ruin from further decay. The monastery buildings, were all on the North side of the church; it took a wall a mile in circuit to enclose them. The rules of the Cistercian order were very strict, and for a long period were rigidly enforced. When a time of laxity came, there were vigorous efforts made to return to the strictness of discipline and holiness of life inculcated at the first. But wealth flowed into the monastery. The nobles, stimulated by the royal example, heaped benefits upon it; and the Monks, like Jeshurun of old, waxed fat, and kicked off the restraints of godly discipline, and holiness of life was forgotten" so said our guide.

The shafts of satyre were aimed at them, as may be gathered from an old popular ballad.

> "The monks of Melrose made gude kail
> On Friday when they fasted;
> Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
> As lang's their neighbours' lasted."

"Melrose Abbey, like all other churches of the older times, stands due east and west. From the west entrance to the Abbey until the organ screen is reached, little of the original structure remains, excepting the side chapels, which formed the outer portion of the south side. The first three of these chapels have been roofless for generations, the separating walls have also entirely disappeared. The roof over the fourth and fifth are still entire. What remains of the organ screen, crosses the nave on a line with the division of the fifth and sixth chapels, and from thence to the transept, the church is quite roofed over from north to south. The aisles, north and south, are covered by the original ground-roof. The roof over the nave and a piece of common masonry on the north side, reaching to and supporting the roof, were both erected in 1618, when

that part of the ruin was fitted up for a Presbyterian place of worship. It continued to be used as such, until 1810. The first six of the chapels in the south aisle have been used since the Reformation as places of sepulture by families of note in the neighbourhood. In the seventh, are carved representations of the heads of David I, and of his Queen Matilda. Standing upright in the eighth, is an ancient kneeling stone, on one side of which is the likeness of four horse-shoes: and on the top an inscription in Saxon characters. It reads thus—

Orate Pro
Animâ Frat.
Petre AERaRii.
"Pray for the soul of brother Peter, the treasurer."

The charm of Melrose Abbey lies as much in the exquisite delicacy of the carving, and the beauty of the various parts, as in the graceful symmetry and united grandeur of the entire structure. The most perfect specimen of carving is pronounced by connaisseurs to be that on the capital of the pillar which bounds the south aisle on the east, separating the aile from the nave. This carving represents the leaf of the curly greens, or kale; and is so delicate and beautiful as to resemble the finest lace. The pillar on which appears this specimen of monastic taste and skill, rises on the north side to another capital, at the spring of the lofty and beautiful arch, which, with three others, supported the central tower. From the south transept, where this carving is generally best seen, can also be observed a small round window, high in the wall of the north transept. This window, of which the tracery is quite entire, is said to represent the Crown of Thorns," but we must interrupt our glib cicerone. It is supposed that there were originally sixteen altars in the Abbey. In this corner lies, according to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the grave of the famous Wizard Michael

Scott. The grave next to it is believed to be that of Sir Ralph Ivers, one of the English commanders slain at the battle of Ancrum River. Beyond a footpath at the head of these graves, on the north-east side of a heap of fragments, is a stone which was a favorite seat with Sir Walter Scott, when he came to feast on the grand and varied beauty of the scene. Under the floor of the chancel repose the ashes of many of the illustrious dead. Alexander II was buried here, as was also Waldevus, the second abbot of the monastery. The body of Douglas, the dark knight of Liddesdale, otherwise called the Flower of Chivalry, who was slain by a kinsman while hunting in Ettrich Forest during the reign of David II, was brought here for interment, after having lain one night in Lindean Kirk. James, Earl Douglas, slain by Hotspur (Earl Percy) at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, was also interred here with great military pomp and every honor that could be paid by the abbot and monks. The English spoiled the tombs of the Douglases in 1544, and for this they suffered severe retribution at Ancrum Miur in the following year. But the chief deposit in the Abbey, and that over which the ruin may well be considered a fitting and appropriate monument, is the "Heart of Robert the Bruce." In the King's last letter to his son, written about a month before his death, he commanded that his heart be buried in Melrose Abbey. But subsequently to that he wished rather that it might be sent to Palestine and buried in the Holy Sepulchre. Sir James Douglass, entrusted with the sacred deposit, set sail with a numerous and splendid retinue. In Spain he encountered the Saracens; and being too brave to retreat, he was overpowred by numbers and fell. The body was recovered and brought back for burial; and the heart of the Master he loved and served so well was interred, agreeably with the former wish of the King, under the High Altar of Melrose Abbey. The chancel

is lighted by three beautiful windows; the one to the east is that of which Sir Walter Scott has thus written:

> "The moon on the east oriel shone
> Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
> By foliaged tracery combined:
> Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
> Twixt poplars straight, the ozier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The cloisters are much admired for the chasteness and beauty of the carving. The cloister door is that by which the aged monk in the "Lay" is said to have brought Sir William of Deloraine when he came at the request of the Lady of Buccleuch to take the book from the grave of the wizard. In the Gothic, nature alone was imitated; hence the endless variety and beauty of the designs. In the ornamented freize, running along above the false Gothic arches on the east wall, no two of the ornamental figures are alike; it is thus described by Lockhart. "There is one cloister in particular, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants, entirely unrivalled, to my mind by anything elsewhere extant. I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever. Roses and lilies, and thistles, and ferns, and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiselled with such inimitable truth, and such grace of nature, that the finest botanist in the world could not desire a better hortus siccus, so far as they go." It is said that the stones of the floor in front of the seats on the east cover the ashes of many of the departed.

> "The pillared arches over their head—
> Beneath their feet, the bones of the dead."

It would be difficult indeed. to say whereabouts in the Abbey, the dead have not been buried. Tom

Purdie's tomb, in the churchyard, near the Abbey must not be forgotten; here on a large red tombstone erected by Sir Walter, can be read the inscription to his loyal Woodforester, who died on the 29th Oct., 1829. (1)

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(1) On the west side is inscribed:

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF
THE FAITHFUL
AND ATTACHED SERVICES
OF
TWENTY-TWO YEARS;
AND IN SORROW
FOR THE LOSS OF A HUMBLE
BUT SINCERE FRIEND,
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,
OF ABBOTSFORD.

The inscription on the east side runs thus—

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
THOMAS PURDIE,
WOOD FORESTER,
AT ABBOTSFORD,
WHO DIED 29TH OCTOBER
1829,
AGED SIXTY-TWO YEARS.

———o———

"THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFULL
OVER A FEW THINGS;
I WILL MAKE THEE RULER
OVER MANY THINGS."
MATTHEW CHAP. XXV. V. 21st.

T'is indeed a grand old shrine for pilgrims of every nation, though a ruin. Let us recall its palmy days of yore.

" Imagine the roofs of Melrose Abbey, its flying buttresses and gothic pinnacles all entire; the tower whole, surmounted by its open balustrade, and reverberating with its harmonious chimes of bells; imagine the windows perfect, and filled, with their many coloured glass, —and you have before you, what was in former ages an object af unbounded reverence and admiration, to the brave—the good and the true land which Bruce had rescued from the hands of the destroyer; the land which Wallace had trod"—the land dear to many here to-night " auld Scotland." (*Loud applause.*)

We took an open carriage at the *George*, to reach from Melrose to Abbotsford, a very beautiful drive of three miles, following the windings of the Tweed, Sir Walter's cherished Tweed, through an undulating, pastoral country. Owing to a depression in the land and an intervening grove of trees, Abbotsford is not seen except when you arrive close by; there it sits, graceful and picturesque, on a terrace facing the Tweed. The Mansion, as we all know, was built up at different times, and more in accordance with Scott's fancies than any regular plan. After waiting some time for the return of the porter, absent escorting a party of American tourists, through the Castle, our turn came. It was shall I confess it, with most indescribable feelings, I ascended the stone steps of the narrow staircase, leading to the once busy haunt of thought above. Curiosity, joy, regret, each seemed successively to claim mastery over my mind. Often had I heard it stated that Abbotsford does not come up to the ideal embalmed in Lockhart's pages. It may be so, for some; especially for those accustomed to the quasi-regal design of many mansions of the Plutocracy in the old and in the new world. I cannot say I experienced any disappointment, especially when I looked out on the rushing

Tweed, from the main window in the Library, from which commanding point I could watch the circling eddies, (the river was swollen by the rain of the previous night) and hear the murmur of the silvery stream. The closing scene of Scott's life, so tenderly recalled by his biographer and friend, John Gibson Lockhart, I mostly fancied I could see it. " About half past one p. m., on the 21st September, (1832,) Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. "

I must proceed—The external walls of Abbotsford are adorned with many old carved stones which have figured at one time in very different situations. On one above the visitors entrance can be traced the inscription, " Ye Sutors of Selkirk, " and the whole building may be called a compound of the Gothic with the castellated, and will ever be admired as a realisation of the poet's thought rather than a structure of so much stone and lime. To enable strangers to see the interior without disturbing the privacy of the family, the late Mr. Hope Scott built more rooms towards the west, and arranged that visitors should enter by the old Hall; so that the Study, Library, Drawing-Room, Armoury and Entrance Hall, are now given up at certain seasons of the year for the gratification of the thousands of strangers who come from all parts of the earth to visit this shrine.

The rumour circulated by the press, that Abbotsford had recently passed from the possession of its present owner, Mr. Maxwell Scott, to that of Baron Albert Grant, of Lombard street, London, is incorrect. I have as my authority the Baron's own word. The Entrance Hall was the first part of the house which was shewn

us. "The floor is laid with black and white marble, the walls lined with old oak panels from Dunfermline Abbey, and the groined roof painted to correspond. Round the cornice there is a line of armorial shields of the families who kept the borders, such as the Douglases, Kerrs, Scotts, Turnbulls, Maxwells, Chisholms, Elliots and Armstrongs; and all round the walls are hung coats of mail, pieces of armour, and curiosities, or as Burns would have put it,

> "A fouth o'auld nick nackets,
> Rusty iron caps and jingling tackets
> Would keep the Lothians three in jackets
> A towmon guid."

Among special things pointed out, are the keys of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, known as the "Heart of Midlothian;" a clock which belonged to Marie Antoinette; and a suit of clothes at one time worn by Sir Walter, consisting of a broad skirted green coat, plaid-trousers, heavy shoes, and broad-brimmed hat. From this we passed into the armoury, which runs across the house, and forms a sort of ante-room between the dining and drawing-room. It contains some curious coffers and interesting pieces of armour, such as the breast-plate of James IV, Rob Roy's gun. Montrose's sword, Claverhouse's pistols, James VI's hunting bottle, Robert Bruce's candlestick, Queen Mary's offering box, &c., as well as some specimens of Indian weapons. The Drawing-room is a moderate-sized room, with two windows looking toward the Tweed, covered with a quaint Chinese paper. In one corner stands a beautiful tortoiseshell cabinet, which is said to have belonged to Queen Mary; and on the walls are hung Raeburn's full-lenght portrait of Sir Walter, and portraits of Lady Scott and daughter. There are also a frame of fine water-colour drawing by Turner, and a curious painting of the head of Queen Mary after execution. Next comes the library, the largest room of the suite about 50 by 30 feet, and con-

taining about 20,000 volumes. The roof is deeply groined and embossed with roses and other ornements copied from Melrose Abbey and Roslin Chapel and in an oak niche at the east end stands Chantrey's bust of the Poet. Above the fire-place hangs a full-lenght portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, painted by Sir William Allan. Two richly-carved chairs, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, and other interesting pieces of furniture, mostly presents to Sir Walter, are arranged round the walls; a circular table in a recess contains many curious relics, such as Napoleon's writing portfolio, snuff boxes, &c. The Study is a smaller room, next the Library, also filled with books in oak cases, and in one corner in the stair leading up to Sir Walter's bed room, arranged so that he could slip down quietly in the mornings, and have his day's work finished before his visitors came down to breakfast. In the centre stands the writing table and leather covered arm chair which he used in writing, the most interesting relics in the house. In a small recess there is another object of peculiar interest —the bronze cast of his head, taken after death. Regretting that the rules of the house restrict visitors to merely seeing these rooms, with my companion we wandered about the garden, gathered some ivy, and then drove to Scott's last home—where we read in St. Mary's aisle of Dryburgh Abbey, the inscription on his tomb. Dryburgh Abbey, as the name implies, was founded on the site of a druidical temple, where christian missionaries lived over thirteen centuries ago. The founders were Hugo de Morville and his wife Béatrix de Beauchamp, in the year 1150.

Returning to Melrose, I paid a second visit to the Abbey; we then took train, for Edinburgh, which we reached early. Of all the interesting spots I visited in the metropolis of Scotland, none were more so than Edinburgh castle; the guide, an old sergeant well up in Scottish lore, received us at the gate: we followed in the wake of some Scotch volunteers. An old draw-

bridge, batteries for the defence of which will be observed on each flank, crosses a dry *fossé*, now forming a capital "fives court" for the use of the garrison.

Turning to the right, the first object of interest as we trod the rock-o'vershadowed "covert way," was an ancient gateway, within which the grooves where the portcullis descended and the fittings for massive gates may be seen. The structure over the gateway was formerly a State Prison, having had distinguished prisoners, such as the Marquis of Argyle, immured in it; and was last used as a prison about eighty years ago. The two hounds sculptured over the gateway recall the time when the Duke of Gordon was Governor, at the period of the Revolution. The Argyle Battery on the right, the Armoury, with storage for 30,000 stand of arms, down a roadway in front, and the officers' quarters, occupying the lesser height on the west of the rock, present no special feature of interest. We followed a causeway leading past these buildings, entering the citadel by a steep road on the left leading under a gateway. In the palace court there is the small apartment in which the Regalia, the ancient "honours" of Scotland, are shown, and the octagonal room, with panelled and inscribed walls, within which Mary, Queen of Scots gave birth to James "First and Sixth." From the window of the latter room a magnificent view to the south-east is obtained. The crown jewels, have been well described by Scott and by Lockhart. "Leaving the courtyard, on the right is seen the Half Moon Battery, with the clock and gun by which the audible one o'clock signal is fired daily from the ramparts. Ascending a few steps, the summit is reached, called the King's Bastion, on which is placed the ancient cannon called Mons Meg. "Many legendary stories of this piece of ordnance exist, but the presence of an almost identical gun called Mad Meg at the corner of Friday Market, in the city of Ghent, gives support to the Flemish origin of the gun found here." Her Majesty

the Queen being that day expected to arrive at Holyrood, when the volunteers review was to take place on the morrow, we were not admitted to visit the interior of this historic pile ; our obliging friend, Mr. Scott, pointed out to us in front of the palace a fully carved fountain, a restoration of a like structure at Linlithgow Palace, and presenting effigies of historical personages from early times. The handsome railing extending on both sides were erected round the Palace on the visit of George IV, in 1822.

In the interior our friend described the historic rooms of the Palace. " They are to the left, and consist of the Picture Gallery or Throne Room, with portraits of Scottish kings, historic and legendary, from 330 B. C. ; of Queen Mary's Bed-Room, Supper Room, Private Room, Lord Darnley's Room, &c. " The rooms and stair-cases are highly interesting, but the furniture shown is of very doubtful authenticity. The Abbey is only now represented by the ruined nave, some parts of which, notably the western doorway and tower, and the intertwined arcade on the north wall, are of considerable interest architecturally. The contents of the rooms and Abbey are numbered and catalogued." We wandered around the Queen's Drive, seeing thus the greatest extent of the Royal Park. By walking over the Radical Road, whence a singularly interesting view of the city is obtained, and thence clambering up one or other of the well-marked footpaths to the summit of Arthur Seat, 822 feet above the level of the sea, a great enjoyment is in store. On completing the circuit of the hill, and reaching again the level of Holyrood, the site of Muschat's Cairn, famous in the *Heart of Midlothian*—was seen. On the spur of rock overhanging St. Margaret's Loch, St Anthony's Well, a perennial spring issues from below a large stone, and St. Margaret's Well, in the hillside. The Scott monument on Princes street—the most superb thoroughfare in the city—is an open Gothic canopy or Eleonor Cross. Many

of the details of the monument are copied from the ruins of Melrose Abbey. An internal stair admits to four galleries at different levels, from the highest of which (180 feet from the street level,) a particularly interesting view of Edinburgh is obtained. In the niches are a large number of statues representing characters in the Waverley novels ; the best in point of artistic power being that of Diana Vernon, by George Lawson, a Scottish sculptor residing in London. This figure is on the outside niche of the south-east pier. Under the canopy is Sir John Steell's marble statue of Scott, having his favorite dog " Maida " beside him. A cast from this statue was recently made by Sir John Steell for the Central Park in New York. Next to this monument, stands a bronze statue to Adam Black, publisher, and once, Lord Provost and member of Parliament for the city.

This is the work of John Hutchinson, R. S. A. A few yards farther west, is seen Christopher North's, a bronze statue in which Sir John Steell has reproduced with great success the noble leonine presence of Professor Wilson. Opposite this, a glance may be given to a figure of St. Andrew, the " Patron Saint " of Scotland, placed over the doorway of the North British Insurance Office. The large building with Doric pillars and a noble octostyle portico is the Royal Institution, giving accommodation to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the School of Art, the Sculpture Gallery, and the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Over the front is a colossal seated statue of Queen Victoria, in her robes, with orb and sceptre, the work of Sir John Steel. In rear of this building stands another Grecian temple, with pillars of the Ionic order, containing the National Gallery of Scotland, and the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, whose annual exhibition is held from February to May. In the Museum of Antiquities are a number of rare Scottish remains, embracing some remarkable native gold and silver ornaments, — the

famous Crozier of St. Fillan." The Quigrich or Crozier of St. Fillan, so intimately connected with the devotion of the great King Robert Bruce, had an additional interest for me, when I read its history so eloquently told in a memoir by a Scotch savant and antiquary, John Stuart L.L.D., late Secretary to the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland—how it was discovered in the Dewar family of Ontario—identified and pointed out in the *Canadian Journal* of Toronto, in 1859, by Professor Daniel Wilson of that city—our illustrious countryman! It cost the Society $600. Our attention was next drawn to stones with "Ogham" and Runic inscriptions; amongst the more interesting modern relics may be reckoned Jenny Geddes' stool, flung at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when Episcopacy was sought to be reintroduced, in 1637; John Knox's pulpit; the "Maiden" or Scottish guillotine, by which the Regent Morton, the Marquis of Argyle, and many others, were executed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the Thumbikins; the Solemn League and Covenant; and some other remains of the social manners of last century. Thanks to the well-informed Treasurer of the Museum Mr. D. Douglas, I was enabled to make a tolerably minute survey of the Museum of the antiquaries of Scotland.

The "National Gallery" possesses a valuable series of grand examples of William Etty, a magnificent Gainsborough, the Hon. Mrs. Graham, Lord Lynedoch's young wife, whose early death caused her husband to seek his fate in the battle-field, but who won renown instead in the Peninsular Wars—several fine Raeburns, David Roberts' "Rome," Sir J. Noel Paton's "Oberon and Titania" pictures, and many fine specimens of ancient and modern art. Flaxman's statue of Burns, Lawson's *terra-cotta* Bard, and some models in wax by Michael Angelo, are amongst the sculptures of the gallery. A glance on the left shows Sir John Steel's marble statue of Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle

Shepherd," whose octogonal house, now called Ramsay Lodge, may be observed on the height behind, being the house nearest the Castle. Opposite the statue is a good example of Venetian architecture in the ornate building of the Life Association of Scotland, and alongside this building is the elegant frontage of the New Club, along Princes street, the picturesque outlines of the Castle are more and more unfolded, the last glimpse as the west end of Princes street is reached, being the ungainly bulk of the New Barracks, built in 1796. At the west end of Princes street is seen the sitting bronze statue of Sir James Simpson, the "Great Messiah of Midwifery," as Gerald Massey called him. This statue is by William Brodie, R. S. A. Beyond it, is St. John's Episcopal Church, built in 1818, of a late Gothic style, and filled with good painted glass windows. On the sward in front is a memorial, consisting of an Ionic cross, with medallions, of the late Dean Ramsay, who was for many years incumbent of that church, but is best known for his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." In the valley below stands the Church and Churchyard of St. Cuthbert's or West Kirk Parish. This is a very plain edifice, built a century ago, at the very bathos of art in Scotland, but occupying a site where a place of worship has stood for at least ten centuries. There are a number of interesting tombs here, with a good mural tablet in *relievo*, in memory of Dr. David Dickson, minister of the parish for forty years, Napier of Merchiston, (inventor of Logarithms) and De Quincey, the opium-eater are buried here. In front of the Caledonian Railway Station is the Sinclair Fountain, much abused as an obstruction to the street. It was built by Miss Catherine Sinclair, one of the six daughters of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbser of the "Statistical Account," herself well known as an authoress. Charlotte Square, is noticeable as containing the fine Dome of St. George's, one of the City Parish Churches; and yet more as the site of the Scottish National Memo-

rial to the Prince-Consort. The equestrian figure, the panels illustrating great events in the Prince's life, and the emblematic and heraldic ornaments, are by Sir John Steel. The sculptor prepared the entire design, but proposed that other artists should be associated with him in the subsidiary groups. The group on the left front of the statue, representing Labour, was modelled by George McCallum, a young sculptor of great promise, and on his death was carried out by D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A. " Learning and Science " are from the design of Mr. Stevenson · the " Services " were prepared by Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A. ; and the other front group, showing the nobility offering their homage, is by W. Brodie, R. S.A. The pedestal of red granite is composed of remarkably fine blocks. The larger panels show the Marriage of the Queen, and the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, both giving portraits of many eminent men ; and the lesser panels illustrate the domestic and artistic features of the Prince's career. Leaving Charlotte Square by the east, and proceeding along George street, we find, at the intersection of Castle street, Sir John Steel's bronze statue, on a red granite base, of Dr. Chalmers, one of the most prominent leaders of the Disruption, in 1843, and Moderator of the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. Turning aside to the left for a moment, the house No. 30, Castle street may be seen, in which Sir Walter Scott lived and wrote many of his works. Coming to Frederick street, the intersection shows Chantrey's bronze statue of William Pitt, on a freestone base."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have pointed out to you a few of the leading features of this beautiful capital, which many think, as to picturesqueness of position and scenery, casts in the shade, even brilliant, unique Paris. Perhaps the noblest of all views of Edinburgh is that obtained when sailing up the wide estuary of Frith of Forth to the port of Leith or Granton. " To see it from the water, throned on crags ", and lying beautiful

under the calm light of a summer evening is to get a full foretaste of that delight which closer inspection is sure to enhance.

If the traveller approaches from the south by the East Coast of the Midland route, the train skirts the base of Arthur's Seat, and gives, before entering the city, furtive peeps at old Holyrood Palace and Chapel. Passing through a tunnel, cut in the solid rock of the Calton Hill, the passenger, on emerging, sees high on the north side the castellated buildings of the Jail, the house of the Governor, with a fine round tower, occupying the summit of a high cliff which beetles above the track. Approaching from the south by the West Coast route, the rear view of the Castle is seen on entering the station, while, if the visitor approaches from the west, the train passing through the fine gardens of Princes Street has the abrupt cliff of the Castle overhanging it. Each approach opens up characteristic features of the city, showing some of its rugged, rocky, picturesque outlines." It was my happy lot to see the "Modern Athens" during August's leafy month, summer's crowning glory; how much I would have liked to view it in winter's white garb and ramble round with such a word-painter as Alexander Smith, whose chromo will close this sketch:—"Edinburgh is complete in its storied beauty whether beneath the autumn sun, or white and silent winter snow. We have just come in; surely it never looked so fair before. What a poem is that Princes street! The puppets of the busy and many-colored hour move about on its pavement; their interest how slight, their pursuits how trivial? while there, across the ravine, Time has piled up the Old Town ridge on ridge, gray as a rocky coast washed and worn with the foam of centuries; picked and jagged by picturesque gable and roof; windowed from basement to cape, the whole surmounted by St. Giles' airy crown. The new is there looking at the old. Two

Times are brought face to face, yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises against the sombre, blue and frosty stars, that undistinguishable mass or bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley, it would be sublime, finer still, to place oneself a little beyond the Burns Monument, and look towards the Castle. It is more astonishing than an eastern dream. A city rises up before you, painted by Fire on Night; high in air, a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station beneath; a solitary crimson one is at rest.

That ridged and chimneyed mass of blackness with splendor bursting out at every pore is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself, while on the other side the modern Princes street is blazing through all its length. During the day the Castle looks down upon the street as if out of another world, stern, with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slope of grass. The rock is dingy enough in color, but after a shower its lichens laugh out green in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow of the Castle at noon over the gardens at its feet, where the children play! How grand when its giant bulk and towery crown blacken against the sunset! Fyir, too, the New Town, sloping to the sea. From George street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of cold, stately architecture, to the white gleaming villas and woods that fill the lower ground and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth, with its smoking steamer or its creeping sail; beyond, to the Lomonds of Fife, soft, blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen, clear light of spring.

dark purple in summer-heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze: and higher still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination away into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education in itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. It is perennial like a play of Shakespeare." *(Prolonged applause.)*

ROUEN.

—

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song."

Let us shift the scene and venture on a short ramble through the highways and byways of a very antiquated very enterprising French town, the capital first of the duchy, next of the province of Normandy, on the left bank of the Seine—Rouen. A city of 102,470 souls only, Rouen has made a name for herself as a manufacturing centre. Her cotton and calico prints, known as *Rouenneries*, her sugar-refineries, confectionaries, soap factories, tanneries; her iron, copper, and lead founderies; leather works, cutlery, dyeing establishments, &c., have won for her the proud surname of the Manchester of France. Her port, thanks to dredging operations, in the lower Seine, offers facilities to the large ships of every nation; extensive indeed are her exports to, and imports from, England, Algiers, Senegal, Spain, Portugal, Italy, America. Her shipping inward and outward in the year 1875, represents a tonnage of 537,017 tons, divided between 3,467 ocean ships; whilst her coasting trade inward and outward for the same period, kept employed 5,013 vessels, that is a tonnage of 720,332 tons; a French line of steamers from Rouen to Canada, is talked of for next summer. Soon, we shall have a direct, a monied interest in the old French town.

The capital of Normandy, now the shire-town of the *département* of Seine-Inférieure, can boast of an Archbishop (at present the talented Cardinal de Bonnechose), a Court of Appeals, whilst the third army-corps and the second military division, have their head-quarters at

Rouen. Very important educational, scientific and industrial establishments centre here. Chairs of theology; medical and pharmaceutical schools; the *Lycée Corneille:* branches in fact of the *Académie Universitaire* of Caen, together with Government or departmental courses of agriculture and rural economy; municipal schools of painting, guilds of trades and commerce; a national academy of sciences, *belles lettres* and arts; a free school for commerce and trades; agricultural and horticultural associations; societies of natural sciences, medicine and bibliophilists; famous cattle fairs; a society for Normandy annals; a chamber of agriculture; even to a commission of antiquaries named by the state. This, it must be confessed, is a tolerably large outfit for a town of merely 102,470 souls. It will not have escaped your attention that the Manchester of France, as the Rouennais proudly style their beloved city, rejoices in a society for the promotion of the study of Norman antiquities and Norman history, a proof, if any were needed, that in Rouen, culture and commerce are not deemed foes. Rouen from the latin *Rothomagus* (Palace of Roth or Venus) dates very far back. The time was when Rouen sentinels mounted guard in its streets. In the fifth century, it was overrun by the Barbarians, who dislodged the Roman legions. In 844, we read of the Northern Vikings, or Normans ascending the Seine in their galleys and pillaging the city. Later on, it became the French capital of the English Sovereigns until English power received a check, in 1430, through the instrumentality of the heroic Maid of Orleans. Joan of Arc, to whom a fountain and statue were erected in 1755 on one of the squares of Rouen, now known as *La Place de la Pucelle*, a site adjoining to the spot on which she was burnt in 1431. English sway disappeared from French soil merely in 1450, when was fought the battle of Formigny. However, renowned as a manufacturing town, Rouen never forgot what cities as well as men owe to themselves: reverence

for the monuments of a great past. With the exception of Paris, no city on French soil has preserved more curious monuments or more interesting vestiges of its early times: her superb churches are the admiration of all Europe. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Saint-Ouen, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Gervais, Saint-Godard, Saint-Patrice, Saint-Vincent, are all in one way or other remarkable edifices.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN.—It was erected on the site of a church previously destroyed by fire in the year 1200, from funds provided by John Lackland; the chief portion of the building dates from the first years of the XIII century, though some parts such as the base of the northern tower are older and belonged to the structure destroyed in 1200. This grand old temple of worship is 408 feet (136 metres) long, 100 feet broad, the transept is 162 feet in length. It contains twenty-five chapels; there are in it, 130 windows, on designs most varied, marvellously beautiful, some of them dating back to the 13th century. It would require a volume to describe this magnificent Cathedral. The choir, 108 feet long, contained formerly the tombs of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of his brother Henry Court-Mantel, of their uncle William and of the famous Duke of Bedford; these tombs, mutilated, it is said, in 1562 by the Calvinists, disappeared when the choir was rebuilt in 1836. Searches made in 1836, brought to light the heart and a statue of Richard; and in 1862, the heart of the King Charles V. Funereal inscriptions and tombs are still numerous in the Cathedral of Rouen. In the *chapelle du petit Saint-Romain* may be seen the tomb of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy; the remains of William, the son and successor of Duke Rollo, lie in the *Chapelle Sainte-Anne.* In another chapel, under an arcade, is the reclining statue of a bishop, whose soul, under the symbol of a child, is escorted to heaven by angels with outspread wings; this is the sarcophagus of Archbishop Maurice, who died in 1235. There are

three or four other tombs in the chapel of the Holy Virgin, of great beauty: one to Pierre de Brézé, Comte de Maulevrier, killed at the battle of Monthlery, in 1465. To his grandson, Louis de Brézé, a neat sepulchre was built by his widow, the beautiful Diana of Poitiers. A splendid funereal monument was raised between the years 1518 and 1525 to the two Cardinals d'Amboise in this cathedral; two fine figures in black marble, in a kneeling attitude, with bare head and hands crossed, stand on the black marble tomb; numerous other *mausolea* attract the attention of the visitor.

SAINT-GERVAIS.—Towards the north-west extremity of the city, the church of Saint-Gervais is full of interest for the antiquary. Erected doubtless on the site of the chapel, where the Archbishop Saint-Victor placed the relics of Saint-Gervais, which he had received from Ambrosius, it has been several times rebuilt. In the chrypt under the choir, rest the remains of the two first archbishops of Rouen—Saint Mellon and Saint Avitien. Here, prior to being interred in the Abbey of Saint Stephen, at Caen, was brought from Nantes, in 1087, the body of William the Conqueror; a stone bench runs round the crypt. The walls appear to be of Roman construction; it is the oldest christian monument of Normandy.

SAINT-GODARD.—This fane is in the ogival style of architecture, of the sixteenth century, except the spire, which is low and ornamented with ionic pillars; the latter portion is more modern. Those of its stained glass windows who have escaped destruction, date of the sixteenth century, and were, it is said, designed from the cartoons of Raphaël and his pupil, François Penni; the coloring of these ornate windows is surpassingly bright, of a limpid, rosy, red wine hue, and so strikingly beautiful that they gave rise to the proverb; "Red like the glass windows of Saint Godard."

SAINT-MACLOU.—This temple of worship on the street *de la République*, is a charming example of the

florid gothic style; it was built, in 1436, on plans furnished by Pierre Robin. The main front is remarkable for the lightness and finish of its sculptures; five doors led to the interior; two have been condemned and closed. The centre door is surmounted by a *basso-relievo*, which figures the judgment Day. Views and allegories from Scripture or the lives of the Saints profusely deck the pannel; and similar allegorical subjects are represented on the other doors. Saint Maclou is conspicuous for its sculptured, admirable church doors.

SAINT-OUEN.—This Church is worthy of being compared to the most famous Cathedrals; it was begun in 1318. Its facade is crowned by an ogival gallery, containing eleven statues; among others, those of Archbishops Flavius and Ambert; of Richard I, Duke of Normandy; of Richard II; of William the Norman; of Henri II, of England, and of Richard *Cœur-de-Lion*. The main tower, 246 feet high, is a model of strength and elegance.

You will, I trust, forbear my bringing under your notice all these medieval churches. Of the many to me new and pleasing objects I saw, none were more striking than those speaking relics of a dim, religious, but not forgotten past.

Three statues are met with in Rouen; one to Boiel-Dieu, the composer; another to Pierre Corneille, the tragedian; a third, an equestrian statue in bronze to Napoleon I; it commemorates a visit of the Emperor to Rouen, and exhibits him in the act of conferring the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on an *employé* in a factory. The tower of Joan d'Arc deserves also mention. It is the remains of the dungeon once attached to the castle of a warlike French Sovereign, Philippe Auguste. For the visitors, it has a double interest, as being one of the oldest monuments of the ancient military architecture of France, a miniature of the tower of the Louvre, built under the same Prince. It also recalls a painful but honorable souvenir of the dauntless Maid of

Orleans: in the first story of this tower, she had once to stand and confront those deadly instruments of torture used in the middle ages to extort confessions.

We had also lively pleasure in inspecting in the restored part of an old cloister, the Rouen Museum of Natural History, of antiquities, of precious porcelain, &c., some 1400 specimens of exquisite ware from Sevres, Dresden, Nevers, Moustiers, Strasbourg, Holland, without forgetting the most curious and unique old blue china violin, one of the marvels of Rouen. This last museum is known as the *Musée Céramique*, erected in 1864. A grievous wrong I would be perpetrating on the quaint capital of Normandy did I omit noticing its timepiece and its tower, *La Tour de la Grosse Horloge.* This structure, a square, of simple Gothic style, according to the inscription at the foot of the staircase, seems to have been erected between 1389 and 1398. In this tower is hung the historic silver bell—*la cloche d'argent;* thus named, because according to a venerable tradition, pieces of silver were dropped in the smelting pot. The bell has indeed a silvery tone, but no other silver is connected with it except what was raised from the people to pay for it. It recalls Norman times, and like William the Conqueror's curfew-bell, it tolls every night at nine o'clock for bed time. It is set in motion again on election days, peals out its loud chimes at night, as a fire alarm. The city Hall unites among other treasures of art, extensive collections of sculptures and paintings; here the French, Flemish, Dutch, Italian and Spanish masters are well represented.

Let us hurry on; from *Rue de la Grosse Horloge*, the street of the great clock, one reaches that gorgeous pile, known as the Court House, *Palais de Justice.* Commenced in 1499, it is now the most stately edifice as a Court House, in France. The architecture is that known as ogival of the transition period, between that and the *Renaissance.* It has been gradually altered in size and ornamentation by successive French Sov-

ereigns, Louis XII and others, to its present dimensions and beauty. The facade to the South, is one hundred and ninety-five feet in length and is unique in architectural design. The exquisite octogonal tower in the centre, angular pillars, surmounted by dais and statues, the elaborate sculptures, encircling the windows, the series of arcades, which form a gallery on the whole length of the upper part, the leaden railing which sets off the roof, everything in fact is in excellent taste. The statues chiselled by Lebrun represent Louis XIII, Ann of Brittany, Cardinal George d'Amboise, the gallant Monarch Francis I, Justice, a ploughman, a Monk, an artist, in fact all the classes which had a hand in building the edifice. Time precludes us from entering into fuller particulars, but you have enough to judge of the style and state of preservation of old and modern monuments and buildings in the ancient town of Rouen. Two handsome bridges, one a light suspension bridge, erected in 1836; the other, a solid stone structure built in 1813, and some of whose arches rest on the Ile Lacroix, connect the two portions of this thriving town, divided by the Seine. The city proper stands within an arch of a circle formed by a belt of *boulevards* opened in 1770, on the site of the old ditches. From the neighbouring heights of Bonsecours and Cantleleu, a full view is obtained of the spires of Rouen, its houses, public edifices; as well, as of the placid course of the Seine, dotted with verdant isles, stately ships, smoking, swift steamers; lined with broad, regular quays, in view of the lofty chimnies of workshops, amidst a fertile valley crowned by green and distant hills.

Ladies and gentleman, we have tarried long enough contemplating the attractive, though artificial beauties of cities; with your leave, we will take train for *Pont de l'Arche*, near Rouen. I am panting for a glimpse of the country, its tranquil, pastoral, green fields. Let us light in the centre of an old Norman village and see whether it resembles our own French villages. We are

at Pîtres (1), once the seat of royalty, now a modest, rustic *commune* — the quiet home of an industrious peasantry. There it lies basking in the scorching rays of an August sun, under the shadow of lofty hills, at the junction of the lovely valleys of the Seine, the Eure, and the Andelle rivers; the highest of those hills goes by the name of the Hill of the two Lovers, *la côte des deux amants*. Later on we shall learn why. From a diminutive railway station, the highway, constructed of coble stones, runs over a little bridge, along hedges, rugged stone-walls, and pastures to the small but eminently historic village church. In more respects than one, the landscape reminds you of Canada, except that the inhabitants look poorer, ruder in their ways, less educated, than our peasants. Here, a one-story farm house; next to it, a barn with a thatched roof; close by, men in coarse blue or gray blouses, (no mowing-machines here) reaping the harvest, with the same primitive sickle, used for hundreds of years by their sires; the women, in white *calines gauffrées*, caps, *sabots*, *mantelets*, leading the work-horses to the wheat fields or barn.

The meadows and pasture lands adjoining the farm houses are in general well provided with shade-trees, such as they are. Unfortunately, the uniform mutilation of the tree, by cutting away all its branches down to short stumps, in order to make charcoal and *fagots*, gives it a heart-broken, hide-bound aspect. Sorely beset and lanky, the tree looks like a gigantic, closed umbrella, crowned by a leafy cap with a fringe of green leaves descending to a few feet from the soil. We noticed these painful deformities not only in Normandy, but even quite close to Paris; one has to go to England to see proper respect shown to parks and trees. Normandy however, as a set-off, interested us by its mag-

(1) The population of Pîtres is about 1000 souls.

nificent breed of draught and heavy cart-horses: they are generally grey or white. One occasionally meets with these splendid specimens of the equine race, in Paris and in England; they fetch 2500 francs, about £100, each. They were more active and handsome, than the Flemish horses, we saw on the quays of Antwerp. The huge Antwerp dray and truck horses look like moderate-sized elephants. Let us resume our review of Pîtres. The little church was delapidated; its churchyard neglected, over run with rank grass, very much alas! like some of our own. In rear or in front of the dwellings, the old style vegetable and flower beds: sun-flowers, roses, carnations, popies, *marguerites*, pionies, sweat-briar. A trim little garden led up to the *presbytère* or manse; within, we found a charming, hospitable, enlightened, white-haired *curé*. What a pleasant welcome awaited us, Canadians, when we presented our letters of introduction!

We found ourselves bound to accept, the cordial invitation of *Monsieur le Curé*, to partake with him, of what he was pleased to style his poor, country fare. "Pîtres, is too distant from Rouen, said he, for me to have always on hand fresh meat, but if you can make up your mind to eat a Norman hare, I shall have a young and fat one killed." Having readily assented to his offer, we retired with our worthy host to his garden; examined the flower-beds, plantations, pear and apple trees, as well as a species of coarse vines cultivated in Normandy. Soon Marie, the extremely active and very talkative old *menagère*, made her appearance, saying that *le déjeuner* was ready "such as it was," she added with a sigh. Travel and exercise had indeed sharpened our appetite; my travelling companion and myself, we did ample justice, first, to the *potage* or soup; next, to the juicy, roasted hare; then, to the Gruyère cheese, which was exquisite; after that came a little dish of *blanquette*; then apples, plums, pears followed; Norman cider a delicious beverage, brimming over in silver

mugs; then some prime old Bordeaux was passed round; a cup of divine Mocha coffee came next; sweatmeats, and a *petit verre d'eau-de-vie pale et vieille* (that is a tea spoonful of old cognac in dainty Sevres glasses) closed the feast. The *pousse-caffé*, which had to be swallowed *en trinquant à la mode de la Normandie* (that is, glasses had to meet:) all this for a Norman *Curé* receiving from the State but 900 francs per annum, seemed to us marvels of hospitality, *savoir-faire* and taste. The Abbé was not only hospitable, but a travelled, scholarly gentleman; he detailed to us the annals of Pîtres, whose history he had written. After exhausting his enquiries about Canada, its customs; whether the English oppressed the French? its population, commerce, literature, &c., it was our turn to put questions about our host's own Normandy; what traces, if any, still existed of the Norman invasion in the 9th century? What was the history of the little parish church, which we were told, dated back more than one thousand years? Why the neighbouring mountain was called the "Hill of the Two Lovers?" Our host replied: "For more than twenty years I have had charge of this parish. With a view of restoring the crumbling walls of our historic chapel, I have devoted my spare evenings to compiling the history of Pîtres, though the fund is still small, proceeding from the sale of the work. You will, no doubt, be startled on learning that, a thousand years ago, the King of France had a royal castle in this unpretending hamlet. Pîtres, at its dawn was a Roman military post, a royal residence under our Merovingian dynasty, the site of a palace, and a fortress for the Princes of the second race. The lapse of years would doubtless have converted Pîtres into an important city, but an unforeseen event altered its destinies: the inroads of the Northmen in the ninth century destroyed its commerce, and in consequence of the forts and structures built to stop these barbarians, at *Pont de l'Arche*, the life and activity of Pîtres, centered

at *Pont de l'Arche.* T'is a long story. It was specially a prince of the Carlovingian race, Charles, the Bald, who gave to Pîtres lustre in days of yore. Pîtres was famous for its mint and coinage, and it is more than likely it was on this account, Charles, the Bald published there, in 864, the law known as the *Edits* de *Pîtres,* concerning coinage. Pîtres was also selected by Charles, the Bald as the meeting place of the Diets or National Assemblies known as "Councils of Pîtres." In 861-2, in the identical little church yonder, which I have undertaken to restore, the French King, Charles the Bald, held his States General, at which were present the Archbishops of Rouen, Reims, and Sens, the Bishops of Paris, Evreux, Coutances, Soissons, Senlis, Tournay, Chalons-sur-Saone, Laon, Meaux, Troyes, Autun, Lisieux, Seez, Beauvais. In 864, a still larger Council met there, some fifty Archbishops and Bishops. But I must refer you to my work on Pîtres, for full particulars. As to the name of the Hill, the origin is both romantic and tragic. Long, long ago, a proud Baron of Pîtres, had a beautiful daughter: a youth whose birth was not noble, had saved her life at a boar hunt, and claimed her hand. The Baron adding cruelty to pride, assented, provided the youth should, unassisted, and without resting, carry his intended to the top of yonder hill; he won his suit, but dropped dead on reaching the top.

"Of palpitation of the heart," my companion suggested:

Whether the youth was too weak or his *inamorata* too weighty, our host could not say. After such a catastrophe, *Mademoiselle* doubtless retired to a cloister!

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have described, such as we found it, a village in Normandy. Pîtres, you may not be aware, had special attractions for us. More than two hundred years ago, an adventurous gentleman from Pîtres landed on our shores and became a Canadian Seigneur; I am one of his lineal descendants. Let us

recross that rebellious, unquiet English channel, a terror to all those unprovided with such commodities as " sea legs." Nor will it be to that great Babylon of fog, bustle, wealth, intellect, fashion, population and squalid poverty, London; nor is it to those marvellous and smoky hives of human industry, commerce or shipping, Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, that we will direct our steps. Oh! no. We shall from Euston Square Station take train in the fleetest of English railways, the Flying Scotchman, *ocior Euro* and allow the steed that never tires, to waft us at the rate of a mile per minute or so, over hill and dale, across lawn and hedgerow, high above house-top, high above river, through long, dark tunnels like Lefroy's, into the most noted cathedral-town of Merrie England. Come, we shall penetrate within those famous walls of York, bristling with the memories of siege and battle, within those grey, lofty midieval city gates (bars as they call them) from whose towers more than one nobleman's, highwayman's or murderer's head, ghastly and grining, looked down on the gladdened or sorrowing crowd below. If a sight of famous old York has been to you as from our early years, it was to me, a hope, a dream, too good scarely to be a reality, come we shall ascend and ramble round these circuitous walls, portcullis and bastions; follow in the wake of an old friend by many here remembered, Major F. Lees, formerly an officer in our garrison, now a resident of a city as picturesque as our own : York. We shall next go and inspect the hoary aisles of its superb old Minster, whose grim, weather-stained spires catch the eye from afar. Those marble sarcopagi, dimmed with the dust of centuries, those eloquent mural inscriptions, those erect or recumbent figures of kings, of warriors fierce, of patriots and statesmen, of white-bearded bishops, of pious or proud abbots, that sombre, subterranean crypt of the Minster, old even a thousand years ago, think you they have no dark secrets to tell,

no thrilling tale of heroism, war, love, treason, devotion, to recount?" *(Loud applause.)*

Ladies and gentlemen, — That unfailling monitor, (the clock) reminds me I have trespassed beyond the traditional hour allotted to lecturers; — we shall reserve for another evening our ramble in York when all here present are invited to attend without further invitation."

Mr. LeMoine, who was frequently applauded during the delivery of his lecture, which occupied one hour and thirty minutes, then sat down and Prof. John Harper, B. A., rector of the High School, moved a hearty vote of thanks for the very enjoyable literary treat which the President had furnished. The Hon. G. Ouimet, Superintendent of Education, seconded the motion in a neat speech. (*Morning Chronicle, 28th Nov.* 1881.)

YORK. (1)

Queen Margaret:—"Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York."—*K. Henry VI, pt.* 3, *Scene* 2.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When last we met in these rooms, you were kind enough to accompany me in a rapid excursion through Edinburgh, the beautiful, the land of Scott and Burns, of ill-starred Queen Mary, of stern John Knox. We then committed ourselves to the well known mercies of the English channel, from New Haven to Dieppe, the busy little sea-port, once dear to Jacques Cartier; we next rambled round the Manchester of France, thrifty, antique Rouen; finally, if you recollect, we settled down to a Norman luncheon, at Pîtres, near Rouen.

We shall now with your permission retrace our steps to Albion's shores "the land of the Brave and the Free," and take train for the classic, historical cathedral town of York; though before entering it you will allow me to say a few words of that Eden of England, the lakeland of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

In visiting Britain it is there you must go, in order to woe nature in some of her coyest, most seductive, most tender aspects. What a contrast for one, fresh from the festive woods, singing waterfalls, tranquil, moonlit lakes of Cumberland, to go and contemplate the solemn grandeur of York Minster, to feel the hushed, death-like silence of its sombre crypt, to

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(1) The portion of this address relating to York was delivered on the 21st December, 1881.

realise the awe engendered by the sound of one's footsteps, repeated through this populous city of the dead, in the surrounding vaults!

Windermere, Ambleside, Grasmere, Coniston, Ullswater, Derwentwater, Keswick, had just then revealed to my dazzled view their wonderous landscapes, some of their entrancing scenery. The Trosacks, of Scotland, I could imagine, might beat Lakeland, by the height, the boldness of their peaks, the extent of their landlocked firths, but in picturesque beauty, never! Stirring sights had crowded on me, at Grasmere, sweetly sung by Felicia Hemans (1) and by Harriet Martineau; I had stood at the foot of Wordsworth's grave, culled a sprig of ivy from his thickly-festooned house-gable, at Rydal Mount, gazed at the tomb of Hartley Coleridge in the little rustic churchyard, at Grasmere, close to its whimpering burn.

On a wooded knoll, I had viewed Greta Hall, for years Southey's pleasant retreat close to Crosthwa[1]the Church, at Kesswick, where repose his remains, the resort now of pilgrims from most distant lands. Greta Hall, was pointed out to us, when our carriage rumbled over Greta Bridge: a pretty, limpid stream, our good friends across the sea, call it a river!

Memory had brought me in communion with those sweet singers, now sleeping peacably amidst the

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(1) Mrs. Hemans thus writes of Grasmere Valley:

" O vale and lake, within yon mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep!
Oft' doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On the golden clouds from spirit lands remote;
Isles the blest; and in our memory heep
The place with holiest harmonies!

heather-crowned hills and breezy dells of their native land :

" Bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,"

The scenes, the haunts in which these ethereal beings, had once moved, instinct with life, still echoing their songs, their joys, their home-sorrows, their world-wide fame, I had dwelt among them, taken possession of them; as it were been subjugated by their own romantic atmosphere. T'would be hard, my friends, even for one not to the manner born, to feel insensible to the witchery of such associations, to seal his soul against the softening influence exhaled from those homes so charmingly sung by Mrs. Hemans :

" The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land ! "

For a lover of the country, one who for years has revelled in the sweet intimacy of stately trees and fragrant flowers, t'is harder still to approach, or, once enjoyed, to quit unmoved some of these hospitable english manors (it was our good fortune to enter more than one) full of cheery, family memories; basking in vernal bloom, resplendent with sunshine and foliage; adorned, such as Englishmen now know, with velvety lawn, cricket and tennis grounds, drives, ponds, hedges, far-outspreading oaks, graceful elms, venerable yews, and that superb denizen of English parks, the copper-beach, imported, t'is said, in Britain by the Normans. Of this truly gorgeous tree, I saw some excellent representatives, among other spots, at two country seats, which will long remain green in my memory: Rothay-Holme, next to Canon Bell's picturesque dwelling (some here may remember hearing last summer this eloquent divine at Quebec) at Ambleside,

the summer residence of Lt. Col. Godfrey Rhodes and, at Acomb Park, York, the leafy manor of Major Frank Lees, late of the 25th Queen's Own Borderers.

After leaving the train at Lakeside station (Newby Bridge) at Windermere, anciently called Wynandermere, the largest of those sheets of water, as Wordsworth has it :

"Wooded Winandermere, the river Lake,"

we ascended in the Railway ferry steam launch, the *Queen of the Lake*, to the fast expanding town of Ambleside, once a Roman post; Ambleside, the "village of Pine Groves," I might add, from my own observation, of the rooks and roaring ghylls and waterfalls. Swifty indeed did we sweep over Windermere's clear cool, pellucid, th'o to the swimmer, treacherous waves; a portion of the trip, the mist descending from Lasswade and Helvellyn and other towering hills, drenched us; the remainder of the voyage, our tiny steamer, was touched by the last jocund rays of the setting sun; soon we saw Loowood and Bowness Bay in their perennial, sylvan beauty, doubtless, just as they were on that serene morning of May, 1825, which witnessed Canning's, Scott's, Southey's, Wordsworth's and Wilson's memorable regatta, under the guidance of the "Admiral" Christopher North. By virtue of the word-painting of that glorious old master, among the fleet, graceful yatchs, furrowing the lake at sunset, I almost fancied I could conjure before my mind's eye, the *Emma*, the *Nautilus*, the *Gazelle*, the *Osprey*, the *Garnet* and other "felicitous, white-winged creatures" immortalised by the eloquent Professor on that auspicious occasion.

It was fresh from the enjoyment of this blithe, fairy land, this dainty, lake scenery that the impressive spectacle and hallowed *souvenirs* of quaint, solemn, medieval York came trooping on my eager gaze."

YORK—EBORACUM.

" York, York, for my monie,
Of all the Cities that ever I see,
For merry pastime and companie,
Except the City of London. "

York, probably the most ancient city in Britain, and according to historians, a flourishing place two thousand years ago, is the capital of the largest county in England, Yorkshire, and the most celebrated town of the North of England. A city of 60,000 souls, it stands on both sides of the little river Ouse, which winds its way to the Humber.

Like great London, York boasts of a magnificent Lord Mayor ; like Canterbury, it feels happy in owning an archbishop ; like Quebec, it is proud, very proud of its historical souvenirs and monuments, its walls, bastions and gates, except that in York, he who would dare hint at the removal of its gates and city walls, might consider himself lucky, if he should escape " hanging. "

York lies about midway between London and Edinburgh, being 198 miles from London, and 201 miles from Edinburgh. Its new Railway Station, built on a curve, in the Italian style of architecture, is the handsomest Station in England and the largest, being 800 feet in length ; that is 102 feet longer than the great Midland Station, next to the Charing Cross Station, in London. It has a lofty vaulted dome, elegantly designed and decorated with blue glass. 148 Railway trains rush daily through this superb structure, of which the city is justly proud. Like many other ancient towns, York's annals blend the legendary with the historical element.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, attributes its foundation to Ebraucus, a King in Britain, about the time that David reigned in Judæa, Ebraucus, called it after his own name, CAEUR-EBRAUC, the city of EBRAUCUS. A thousand years later, it was known to the Romans as Ebo-

racum. Commentators are not agreed as to how the name was changed to York. In Domesday Book it is written Euerwic; this is supposed te mean a town on the Ure, which name the river Ouse bears at its upper part. Worsae says, the Britons called York, EABKROIC; the Anglo-Saxons, EOFORWIC, and the Danes, Jorvik: which seems to furnish the derivation of York. York for centuries was a flourishing Roman city, and the foundation of Roman York probably dates from the year 79, when Agricola by the subjugation of the Brigantes, completed the conquest of the northern part of Britain. "This illustrious commander, we are told, made this city one of the chief stations on his line of march to the north, where he commenced building the chain of forts, afterwards completed by Hadrian, and called the Picts Wall. In A. D. 140, when the wall of Antinonus was built, Ptolemy mentions Eboracum, as being the head-quarters of the sixth legion.—"Legio Sexta Victrix"—traces of whose occupation and residence in the city are found continuing during a period of three centuries. In A. D. 280, Severus, then Emperor, arrived at Eboracum, accompanied by his sons Caracalla and Geta, to repel the incursions of the Caledonians.

The latter was left in York (then, probably, the chief city of the whole province of Britain) to administer justice, aided by Papinianus, one of the ablest lawyers of ancient Rome. Severus, after his return from a campaign against the Picts, died in York on February 4th, A. D. 210. This period was perhaps, the time of its greatest splendor. Eboracum was at that period distinguished by the presence of the three most learned jurists in the Roman Empire: Ulpianus, Paulus, aud the more celebrated Papinianus, the Papinian Prefect, who was afterwards put to death in Rome for refusing to pronounce an oration exculpating Caracalla from blame for the murder of his brother Geta. The imperial palace is supposed to have occupied the site, commencing near

Christ Church and extending down Goodram gate, St. Andrews gate, and through Bedern, to Aldwark; Christ Church being called in all ancient charters "*Ecclesia Sanctæ Trinitatis in Curiâ Regis.*"

The body of Severus was burned near York, and the ashes conveyed to Rome in an urn of porphyry. The place where the funeral obsequies were performed was probably one of three eminences, a mile and a half to the west of the city, near the village of Holgate, commonly known by the appellation of Severus's Hills, close to Acomb. How often have I driven past the spot, in July, August, and September last, on returning from an antiquarian ramble, through the ruins of Clifford's Tower, through the moss-mantled remains of St Mary's Abbey, or of the Multangular Tower, or along some of the narrow, crooked lanes of York which with the heights of Scarborough, reminded me strangely of dear old Quebec. Let us proceed:

"On the division of the roman Empire, between Galerius and Constantius Chlorus, Britain fell to the share of the latter, who fixed his residence in York, where he died two years after his arrival, A. D. 306. The body of this Emperor, like that of Severus, was burned, and the ashes carried to Rome. His successor, Constantine the Great, was immediately proclaimed Emperor by the army, at York, where he was at the time of his father's death.....Constantine immediately left for Gaul, and with him the history of York, during the Roman occupation, which had lasted nearly 400 years, ceases to be important, as the troops were gradually withdrawn."

The extent of the Ancient City of Eboracum has been distinctly traced. It was entirely on the left bank of the Ouse, and formed a rectangular town enclosed by a wall with a rampart mound of earth on the river side, and perhaps, a *fossé* without. It may not be out of place to repeat that the old city wall has been religiously preserved, as well as the City Gates or Bars as

they style them, and that though the wants of commerce or the utiletarianism of the age, have been attended to, he would indeed be a bold man, who would dare suggest the removal of those sacred walls and grim Gates of York, which each year attract to the city thousand and thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe and America.

I subjoin here a graphic sketch of York :

" Not weak, however, are the visible and tangible proofs of Roman occupation, for though there is no great gate still standing as at Lincoln, there is probably no English city so full of fragments of wall, of pavements, and of monuments to the invaders. About seventy acres of the centre of the present city, enclosing a rectangle of about 550, by 650 yards, formed no doubt the Roman camp, in the middle of which, again stood the Prætorium, afterwards the imperial palace, the site of which is near the present Christ Church. Of their monuments now above ground the " multangular tower " near St. Leonard's Hospital, which is a ten-sided building forming an angle of the Roman wall, is far the most interesting, especially as it still bears on its inside some roughly scratched legionary inscriptions. In the *hospitium* of the abbey church, too, there are a fine pavement representing the seasons and various altars. The long Saxon occupation which followed was, as is well known, sadly interrupted by the Danes. It was near here that Ragnar Lodbrok was so impolitically cast into a pit full of snakes, an act which was bitterly revenged. In York, too, Siward, sick to death and feeling his strength begin to pass away from him, determined to die in harness, and sat up to do so clothed in armour and with a spear erect in his failing hand. York was in fact, at one time almost wholly populated by the Danes, and plenty of proof of their occupation may be found in the numerous " thorpes " in and about the city.

It took two years after the conquest for the Normans to come in force before York, but when they came they left their mark, for a short, sharp battle outside the walls made William, who commanded in person, master of the city and castle which he fortified strongly. The Danish inhabitants, however did not take kindly to their Norman cousins, to whom they were bad neighbours, and whom they cruelly annoyed from the cover afforded them by the Forest of Galtres, which extended right up to the city walls. William had to come back the next year to strengthen his garrison, but in 1070 the townsmen, aided by an imported army of Danes seized and sacked the castle with terrible slaughter, not a Norman escaping. The Conqueror's savage oath on hearing the news is matter of history, as is how he kept it. Just after Cœur-de-Lion's coronation the castle was again the scene of a gruesome tragedy, for a number of landless knights and other broken men deep in debt to the Jews seized the opportunity of the scare begun in Westminster Hall to try to wipe out old scores by fire and sword. They burned the "starrs," and penning up the Jews in the castle, were about to murder and plunder them in detail, when most of their victims with desperate courage forestalled them by burning their property and killing their families and themselves. With so many bloody memories hanging round the castle there is little wonder that, like the Tower of London, it had its ghost. It was a curious one creeping out under the door of a porch in the Clifford's Tower, in the form of a scroll of paper (was it a "starr"?) then turning into a monkey, and then into a turkey-cock, as may be read at lenght by all curious as to demonology and witchcraft, in Sir John Reresby's memoirs. One can hardly touch on the noticeable things which happened at York in later years, for except London probably no city has had such a succession of stirring incidents. Its walls twice gave breathing time to the unlucky second Edward, after his defeats at Ban-

nockburn in 1314 by the Bruce and in 1322. His son married Philippa of Hainault in the minster here, the marriage festivities of the two children being celebrated with the profusest magnificence for three weeks, if we believe Froissart, but were sadly marred at their finish by a bloody quarrel between the little bride's followers and the citizens, in which about eight hundred men were killed. Later on Philippa, no longer a child, brought here the Bruce, taken prisoner by her at Neville's Cross; and in the next century the city saw the, to citizens almost incredible sight of a prelate beheaded, for a Scrope, who was than Archbishop of York, having meddled with one of the Percies plots, suffered in a field near Clementhorpe. Half a century later saw Richard Plantagenet's head stuck on Micklegate Bar.

"So York may overlook the town of York,"

to be taken down reverently next year when the tables were turned at Towton. When the Wars of the roses were over, more pleasant things happened here. Henry VII, soon after his coronation had a right royal reception at York, with Pageants innumerable, and galleries across the streets, whence "sweet cake, wafers, and comfits in quantity like hailstones," were thrown, in humble imitation of the Carnival at Venice. Lambert Simnel sought help from York in vain, for the citizens were loyal, and later on were rewarded for their loyalty by the pleasant sight to north country eyes of the hacked and arrow-pierced corpse of James of Scotland, sent here after Flodden. Next we catch a glimpse of Wolsey, named Archbishop of York, but never resident here or even installed, for the king prudently stopped the installation very shortly before the day fixed for the ceremony by having him arrested for high treason. *En route* from Scotland to his pleasant English inheritance, James I stayed here some little time, and with

his own happy knack for making himself ridiculous, signalised his stay by taking a childish liking for a local kind of cake called "main bread," and by characteristically endeavouring to thrust it down the throats of the inhabitants by specially ordering its manufacture, and by anathematising the still popular "spice bread," almost as violently as he did tobacco. The beginning of Charles I's troubles found him at York, for he went there to meet the Covenanters in 1639, and held a great Council of his peers there in 1640. Two years later he returned, and, worried almost to death for want of funds and friends, was driven to stint his table and to copy despatches with his own hand for want of a trustworthy secretary. The Royal palace was on the site of St. Mary's Abbey, and by a grim irony of fate was afterwards turned into a blind school, while the printing office, whence the whole country was flooded with Royalist tracts and pamphlets, was in St. William's College. In 1644, the city was besieged by the Parliamentarian army of 40,000 men, the siege being temporarily raised by the arrival of Prince Rupert, who issued from the gates of York a few days after, only, as every one knows, to be cut up root and branch on Marston Moor, the city and castle being surrendered a few weeks later. On the religious life and the church work of York, volumes might well be written. Perhaps the best known miracle play in England was that of the Corpus Christi Guild here, as we find it recommended by a worthy friar minor, Wm. Melton, styled "Professor of Holy Pageantry." There was also the guild of Our Lord's Prayer, to commemorate a miracle play on that subject; and some idea of the number of the trade guilds may be gleaned from the fact that in 1415 ninety-six crafts joined in procession, exhibiting fifty-four distinct pageants, and carrying blazing torches. The Minster is the pride of the north of England. Burned no less than five times—in 741, 1069, 1080, 1829 and 1840—it has, phœnix-like, risen again, and is now perhaps one

of the finest places of worship in England. Its chapter-house, which still bears the truthful, if boasting, inscription of " ut rosa flos florum sic domus ista domorum," and its great east window, with its original painted glass, are certainly unequalled; while the vestry rooms holds antiquarian treasures of the highest interest. Of the numerous churches the visitor should note Christ Church, which stands in the " Kings Court, plausibly surmised to mean the imperial Roman palace; and there is Saxon or norman work in St. Helen, Stonegate, St. Margaret, Walmgate, St. Lawrence, and St. Mary the Younger; nor should All Saints Pavement, with its octagonal lantern, through which shone the beacon which helped weary wanderers to find their way home when lost in the great Forest of Galtres, or All Saints, North-street, with its " bede " window with scenes from the last judgment and quotations from a local poem called the " Prick of Conscience," be passed over."

Ladies and Gentlemen. In the distinguished audience here present, I am reminded of two distinct classes of listeners: the first, composed of cultivated, travelled persons, who probably know as much, more perhaps, than I could tell them of famous old York: they constitute, however the minnrity—an enlightened powerfull minority, if you like. The other class, the most numerous, have not yet seen York; may never see it, but long to do so, and until they do, they will I think, beckon me on to tell what I know about the good city; they compose the majority. Instead therefore of merely hurrying though the interesting sights and scenes so familiar to the minority, I have drawn copiously from the notes and sketches, so carefully, so ably prepared by the *litterati* of York, for the especial benefit, of the distinguished visitors attracted there in September last, by the Jubilee of the British Association. We shall therefore, with your leave first, pay a visit to the venerable Minster of York and saunter

through its sounding aisle, aided by these notes and sketches.

YORK MINSTER.—Antiquaries like to trace the origin of this splendid Cathedral to the little wooden oratory, which on Easter Sunday, 12th April 627, stood on the spot, were now stands the Minster, and in which oratory was baptized by Paulinus, Edwin, King of Northumbria. Shortly after Edwin commenced to build a larger church of stone, dedicated to St. Peter. Edwin's stone church was subsequently destroyed. In 636, Oswald, restored the Minster. In 669, Archbishop Wilfred repaired this fine Temple of worship, covered the roof with lead and put glass in the window's. In 741, the Minster was nearly burnt to the ground. In 769, Albert, archbishop of York, assisted by the learned Alcuin, rebuilt the cathedral in the finest style of Saxon architecture. It was again destroyed by fire at the time of the Norman conquest, and rebuilt on a larger scale in the Norman style by Archbishop Thomas. In 1137, fire again played havoc with the church ; it was restored in 1171, by Archbishop Roger; such is a brief glance at its early history. The present structure dates from 1215, and is due to archbishop Walter-de-Grey, eager to build a cathedral on a grand style : the chief parts of the Minster date, as follows :

The Nave and West Front.....	1291—1345
" Western Towers.....	1430—1470
" Central Tower.....	1400—1420
" North Transept.....	1228—1240
" South "	1230—1256
" Chapter House.....	1300—1330
" Choir Screen.....	1475—1485
" "	1373—14)0
" Lady Chapel or Presbytery.	1363—1473
" Crypt (the two portions)...	1070—1170

The styles of architecture represented are :

Saxon.—Some fragments in the Crypt.

Norman.—The Crypt, where may be seen parts of the Norman Chancel. Parts of the central Tower.

Early English.—North and South Transepts.

Decorated.—North and Chapter House.

Perpendicular.—The Lady Chapel, the Choir, the Central and Western Towers.

On the 2nd February, 1829, Jonathan Martin, an insane man, set fire to the choir: the building was restored by a national subscription at a cost of £65,000, and the cathedral was re-opened for worship on the 6th May, 1832. On the 20th May, 1840, through the carelesness of a workman, the Minster again suffered from fire. The South-West bell tower together with the roof of the nave, were destroyed. A second subscription was set on foot and the damages repaired at a cost of £23,000. " York Cathedral is build in the form of a cross. Its length is 524 feet and its extreme breadth, north to south, 250 feet. Its special features are the dignity and massive grandeur of the whole, whether viewed from the exterior or interior. In the height of the roofs, both nave and choir, York exceeds every other English cathedral. The west front is considered a marvel of architectural excellence; its two towers have on each side perpendicular windows, and rise to the height of 202 feet, surmounted with lofty pinnacles. The west window, which is of two divisions of four lights each, is an unrivalled specimen of the leafy tracery that marks the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Underneath is the great west entrance, consisting of an outer arch, deeply recessed, the mouldings of which contain details of exquisite delicacy, and figures representing the history of Adam and Eve. It is subdivided in the centre with two doorways supporting a circle filled with tracery.

The north transept contains an elegant window known as the " Five sisters." From the base springs an arcade

of trefoil arches, the whole forming perhaps the most beautiful specimen of early English architecture in Great Britain. This transept is 264 feet in length, and 104 feet in breadth. The choir on both north and south sides is divided into two parts by projections in the form of small transepts, which rise above the aisles, and are pierced by long narrow windows on all their sides. At the east end is the Great Window or " Wall of Glass," consisting of nine lights, and measuring 77 feet in height by 32 feet in width. It is the largest window in England, perhaps in the world.

Time precludes me from enlarging on the beauty and massive grandeur of this celebrated fane. I have seen several remarkable churches: *Notre-Dame*, at Paris—the cathedral and churches of Rouen—*Sainte-Gudule*, at Brussels; the magnificent old cathedral at Antwerp; the cathedral at Ely, with its gorgeous stained glass windows and jewel-inlaid *reredos;* historic St. Pauls; matchless Westminster Abbey, but with the exception of the latter, I visited no medieval temple of worship, where I cared to linger longer than in the Minster of York.

After the Minster, probably the most curious objects to be viewed in York, are the well preserved ruins of the beautiful St. Mary's Abbey, in and round the elegantly kept gardens of the *Philosophical Society*—adjacent to the handsome new bridge over the Ouse—Lendal Bridge. The Abbey, a Benedictine Monastery, once in point of wealth and influence, the most important in the North of England, was founded in 1078, by Stephen, a monk of Whitby. Six other monasteries were attached to it. The Lord Abbot, with *he* of the Abbey of Selby, were the only mitred abbots north of the Trent, who by virtue of their rank were summoned as Lords of Parliament. The first Priory was destroyed by fire and its reconstruction which lasted twenty-four years, began in 1270: the present ruins are the remains of this building; at the Reformation it shared the fate

of other religious houses and was surrendered to the Crown in 1540, by William Dent, the last abbot; the clear rental at the time being £1650—equal to about $80,000 of our money.

It was then, says an old chronicler, occupied by 50 monks and perhaps, by 150 servants. One of the most remarkable portions of the monastery, I visited, was the *Hospitium* or Guest-Hall; the lower-story said to have been the refectory, is of stone. The upper-story is now used as a museum of Egyptian and Roman antiquities: one's attention is invariably directed to the hair of a Roman lady; some maintain, of a British princess, 15 or 16 years of age, which was nearly perfect when discovered in a stone coffin, lined with another of lead and filled in with gypsum. In the hair are two fine pins of polished jet. Specimens of valuable Samian ware are also stored here; in the lower room, are some remarkable Roman altars and probably the most unique collection of Roman coffins in the world, stone and lead coffins, soldiers' graves, Roman baths, &c. The coffin of the lady who owned the hair is conspicuous.

The museum of the Yorkshire *Philosophical Society* with its collection of statues, minerals, birds, &c., next claimed my attention; in continuing our walk, we reached York Castle, which now, in an area covering about four acres, comprises the Prison, the Assize Court, and Clifford's Tower, built on the site of the old castle, which was founded by William the Conqueror after his attack on York, in 1068. It was for centuries the residence of the High Sheriffs of the county; it took its name from Francis Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who in 1542 put it in a state of defense. We were told of many curious legends, and historical incidents connected with the old pile: here, was confined Walter Calverley the hero of the "Yorkshire Tragedy," in 1604, Eugene Aram, in 1759, the poet James Montgomery, in 1795-6, for alleged political libels in his newspaper, whilst that accomplished highwayman,

Dick Turpin was imprisoned in the neighbourhood. I devoted one whole morning walking round the Walls of York; they are provided, in the inside with a boarded walk, high in the air and are one of the most striking features of York; they are very ancient; the exact date of their erection is unknown, some portions are supposed to have been built on the foundations of the Roman Wall, one angle of which was the singular structure, well preserved and known from its ten angles as the Multangular Tower, one of the barriers of Eboracum at the time of its occupation by the Romans.

I can only direct your attention as we hurry on, to the lofty, medieval city Gates, or Bars of which there are four principal ones and two smaller. Meikel Bar is the largest and most interesting. It consists of a square tower built over a circular arch, with embattled turrets at the angles surmounted by stone figures; the arch is stated to be Norman. The arms of England and of old France quarterly, between two shields surmounted by canopies, and containing those of the city of York, are sculptured upon shields against the front. The Duke of York's head, after his execution, in 1460, was fixed here.

I might mention also Bootham Bar, Monk Bar, Wolmgate Bar, Fishergate Bar, Victoria Bar; the latter, a modern gate.

Few cities of 60,000 can exhibit such an array of churches. In addition to the Minster, there are twenty-five other temples of worship; in olden times, their were forty churches.

" The ways to grace, in York, as Mark Twain said of Montreal, are numerous, " t'would be hard for a boy to throw a stone there, without risk of breaking a church window.

Modern York might be summed up as follows :

" Even those who are the last susceptible of impressions cannot fail to be struck with admiration when, emerging from the Railway Station, the first view of

the city of York bursts upon the spectator. Before him the river Ouse flows placidly on, and stretching from its banks are seen the beautiful and undulating gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, rich in architectural remains of departed ages. To the left the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey intermingled with the rich foliage of the surrounding trees, and

> Beyond, in lofty majesty
> The Minster's towers arise on high,
> Fit temple of the Deity!

Further to the right are dotted the spires of old Ebor's many churches, whilst its ancient walls, as they stretch to the river's brink, form an interesting foreground to the whole, and complete a picture of singular beauty. The city of York is situated in the centre of a rich agricultural district, and called the Vale of York.

"Though not a manufacturing town, there are numerous large establishments, where some hundreds of hands are employed, such as iron-foundries, comb, glass, cigar, match, nail, and confectionary manufactories, the latter of which finds a market for its famed products in all parts of the United Kingdom. York returns two members to Parliament, and the Municipal Government of the city is entrusted to a Corporation consisting of a Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors. There are also a Recorder, Sheriff, and Town Clerk. Its Cathedral and numerous churches necessarily render the clerical element conspicuous; whilst, as the head-quarters of the Northern Military District, the army takes a prominent position in the society of the city and county. Few cities have greater opportunities of sociability and enjoyment than York. It has its Yorkshire Gentlemen's Cricket Club, its Tennis Courts, its splendid river for boating excursions, its Regattas, its Military Reviews, its Polo Matches, and its tournaments. It boasts a Racecourse unequalled in the country, and it is the chief resort of many a keen sportsman, who as the

season comes round, attaches himself to the far-famed York and Ainsty Hunt. Charming too are those winter gatherings (in that noble suite of rooms, the York Assembly Rooms) the Union Hunt Ball, the County Ball, the Yeomanry Ball, when from five to eight hundred of the *élite* join in the giddy dance. And for those who have a religious tendency, there is the Minster with its well-regulated daily services, its magnificent organs, and its afternoon anthem. Nor are its citizens devoid of energy and enterprise. Especially during the last ten years, York has kept pace with towns of greater wealth and larger population. It has its Daily Newspaper *(The York Daily Herald)*; its Fine Arts Institution; its Philosophical Society; its School of Art; its Museum; its Hospital; its Dispensary; its Clubs; its Corn Exchange; its Diocesan Training Institution; its Friendly Societies' Hall; its Public Library; its Masonic Hall; its Mechanic Institute; its Fever Hospital; its Tramways; its Rifle Volunteers; its Artillery Volunteers; its New Walk and Esplanade, extending a mile either way from the centre of the city on the banks of the Ouse; and it has its numerous educational establishments, such as the Royal College of St. Peter, which was originally founded by Queen Mary in 1557, and endowed out of the estates of the dissolved Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, and is under the control of the Dean and Chapter. And noticing those institutions which are connected with its more remote history, we may sum up the whole by saying it possesses Ancient Guilds, Almshouses, Hospitals and Schools, endowed for the maintenance of the aged, the support of the infirm, and the free education of the young."

I shall now venture to say a few words about the famous Congress of Science, which gave York additional lustre in September last. The British Association for the promotion of science, originated in 1831, and held its first meeting, attended by 353 persons, at York, in September of that year.

Sir David Brewster is credited with the first public suggestion of the Association. He was warmly supported by philosophers, such as Davy, Herschel, Babbage, Murchison, Buckland, and others equally devoted to the interests of scientific research. The suggested formation of the British Association was propounded by Sir David to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society through its secretary, the late Professor Philips. It was cordially supported by the leading men of science at the time; the British Association held its first meeting, at York. on the 27th September, 1831. Its object was then stated to be " to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the Empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; and to obtain a more general attention to the object of science, and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

The Association was intended to be similar to that which for eight years previous, viz in 1823, had existed in Germany. In 1831, Earl Fitzwilliam was its first President, whilst, on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary in September last, it was presided by a well known British *savant*, Sir John Lubbock; as the presidential honors last for each incumbent but one year, Sir John Lubbock, was replaced by a London Professor, Dr. Siemens, with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted; next summer the Association is expected to meet, under him, at Southampton. It has been stated that steps will then be taken to induce the Association to hold in Canada, in 1883, its annual meeting; assuredly the first advent on our shores of a body numbering three or four thousand of the leading scientists in the world will be in our annals a Red-letter day. *(Loud applause).*

To my accidental presence in York, I owe the pleasure of having seen or listened to many of the leading scientists of the age : Huxley, Owen, Lubbock,

Siemens, Newton, Ramsey, Thomson, Herbert, Spencer, Hooker, Groves, Carpenter, Spottiswoode, Flowers, Asa Gray, Marsh, Whitney, and scores of other bright stars in the world of science.

And to the honor of being President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, I found myself indebted for an associate member's ticket and a reserved seat, close to those veterans of science ; let me tell you that in such a vast apartment as the York Exhibition Room, in which close on 3,000 persons were seated, a reserved seat was quite an appreciable piece of good luck.

The facilities afforded by the York press, as well as the printed directions, *brochures* and journals of each days proceedings, placed at my disposal ample information, to which you are welcome, touching the Association's aims, progress and results.

" Estimating its success by the number of members and associates attending its meetings, the British Association, we find, has made rapid strides since the year 1831, when there were 353 persons present in the theatre of the Yorkshire Museum. In 1834, when the association met at Edinburgh, under the presidency of Sir T. M. Brisbane, D. C. L., there was a total membership of 1,298. Three years later the association met at Liverpool, the Earl of Burlington presiding, when those in attendance numbered 1,840. This number was increased to 2,400 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the following year, when the chair was occupied by the Duke of Northumberland.

Then followed a falling off to 1,438 at Birmingham in 1839, when the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt took the chair; and a still further reduction, at Glasgow, in 1840, (the Marquis of Breadalbane presiding), when there were 1,353 persons in attendance. In the subsequent years the diminution in numbers was most marked, only 891 persons journeying to Plymouth to attend the meeting under the presidency of the Rev. W. Whewell, F. R. S. Then there came another leap at Manchester

in 1842, when Lord Francis Egerton, presided, and had the pleasure of being surrounded by a company numbering 1,345. From Manchester the Association went over to the Sister Isle and met, at Cork, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Rosse, F. R. S., after which it returned to the place of its nativity, where the Rev. G. Peacock, D.D., filled the presidential chair. From 1845 to 1855, the chair was occupied by Sir John F. W. Herschell, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Robert Inglis, the Marquis of Northampton, the Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D., Sir David Brewster, Mr. G. B. Airy (Astronomer Royal,) Lieut. General Sabine, the Earl of Harrowby, and the Duke of Argyll. During these years the attendance varied considerably, from 715 in 1851 to 2,133 in 1855.

Under the presidency of Professor Daubeny, M. D., at Cheltenham, in 1856, the meetings were attended by 1,115; but that number was almost doubled, in 1857, at Dublin, when there were 2,022 members and associates present. Notwithstanding the presence of the Prince Consort, at the Aberdeen meeting, in 1858, there was a falling off: 1,698, in number. It ran up again to 2,564 at Oxford in the following year, when the chair was occupied by Lord Wrottisley. At Manchester, in 1861, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1863, the two most successful meetings of the association in regard to numbers have been held. Dr. William Fairbairn, F. R. S., at the former, and Sir W. G. Armstrong, at the latter town, had the honour of presiding over 3,139 and 3,335 persons respectively. Since that time the number have not varied greatly from year to year, but have maintained a comparatively steady balance between 1,856 and 2,802, with the exception however, of Plymouth in 1877, when there were only 1,217 persons present, and Sheffield in 1879, when the attendance numbered 1,404 only. During these years the presidential chair was occupied, amongst others, by Dr. Richard Owen, D.C.L.; the Rev. Professor Willis; Sir Charles Lyell,

Bart. ; Professor J. Phillips, LL. D., &c. ; Mr. Justice Groves, the Duke of Buccleuch, Dr. Joseph D. Hooker, Professor G. G. Stokes, Professor Huxley, Sir W. Thomson, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor A. Williamson, Mr. W. Spotiswoode, LL. D., &c., (president of the Royal Society), Professor G. J. Allman, LL. D., F. R. S., &c.

Among those eager to render hommage to science, as well as to fulfil towards their distinguished visitors the pleasant duties of hospitality, the *litterati*, historians and antiquarians of the town, took a prominent part. York, was described, sketched and discussed, in the press, in the leading English Reviews and Magazines, under every aspect. Foremost might be mentioned the learned Canon Raine, and Mr. Edwin Goadby, who furnished most elaborate and scholarly descriptions of the famous old town. The leading Journal, the *York Herald*, enlarged its space from eight sheets to sixteen : each morning, it contained most interesting historical data on York, and a copious summary of the daily proceedings of the British Association, as well as excerpts of the Papers and Essays read by learned Professors.

Each department of science, had its section, its president, its separate meeting place, every day from 10 A. M., during that festive week. In addition to the meetings of the sections, three grand literary *soirées* were held at the York Exhibition Rooms, for which tickets costing two sovereigns were issued. More than 2,000 cultured outsiders had been attracted by the Jubilee of the British Association ; the city was alive with bustle and thronged with British Professors, old and young ; *savants* from France, Germany, America, even from Japan : the display lasted one whole week and was enlivened by social gatherings, " At homes, " garden parties, excursions to Scarborough, Castle Howard, Helmsley Castle, Rievaulx Abbey, and other historic spots' in the neighbourhood.

I attended as many, as I could of the morning sittings and some of the literary and scientific *soirées* in the

Exhibition Rooms. History, Geography, Geology, Chemistry, Paleonthology, Botany, Zoology, Electricity, Trade, Statistics, each had one or more eloquent exponents. Of all the eminent men I saw or listened to, the " veteran of science," as his *confrères* took pleasure in styling him, white-haired, genial old Richard Owen and Professor Huxley, attracted most my attention. Though I did not feel myself called on to accept at once the bright, but uncertain light of Evolution, how could I fail being struck with the lucidity of exposition, the marvellous flow of oratory, the glow of science, at the easy and constant command of Professor Huxley : a born orator ?

The subjects which engaged the attention of the Association were of a most varied nature and touched nearly every department of science.

Many were very novel ; some, rather abstruse ; several, though seemingly of paramount interest to *savants*, apparently, not practical for the million. I subjoin a few by way of illustration :

Dr. S. Houghton read a paper : *On the Effects of Gulf Streams upon Climate.*"

The new President Dr. C. W. Siemens " *On some Applications of Electric Energy to Horticultural and Agricultural Purposes,*" and gave out as the result of his experiments that the growth of plants and flowers can be greatly stimulated by giving them by night, Electric light ; this novel theory attracted much attention. A. W. Bennett : spoke " *On the colours of Spring Flowers.*"

Professor R. W. Atkinson read a communication intituled : " *Brewing in Japan.*"

Professor J. Prestwich, held forth : " *On the causes of Volcanic action.*"

Dr. Beddoe : " *On the stature of the Inhabitants of Hungary.*"

Wm. E. A. Axon : " *On Corn and Cattle.*"

Wm. Westgarth, of London : " *On a general Banking Law for the United Kingdom.*"

J. E. Dawson, struck a sympathetic cord, when he stood up and held forth : " *On the economical effects of using cheap gas for gas-meters with a description of the Apparatus for producing it.*"

R. Pickwell, treated : " *Of Continuous Door-Locks and Foot-Boards for Railway Carriages.*"

Professor Seely : " *On the Evolution of the Plesiausorus.*"

Professor Thorpe : " *On Chemical action between Solids.*"

The Papers on Geology and Geography were particularly interesting.

A scientist from our side of the water, Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, in a remarkable paper, held forth on the characteristics of the *Archœopteryx*, an extinct spicies, a Jurassic Bird, half serpent, half Bird ; of which three specimens only were known to exist : one, at Philadelphia, an other, at Munich, a third, in the British Museum : his explanations of the structure of this gigantic individual of the genus *Struthyonidae* seemed to rivet the attention of the European *savants*. I felt inclined to say " Welldone " America ! when Professor Marsh sat down amidst hearty applause. A Paris Professor, Cyparissos Stephanos discoursed in French on an abstruse mathematical question : " *Sur les faisceaux de forme biquadratique binaire ayant une même Jacobienne.*"

Professeur Halpen : " *Sur une classe d'équations différentielles linéaires.*"

T. E. Clark, B. S. C. : " *On glacial Section at York.*"

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Our varied, our jaunty little excursion from home must now draw to a close.

The time has come for me to bid adieu to the pleasant, hospitable, cultured old land beyond the sea, and to commit myself to the safe-keeping of Capt. Dutton and his good ship " Sardinian." Westward Ho ! will now be our motto.

Though I have revelled, whilst abroad in many im-

posing sights, let me tell you, I felt happy, in again turning my face to my native shores, not in the least downhearted with our own Canada.

Magnificent, striking spectacles I have indeed witnessed, in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, &c., but whether from the picturesque ruins of Scarborough Castle; from Arthur's Seat; or looking across the sparkling waters of Moville Bay, from the sublime, though delapidated walls of Green Castle, Donegal; or contemplating gaudy Paris, and the historic heights of Montmartre from the lofty summit of the *Colonne de la Bastille;* or from the top of the lion-crowned Mound on Waterloo plain, compassing, at one glance, a famous battlefield of the past, no where, have my eyes been feasted with a nobler view than you can any day obtain from the brow of Cape Diamond or from the world-renowned terrace Quebec owes to our regretted late Governor-General; and after scanning and with our own comparing, the institutions, the aspirations, the freedom, civil, religious and political of other peoples, without envying them their glory, their wisdom, their greatness, but on the contrary taking full note of the same, I felt proud of the strides our country was making in the race of improvement, expansion and progress; prouder still of the recognition Canada which its wealth of mines, phosphates, asbestos, pastures and wheat fields, was rapidly gaining in Europe *(applause);* full of hope in our future, I felt on rounding Pointe-Levi, inclined to repeat the impassioned utterances of that true friend to Quebec, Lord Dufferin, when addressing a meeting, at Belfast, on the 11th June, 1872. *(Prolonged applause.)*

MEETINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION SINCE ITS FORMATION.

The following list of dates and places of meeting, and presidents of the British Association from its creation in 1831, may be interesting:

Date of Meeting.	Where held.	Presidents.	Attended by.	Amount received during the meeting.	Grants for scientific purposes.
				£	£
1831	York	Earl Fitzwilliam, D.C.L.	353	.....	.....
1832	Oxford	Rev. W. Buckland, F.R.S.	....	.....	.....
1833	Cambridge	Rev. A. Sedgwick, F.R.S.	900	.....	.....
1834	Edinburgh	Sir T. M. Brisbane, D.C.L.	1298	.....	20
1835	Dublin	Rev. Prov. Lloyd, LL.D.	....	.....	168
1836	Bristol	Marquis of Lansdowne	1350	.....	435
1837	Liverpool	Earl of Burlington, F.R.S.	1840	.....	918
1838	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Duke of Northumberland.	2400	.....	956
1839	Birmingham	Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt	1438	.....	1595
1840	Glasgow	Marquis of Breadalbane	1353	.....	1546
1841	Plymouth	Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.	891	.....	1235
1842	Manchester	Lord Francis Egerton	1315	.....	1449
1843	Cork	Earl of Rosse, F.R.S.	....	.....	1565
1844	York	Rev. G. Peacock, D.D.	1000	.....	981
1845	Cambridge	Sir John F. W. Herschell	1079	.....	880
1846	Southampton	Sir R. I. Murchison	857	.....	685
1847	Oxford	Sir R. H. Inglis	1260	.....	208
1848	Swansea	Marquis of Northampton	929	707	275
1849	Birmingham	Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.	1071	963	159
1850	Edinburgh	Sir David Brewster, K.H.	1241	1085	345
1851	Ipswich	G. B. Airy, Esq., Astron. Royal.	710	620	391
1852	Belfast	Lt.-Gen. Sabine, F.R.S.	1108	1085	304
1853	Hull	W. Hopkins, Esq., F.R.S.	876	908	205
1854	Liverpool	Earl of Harrowby, F.R.S.	1802	1882	330
1855	Glasgow	Duke of Argyll, F.R.S	2133	2311	480
1856	Cheltenham	Professor Daubeny, M.D.	1115	1098	734
1857	Dublin	Rev. Humphy. Lloyd. D.D.	2022	2015	507
1858	Leeds	Ricd. Owen, M.D., D.C.L.	1698	1931	618
1859	Aberdeen	H. R. H. Prince Consort	2564	2782	684
1860	Oxford	Lord Wrottesley, M.A.	1689	1604	1241
1861	Manchester	Wm. Fairbairn, LL.D., F. R. S.	3139	3944	1111
1862	Cambridge	Rev. Prof. Willis, M.A	1161	1089	1293
1863	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Sir W. G. Armstrong, C.B.	3335	3640	1608
1864	Bath	Sir C. Lyell, Bart., M.P.	2802	2965	1289
1865	Birmingham	Prof. J. Phillips, M.A., LL.D.	1997	2227	1591
1866	Nottingham	W. R. Grove, Q.C., F.R.S.	2303	2469	1750
1867	Dundee	Duke of Buccleuch, K.C.B.	2444	2613	1739
1868	Norwich	Dr J. D. Hooker, F.R.S.	2004	2042	1940
1869	Exeter	Prof. G. C. Stokes, D.C.L.	1856	1931	1622
1870	Liverpool	Prof. T. Huxley, L.L.D.	2378	3096	1572
1871	Edinburgh	Prof. Sir W. Thompson, LL.D.	2463	2575	1472
1872	Brighton	Dr W. Carpenter, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S.	2533	2649	1285
1873	Bradford	Dr A. W. Williamson, F.R.S.	1983	2120	1635
1874	Belfast	Prof. J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S.	1951	1979	1151
1875	Bristol	Sir J. Hawkshaw, C.E., F.R.S.	2248	2397	960
1876	Glasgow	Prof. T. Andrews, M.D., F.R.S.	2774	3023	1092
1877	Plymouth	Prof. A. Thomson, M.D., F.R.S.	1229	1268	1128
1878	Dublin	Wm. Spottiswoode, M.A., F.R.S.	2578	2615	725
1879	Sheffield	Prof. G. J. Allman, M.D., F.R.S.	1404	1425	1030
1880	Swansea	A. C. Ramsey, LL.D., F.R.S.	915	899	731

[From *Quebec Morning Chronicle.*]

BRIGHTON, SCARBOROUGH, VERSAILLES, AND THE LION MOUNT OF WATERLOO.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

READ BEFORE THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1882, BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

"The winter course of Lectures was opened with *éclat* last night at the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, by the President, J. M. LeMoine. We are enabled to-day to give his interesting lecture. His subject was "Reminiscenses of Travel" in which he dealt with Brighton, Scarbro', Versailles, and the field of Waterloo."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I feel grateful, for the presence, this night, in this room, of such a numerous and distinguished assemblage, at the opening of our winter course of lectures. May I gather from the circumstance an indication, if not a proof of an increasing interest in and sympathy with the efforts of this Society to promote culture, by providing intellectual amusement for its members.

My special line of studies had naturally induced me to select for this occasion a subject calculated to further more immediately one of the chief object contemplated by this Institution, the prosecution of researches bearing on American and Canadian annals. Some material had already, with this view, been garnered

from an extensive collection of rare and old maps and charts, delineating on sea and land the line of travel of the early discoverers of America. I soon found the matter vaster even than I had anticipated; in fact, requiring much more time than is at my disposal. Trusting to your forgiveness, I have departed from my old and beaten track and shall this evening, with your permission, place at your disposal, a few excerpts from a Diary of Travel, I kept during a two month absence from home in July and August, 1881. To many here present, what I have to say, I ween, can have no novelty. It may possibly serve to refresh the memory of those sightseers, who have preceeded me and prepare the minds of those who may come after me.

Let us then first view King George IV's Elysium.

BRIGHTON.

As a fashionable sea-bathing resort, where the upper tendom of London disport themselves in sickness as well as in health. I saw no spot more patronised, more gorgeously and effectually equipped for pleasure and health, than the lovely town of Brighton on the Southern coast of England.

Brighton, with a population of 103,281 souls, and an annual influx of over 50,000 tourists and visitors, was an obscure fishing-village down to 1753, in the county of Sussex. 'Tis now famous through all England. Brighton's original name was Brighthelmston, from Brighthelm, an Anglo-Saxon Bishop, who is reputed to have founded it in the 10th century, and *tun*, a town. Local histories tell us that the Romans had a settlement here, as proved by the numerous coins and other antiquities of the Roman period which have been found from time to time. The lord of the soil in the 11th century was the great Earl Godwin, the father of the last Anglo-Saxon King, Harold, who, as you know, lost his Kingdom and his life at the battle of Hastings (14th Oct., 1066.)

From its proximity to London, 'tis indeed a welcome haven of repose—a *sanitorium* for the wearied Londoner, longing for the Sunday or holiday, to tear himself from the great Babylon of wealth, squalor, trade, intellect and smoke.

The 3 p. m., express train from the London Bridge, or Victoria Railway station, rushes you in one hour and twenty minutes past rows of suburban brick cottages, leafy old manors, ivy-mantled chapels, medieval churches, under lofty viaducts, over the fifty-one intervening miles between the metropolis and the loved seaside resort.

For a western traveller like me, never enamoured of the English style of railway-travel and baggage-checking system, judge of my thankfulness on my emerging safe and unharmed from the dark, sooty, underground tunnel, the Clayton tunnel, near Croydon: Croydon, where only a few days previous had been brought the mangled remains of poor old Mr. Gould. His murderer, Lefroy, whose name was in every mouth, was then yet unconvicted, unhung, unrepresented in Madam Toussaud's Chamber of Horrors, which I was soon to visit. These small locked railway compartments, they may be a British institution, but the country has other, has better institutions than this. Possibly when some future Lefroy will have chloroformed or garotted a peer of the realm, a Lord Mayor, a Bishop, or even a Railway Director—the torch of enquiry will light up this question, and unprotected passengers per rail will cease to be promiscuously locked up in solitary railway compartments with garotters and murderers. Croydon has a population of 58,-000 inhabitants; it was formerly the country residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At 4.30 p. m. I found myself on the steps of the Grand Hotel, at Brighton, sniffing the salt sea air and gazing at the vast sunlit, sparkling bay, fringed with countless bathing houses, studded by whole fleets of

sailing and row boats, while the grey, level sands and Esplanade above were densely packed with bathers and pleasure-seekers of both sexes. Bath chairs, in which lounged rheumatic old dowagers with fans, vigorously fanning their withered, though still ruddy English cheeks, whilst sturdy porters wheeled their Bath chairs across the Esplanade, and chaises filled with rosy children, drawn by mules, donkeys, or goats, with here and there a velocipede, whirred past.

How lively the scene and sweet the sounds, when the moon's beams slumbers on the murmuring surf, and a city band, from the new West Pier, sends forth during the stillness of the evening, its soft strains! This promenade each evening is much frequented; the band plays until ten, and "God Save the Queen" is the signal for a general break up.

The city has a high reputation for its healthy climate and its invigorating sea-breezes. "Thackery, in *The Newcomes*, called it "Merry Doctor Brighton," and sporting novels are full of references to the hunting which is famous in the neighborhood. Well-known packs of harries and fox-hounds meet almost daily during the winter months at points within easy reach of Brighton. The young gentlemen of England can hunt and flirt to their hearts' content from the opening of cub-hunting until the last fox has been killed; for there are balls, routs, concerts, receptions, all the time. Brighton is a gay place for the poor scions of noble houses on the look-out for heiresses; a choice hunting ground for penniless adventurers on the watch for rich widows: modern D'Orsays and Beau Brummels find pleasant occupation here at the clubs and in society; while generals without regiments and parvenus with country estates and houses in town pose in the sun at the most popular hour of the day for doing the three-mile drive by the sea. One day, at the fashionable season of the year, not long since, I stood at the door of the Old Ship, and it seemed to me as if Hyde Park,

Regent street, and Mayfair, had just been emptied, carriages, horses, servants, and all, into the King's Road; cabinet ministers and their wives, peers and peeresses, journalists, artists, members of Parliament, actors, ambassadors from foreign courts, operatic singers; a motley crowd, moving along as if engaged in a formal procession *en route* for some stately rendez-vous."

I find in my diary the following foot note, which may interest the ladies. " One does occasionally meet with what one might be inclined to style, over-powering toilettes, in these thronged sea-side resorts. On our way from Brighton to Antwerp, in the crowd of English travellers who besieged with us the *table d'hôte*, in the sumptuous hotel *du Grand Laboureur*, at Antwerp, I shall not easily forget the sensation created by the appearance of an æsthetic Damozel, apparelled in the most advanced style.

In order to stand revealed as a blooming Hebe, or a full-blown Helen, 'tis not sufficient for a plain girl to don cathedral-grey colors and shades dear to the great Oscar, with a string of blue beads round her neck, and a sunflower, lily, or chrysanthemum in her belt, tight-fitting sleeves and big puffs at the elbows and shoulders; hair, cut short and frizzled to look like the grilled quills of a porcupine! The sunflower did indeed cause a sensation, but, assuredly, she did not seem what men like to call 'a pretty creature.'

My next neighbor at table, a polite Parisian with whom I happened to be conversing, evidently startled by the strange apparition of this æsthetic Venus, turned up in horror the white of his eyes, and leaning over to me, close to my ear, his agonized feelings found vent in one expression—one only " *Mais, c'est affreux! !* "

Brighton, the " Queen of the Southern watering place—as she is styled—has indeed, many attractive sights, none more so than her spacious beach, her grand aquarium—" the largest fresh and salt water aquarium in the world", you are told, and the gor-

geous pavilion, near the old Steyne square, dating from 1783, the Marine Villa of the Prince of Wales, later on, George IV.

What gave rise to it, it seems, was a visit this gay Lothario paid to his uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, in 1782. Young Prince George was so charmed during a sojourn there of eleven days, with the "fisher village," that he determined to have a marine villa at Brighton; nay, it cost over £250,000 sterling of English tax-payers money to complete and decorate this Alhambra, this costly eastern dream of an English Prince. The building was first known as the Rotunda, when owned by its Royal Founder, the Prince of Wales. It was styled in 1824, the Pavilion; William IV added the northern and southern gateways."

I can recall on a bright July morning, winding my way in the Pavilion grounds to visit this striking, fairy-like abode. Suite after suite of lofty, circular, oval or square rooms, ornamented with tapestry and chandeliers of exquisite workmanship; the most costly of chandeliers is that hung in the Banquetting Room. This lustre has quite a story.

It had been intended, in 1814, as a gift, by the English Government to the Emperor of China, with the object of opening up commercial relations with the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The English ambassador, Lord Macartney, failing in his negotiations, the chandelier, which had cost £2,000 sterling, was brought back to England and placed in the Brighton Pavilion by the Prince Regent.

There it remained till William IV and Queen Adelaide occupied the Pavilion, when His Majesty, we are told, ordered its removal, not however from any want of appreciation of its beauty, but from a superstitious belief in dreams. Queen Adelaide having dreamed that the chandelier had fallen down and crushed some of the attendants upon the Court, Her Royal husband had it removed, fearing that some of the supports which held

it, would give way and that a fatal accident might occur.

For several years the chandelier lay stored away in a workshop in St. James place, Brighton, but on Queen Victoria using the Pavilion as a marine residence, it was restored to its original position, being again removed when the Pavilion was dismantled, on Her Majesty giving up Brighton for Osborne. The chandelier was removed with the other fittings to Buckingham Palace, where it remained till 1864, when it was again restored as now seen. To this brief sketch of the great chandelier and its vicissitudes may be added the fact, that the vessel which brough it back from China was wrecked on her homeward voyage.

Space precludes my dwelling on all the eastern splendor of the Royal Pavilion, its spacious vestibule, Chinese corridor, exquisite music room, sumptuous banquetting Hall, gaudy drawing room, etc.

As to the banquetting room and its arched, emblazoned dome, no word painting can produce a faithful portraiture. What particularly struck me, was a cornice of a most elegant form, ornamented at the top with the leaf of the Chinese lily, and at the bottom with pendant trefoils and bells; the centres of the arches were pierced with oblong, stained windows bordered with gold and pearl and the lozenge-shaped panes were embellished with Chinese devices and mythological animals. The domed ceiling represents an Eastern sky against which a gigantic palm tree rears its broad and luxuriant head, and, mingled with its spreading foliage, its produce hangs in clusters in every stage of development, from the opening blossom to the ripening fruit. Beneath the resplendent, waving leaves floats an immense fiery dragon, carrying in its claws the stupendous chandelier already spoken of, and from the four angles of the cornice issue, in full flight, as if alarmed by the dragon, four splendidly carved and brilliantly painted figures... each supporting a lustre corresponding in elegance and

not inferior in brilliancy to the large chandelier in the centre. Such is the description dinned in my ear by my Brighton ciceronne; but enough of this gilt, shall we say, tawdry pageant of a distant, but profligate era. What has history to write anent the master of this Eastern Pagoda? How much Bordeaux, Burgundy, Clos Vougeot and old Cognac has been quaffed, under the rays which of yore descended from that same chandelier by that handsome, gay, witty, but godless Prince, that heartless voluptuary and his heartless wassailers?

And when sauntering over those grounds with their gravelly walks and stately trees, past the marble statue of that worthy Mayor of Brighton, knighted by the Queen, in 1873, Sir Cordy Burrows, my thoughts reverted to the scene so thrillingly recalled by the great satirist of England—the "first gentlemen of Europe" looking approvingly on the disgrace of a grey-haired and great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, I asked myself, where now are the once envied, but now "defunct revelers who boxed and gambled, and drank and drove with King George." 'Tis true the Master of Carlton House, at one time consorted with men like Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox. 'Tis certain that, in 1823, he was on his visit to Scotland, championed by that "royal cavalier" and wondrous writer, Walter Scott, but the gilt and velvet cushioned halls of the Brighton Alhambra, the Rotunda, more than one echoed the coarse ribaldry of horse jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing, masters," to the disgust no doubt of poor, deserted Queen Caroline, and even of pretty Mrs. Fitzherbert. These were the palmy days of the "first gentleman of Europe"—alas! And was it not natural, even had the growing town not concealed the view of the sea, from the Pavilion, that accustomed to a pure social atmosphere, our spotless sovereign, in 1844, should have bid adieu to George IV's, Marine Villa, his *petit Trianon*, at Brighton!

SCARBOROUGH.

"The gazing seaman here entranced stands,
While, fair unfolding from her concave slope,
He Scarborough views. The sandy pediment
First, gently raised above the wat'ry plain.
Embraces wide the waves; the lower domes
Next lift their heads; then swiftly roof o'er roof.
With many a weary step, the streets arise,
Testitudinous, till half o'ercome the cliff,
A swelling fabric, dear to heaven, aspires,
Majestic even in ruin * * * * * * *
But see yon citadel, with heavy walls,
That rise still prouder on the mountain's peak,
From Eurus, Boreas, and the kindred storms,
Shielding the favored haven."

(*Mark Foster*)

My recollections of this famous summer retreat will ever retain a fresh place in my memory from being connected with a very agreeable excursion to Scarborough, when attending at York, in September, 1881, the meetings of the British Association, whose fiftieth anniversary was solemnized with so much *éclat.*

If Brighton is reckoned the Southern Queen of English watering places, Scarborough is justly proud of the title she bears, of the Northern Queen of Watering Places. "Nestling in the recess of a lovely bay, with a coast extending to Flamborough Head; presenting an almost boundless extent of ocean; constantly bearing on its waters fleets of vessels passing to and fro; possessing an extensive beach of smooth and firm sands, sloping down to the sea with rocks and deeply indented bays, gradually rising two hundred feet from the very shore in successive tiers of welldrained streets, in the form of an amphitheatre on the concave surface, as it were of a semi-circular bay; the venerable walls of Scarborough Castle adorning the summit of a promontory three hundred feet high, forming the Eastern apex"; its splendid iron bridges four hundred feet in length, the numerous fishing and pleasure boats and

steamers, its sands crowded with a joyous company, riding, driving, walking or bathing; all these features combine to make the place exceedingly attractive.

On alighting from the train on the outskirts of the town I was particularly struck with the commanding appearance of Oliver's Mount (wrongly, it is said, connected with Old Ironsides.) It rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Leaving aside for lack of time the saline and mineral springs, celebrated as far back as 1620, I hastened to pay my respects to the hoary ruins of its grim old fortres—Scarborough Castle. The Romans once occupied the lofty promontory where the castle was subsequently built by the Earl of Albemarle in the year 1136. The castle was taken in 1312. It had been repeatedly besieged in 1536. " When the rebellion broke out, it was held for the King by Sir Hugh Cholmeley. In February, 1644, the town was stormed by the Parliamentary forces under Sir John Meldrum, but the fortress held out, and only capitulated after a most gallant defence with all the honors of war. Many of Sir Hugh's officers and soldiers were in so weak a condition that they had to be brought out in sheets; others were helped out between two men; and all of them were unable to march. Lady Cholmeley was with her husband during the siege, and greatly assisted in the defence, nursing, tending and feeding the sick and dressing the wounds of the wounded. So impressed were the Parliamentary leaders with the importance of the position, that they ordered a day of thanksgiving for the capitulation of the fortress. In 1648, it had to undergo a second siege." This rare little bit of history, disclosing the Florence Nightingale of the period, Lady Cholmeley, as a heroine, I mention for the especial information of my lady hearers. It gave me much more interest in the venerable, storm-beaten fort, than the information which my guide imparted, viz: that " in 1666, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was confined here."

From these airy heights, of Castle Cliff, I descended leisurely, musing on what my newly-discovered heroine, Lady Cholmeley, might be like, occasionally gazing seaward, where huge ships were tossing like cockle shells on the troubled bosom of the German Ocean; I walked across the stone bridge, which replaced the draw-bridge of the castel, removed in 1826, and was soon confortably seated in the ample hall of the leading hostelry. This costly structure, also known as the Grand Hotel, the sea front of which is ten stories high, is reputed one of the largest hotels in England; 'tis certainly very roomy, elegant and picturesquely located.

In connection with the Bill of fare of these sumptuous hotels, there is one feature at which Brillat-Savarin would fall in ecstacies; that is the fish course: fried soles, delicate, tiny shrimps, exquisite white-bait, luscious Lockfyne herrings and such turbot! I found I knew not what a good herring was until, I feasted on a fat one, fresh from the heather-scented locks of old Scotia.

No wonder a successful Londoner longs to grasp the envied position of an Alderman, so that his turbot existence may commence; the whole thing was made clear to me.

There is less glitter in the large hotels beyond the sea, than in those on our side, perhaps more comfort; no where did I see anything to came up for splendor with our "Windsor."

The most popular places of amusement at Scarborough are the Spa, The Aquarium, the Museum. The new Spa comprises a range of buildings opened, in 1880 by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London—the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayor of Scarborough. It includes a vast hall capable of seating 3,000 persons, a spacious promenade, a pretty theatre, a restaurant, billiard, reading and reception rooms. The Spa is the centre of fashionable life in the "season" which here closes earlier than at Brighton; the variety and bril-

liancy of the toilettes; the ever-moving panorama of new faces on the great promenade ; the nobility of the land, occasionally mixing with the nobility of commerce ; the subdued "good form," ways of this English fashionable crowd, so different from the gay, noisy votaries of fashion, I had met at some of the French watering places, or on the *Boulevards Italiens*, left a pleasurable, a lasting impression on my mind.

On the south cliff of the Spa, there are numerous, ornate dwellings; most conspicuous, the Prince of Wales' Terrace. I ascended there by means of the lift or elevator, an easy and much used mode of communication between this lofty ridge and the promenade below ; the view and the elevator reminded me powerfully of our Upper and Lower Town and of our Quebec elevator.

Scarborough is famous for its saline springs, its piers jetting far out in the sea and which afford to the disciples of fashion many pleasant *tête-à-tête*. The town is separated in two parts by a valley, but connected by two bridges which obviate the necessity of descent of the one hill and ascent of the other. A lofty situation, rugged scenery and historical souvenirs, in my opinion award it the palm over her luxurious, more ancient and more wealthy rival, Brighton, the holiday resort of great London.

VERSAILLES.

Let us bid adieu to the white cliffs of old England, the Island-home of a free people, of a privileged, exclusive but educated nobility, tracing back to William the Norman, the seat of learning as well as the paradise of wealth, civilization and commerce.

Let us steer for Dieppe, Rouen, the sunny banks of the Seine, for brilliant, gay Paris.

Here we are comfortably housed in the Hotel Binda, *Rue de l'Echelle*, close to the *Avenue de l'Opéra* not very far from the royal Louvre, the Champs-Elysées,

the Seine and its fourteen bridges. Oh! how long we would like to tarry here, that is provided any one could guarantee us that a Nihilist, Socialist or Communist mob might not rise in the night and burn us to a cinder in the smoking ruins of the capital!

Adieu! then for the present grim historic Louvre, with your inexhaustible treasures of art, &c. Adieu for a few hours, lofty tapering, sculptured medieval church spires! Adieu green, solemn groves of the *Bois de Boulogne* only now recuperating from the wholesale devastations inflicted, in 1871, by those enemies from within, more merciles by far than the Prussians, the Paris Commune!

However varied and powerful the attraction of Paris, there has been for us, from our earliest youth another spot, which in our day-dreams we used to picture to ourselves as a vista of those oriental palaces of which we had read in the "Arabian Nights," such marvelous tales: that is the summer palace, parks and hunting grounds of French Kings, from Louis XIII downwards, gaudy, inimitable Versailles. And yet how obscure its beginnings! History makes mention of a certain Hugo de Versaliis, a contemporary of the first Capetian Kings, who owned a seignorial manor, on the very site where the famous palace now stands. Little could be have foreseen that the day would come when the solitude round his hunting lodge, in the narrow valley of Versailles would echo to the brilliant *fêtes* given to the crowned heads of Europe by the greatest sovereign of the Bourbon race of Kings, and that the hunting carols of proud nobles as well as the "*clairon du roi*," the accents of eloquent prelates like Bossuet and Masillon, the boisterous songs of the banquet, of the godless wassailers of Louis XV and his Pompadours and Dubarrys would on a future day replace the sweet chimes of the *Angelus*, at the little priory church of Saint-Julien, close by.

In days of yore, Baron Hugo, and later on, his descendants on returning from their expeditions to Spain against the Moors, or from repelling the Northmen, used to tarry for a while at his Manor ; and after returning thanks to Saint Julien, for the success of their arms, they would organize a hunt in the deep, virgin forest of Versailles, where nature has had to disappear before art.

A few centuries back, when the seigniory of Versailles was owned by Martial de Leomenie, it is recorded how the unsuspecting seignior, in order to escape the St. Bartholemew massacre, had made a gift of his lands to Gondi, Marechal de Retz, who had undertaken to obtain protection for him ; and how the infamous Marshal having had him murdered on the 28th August, the feast of Saint Julien, he had himself proclaimed Seignior and took under the dais, the honored place of his victim. History in the past reeks with accounts of similar foul deeds.

It was Louis XIII, who, in 1634, caused his architect, Jacques Lemercier, to erect, on an eminence crowned by a mill, where after the toilsome hunt he was in the habit of finding a too modest place of rest, the chateau of which his son Louis XIV, out of regard to his royal parent, preserved a part, that included in the *Cour de Marbre* (Marble Court), and which the talented Mansart sat like a curious gem, in the splendid casket, erected by his genius.

Louis XIII, was in the habit of spending the summer at Versailles and the rest of the year at the Castle of Saint-Germain, where he expired on the 14th March, 1643.

Louis XIV, born at St. Germain, on the 5th september, 1638, came for the first time to visit his father's Chateau, at Versailles, on the 18th April, 1651, since which period he frequently returned to hunt there ; he had also, 'tis said, taken a dislike to St. Germain, as it commanded a view of the tower of St. Denis, the

royal burying place. The first entertainment given at Versailles by the King took place in 1664. Molière, attached to the royal household as *valet de chambre*, as he was styled, with his troop of actors had selected as a comic piece *Les Plaisirs de l'Ile Enchantée*, of which Benserade and President de Peregny had composed the recitative in verse, whilst Lulli had composed the music and directed the ballet scene, and an Italian named Varini took charge of the decorations and pyrotechnic display, Molière had also acted at the first *fête* his *Princesse* d'*Elide* and *Les Fâcheux*. The grand receptions and regal entertainments continued at Versailles, where the King was having important works carried on by his architects, Levau, Dorbay, and Mansart. It was on the 6th May, 1682, that the Great Louis removed his household gods to Versailles.

The highest talent of every order had been enlisted by the monarch to design and decorate the royal demesne and castle, where flocked the wits, great writers, illustrious divines, as well as the court favorites, the de la Sablière, Montespan, Maintenon et *aliæ*. From those various groups arose like, an ambrosial atmosphere, towards the *Grand Monarque*, the dangerous fumes of flattery, sometimes, of shameless servility. Was he not the King, who, on ascending the throne, had told his Parliament "l'Etat, c'est moi?"—"The State, 'tis I." He, too, on viewing his costly pet creation, could say, "Versailles, 'tis I." Versailles was indeed Louis XIV all over. Those sculptured groups: those noble paintings of memorable events compassed by him; those series of victories due to French courage, French blood, French devotion; those thunderbolts of war, Condé, Turenne, Villars, &c., put forward by him, surrounding him, looking up to him as the sun of the planet where they revolved, far away beneath him, sometimes forgotten or in disgrace: all spoke at Versailles of the great Louis. Happy were they to be admitted in his Council Chamber, reception or banquetting room to sing the praise of

the august monarch, let us add, of the selfish, spoilt Sultan of glittering Versailles.

It was a happy idea which inspired Louis Philippe, in 1832, to repeople, with the names, glory and souvenirs of the great men, who in the past had lit up this evanescent pageantry, by gathering there, the portraits of these worthies, the views of the battles they had fought for their country. Thanks to Philippe Champagne, Lebrun, Puget, Ary-Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, Horace Vernet, the *Musée historique de Versailles*, formed of selections from the Louvre and other public galleries bring you face to face with the famous writers and artists of the past, as well as with the warriors whose fame is the patrimony of the nation: Vendome, Schomberg, La Feuillade, Luxembourg, Villeroy, Tourville, d'Estrées, Catinat, Vauban, Richelieu, Biron, Villars, Turenne, Condé, as well as the Generals of the Republic and Empire. The Palace Chapel, a tasteful edifice, dates from 1699. The interior is remarkable for its gorgeous old French decorative style; the exterior is adorned with twenty-eight statues of apostles and saints. Over the entrance of the door is the royal gallery, above which Jouvenet painted, in 1709, a *Descent of the Holy Ghost.* It took the painter, Charles de la Fosse, four months to paint the Resurrection, over the High Altar. The decorations of the altar and of the side chapels are striking.

Saint Simon, in connection with the King's devotions at the Royal Chapel, tells a little joke, which Major Brissac, who commanded the King's Guards, played on the fashionoble and pretty *dévotes* of the period. The *beau sexe* round the palace were in the habit of crowding the chapel seats on Sunday afternoons, bringing with them handsome little tapers to throw light on the text of their prayer books, as well as on their pretty faces, so that each might be recognized. It was easy to know whether the King would attend by the presence of the Guards, who preceded the entrance of Royalty. Brissac

on one occasion, in order to test the point whether it was piety or vanity which brought the fair ones to church in such numbers, rose, and brandishing his *bâton*, gave the word of command—" Guards, withdraw, the King wont be here to-day ! " This caused a murmur among the ladies ; the tapers were extinguished and the owners left, all except some truly pious ones who remained in church. The seats being vacated, Brissac recalled the guards, on the entrance of Royalty. On leaving, Louis XIV, enquired from Brissac the reason why the chapel was so deserted that day, and being told the practical joke practised on his admirers, he joined the court in a hearty laugh ; but Saint Simon adds, that Major Brissac, though an intrepid soldier, scarcely dared to face alone his fair enemies, *craignant*, he adds, *d'être étranglé par elles*, lest they should strangle him.

The Palace itself comprises more than one hundred apartments ; had the Great Louis, like Pygmalion, feared secret poisoning, he could, like him have diversified *ad infinitum* his sleeping arrangements.

Striking battle scenes, naval engagements on canvass, life-size pictures of the French sovereigns, their great generals, admirals, men of science, letters, fill the *salle des Croisades, salle des Spectacles, salle des Rois de France, salle des Guerriers célèbres, galeries des Batailles* and a hundred others. We took special interest in Marie Antoinette's boudoir, etc., with the old furniture still there ; the secret staircase, through which she escaped from the mob is shown. Louis XIV's great dining-table, still stands in the centre of the royal banquetting room, and a large marble wine cooler remains, near the wall, to tell the tale of other days.

" The town of Versailles, the capital of the Seine-et-Oise department, with 49,850 inhabitants, owes its origin to Louis XIV. The site was hardly favourable for a town, and still less so for a park, as the water for its ornamental ponds had to be conveyed to it from a

great distance at a vast expense. The town was called by Voltaire, *l'abîme des despenses*, its palace and park having cost the treasury of Louis XIV, the enormous sum of 1,000 million francs. The accounts handed down to us regarding the erection of this sumptuous palace and the laying out of its grounds almost border on the fabulous. Thus no fewer than 36,000 men and 6,000 horses are said to have been employed at one time in forming the terraces of the garden, levelling the park, and constructing a road to it from Paris and an aqueduct from Maintenon, a distance of thirty-one miles from Versailles.

This aqueduct was intended to bring the water of the river Eure to Versailles, but was discontinued owing to the great mortality among the soldiers employed; and the breaking out of the war, in 1688, prevented the resumption of the works. The waterworks of Marly were afterwards constructed, and a further supply of water obtained from the ponds on the plateau between Versailles and Rambouillet. After 1682, Versailles became the permanent headquarters of the court, and is therefore intimately associated with the history of that period. It witnessed the zenith and the decadence of the prosperity of Louis XIV; and under his successors the magnificent pile of the " grand monarque " became the scene of the disreputable Pompadour and Du Barry, domination. It was at the meeting of the Estates held here, in 1789 that the " Tiers Etat " took the memorable step, the first on the way to the Revolution, of forming itself into a separate body, the Assemblée Nationale. A few months later the unfortunate Louis XVI saw the Palace of Versailles sacked by a Parisian mob, which included many thousand repulsive women and since that period it has remained uninhabited. During the Revolution (1789) it narrowly escaped being sold. Napoléon neglected it, owing to the great expense which its repair would have entailed, and the Bourbons on their restoration merely prevented it from

falling to decay and erected the pavilion on the south side. Louis Philippe at length restored the building, and converted part of it into an historical picture gallery."

From 19th September, 1870, to 6th March, 1871, the palace was the headquarters of the King of Prussia, and a great part of the edifice was then used as a military hospital, the pictures having been carefully covered to protect them from injury. An impressive scene took place here on the 18th January, 1871, when the Prussian Monarch, with the unanimous consent of the German States, was saluted as Emperor of Germany. To describe minutely all the events which occurred at Versailles during the above period would be to write a history of the Franco-Prussian war. The house No. 1, Boulevard du Roi (which was pointed out to us) was the scene of the negotiations between Prince Bismark and Jules Favre on the 23rd-24th, 26th-28th January, 1871, which decided the terms for the capitulation of Paris and the preliminaries of peace. After the departure of the German troops (12th March, 1871), Versailles became the seat of the French Government, and it was from here that Marshal MacMahon directed the struggle against the fierce outbreak of the Commune. It was not till 1879 that the Government and the Chambers transferred their headquarters to Paris.

The town itself contains little to interest travellers. The great attractions are the palace and its picture gallery.

The gardens at the back of the Palace of Versailles, with their park and ornamental sheets of water, are nearly in the same condition as when laid out by Le Notre, the most famous landscape gardener of the period. Le Notre and his geometrical and artificial style have seen their day long since. Trees are now permitted to branch out such as nature intended them ; no modern landscape-gardener would attempt to torture their

flexible boughs into resembling Grecian vases, startled fawns, or long-tailed peacocks.

The grounds are interesting on account of their quaint, solemn old-fashioned appearance, which harmonises admirably with the heavy and formal architecture of the Palace, and is in perfect keeping with the notions of art which prevailed in the time of Louis XIV. Here and there you notice marble statues and vases copied from some celebrated originals; groups of animals in bronze, standing sentry over lawns; in *bosquets;* or amid crystal basins of gushing water.

One of the greatest sights is the playing of the *Grandes Eaux:* this generally takes place on the first Sunday of every month from May to October, attracting crowds of visitors; the jet of some is about 74 feet in height. About one half-mile to the north-west of the terrace of the palace, a hand some villa of one story, in the form of a horse-shoe, was erected by Louis XIV, from plans by Mansart, for Madame de Maintenon. We found some of the apartments richly furnished and decorated with paintings by Mignard, LeBrun and Boucher. In one room we noticed fine malachite vases—given, we were told, by Alexander I, of Russia to Napoléon; also portraits of Napoléon I, Henri IV, Louis XV. It was in the principal salon of this villa, that the famous trial of Marshal Bazaine took place in 1873. Our guide brought us next to an adjacent building—the *Musée des Voitures,* being a collection of most ponderous, gilt state carriages from the time of the first Emperor up to the baptism of the Prince Imperial in 1856. Among some very massive specimens, is shown a gorgeous carriage of Napoléon I—the one which Marshal Soult brought over to England in 1838, and cut such a figure in at the coronation of the Queen. A little to the north-east of the building, is the Petit Trainon, erected by Louis XV for Madame Du Barry, a miniature of a chateau standing amidst gardens, trees and an artificial lake; these lovely grounds were in the

past a favourite resort of Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Orleans and Marie-Louise. What various memories do they not recall, alas! How many joyful, how many sorrowful thoughts have brooded over this little realm of Fairyland now so silent, so deserted!

THE LION MOUNT OF THE WATERLOO PLAIN.

Taking train at the *Station du Midi*, at Brussels, we soon reached Braine l'Alleud, twelve miles from there a small village adjoining that of Waterloo, the hotel omnibus landed us in half an hour, in the heart of the world-famous battlefield, where on a Sunday in June, 1815, was decided the fate of Europe. The Plain of Waterloo, once so profusely soaked with french blood, and formerly visited chiefly by Englishmen, is now daily scanned and studied by Frenchmen since the publication of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance—" Les Misérables," in which it is so masterly described. This vast undulating expanse, clothed in June, 1815, we are told, with waiving, luxuriant harvests of wheat and barley, has much altered in aspect since that period; you all know the exclamation of the Iron Duke on revisiting the scene of his former triumph with the Prince Regent: " They have changed my battle field." After bolting our bread and cheese, and *bière de Louvain*, a delightful beverage, we left the *Hôtel du Musée* with others, and in a few minutes reached the flight of steps which lead to the summit of the Waterloo Mount, in height one hundred and fifty feet, and half a mile in circumference, crowned by a huge gilt lion conspicuously visible from Braine l'Alleud, in fact all over the Plain of Waterloo.

'Tis not my intention to attempt a description of the ever memorable struggle, which on the 18th June, sixty-seven years ago, changed the map of the world by relegating to the rock of St. Helena, the great disturber and enslaver of nations; the story fills a thousand

volumes. Siborne, Major Basil Jackson Hall, Col. Gurwood, Major Beamish on one hand, and from a different stand point, Napoléon Bonaparte, Montholon, Las Cases, O'Meara, Thiers, General Groolman, recently Victor Hugo and fifty others have had their tale to tell; and still "says Jomini" never was a battle so confusedly described as that of Waterloo. I shall merely ask you to ascend with me to the airy platform around the Belgian Lion, erected, in 1836, on the eminence where the Prince of Orange was wounded and where took place some of the bloodiest carnage on the day of the battle, at the latter end.

Any one who chooses, may acquire an accurate knowledge of the position of the contending armies on the field of Waterloo, by consulting the numerous works, photographic views, maps, etc., sold at the *Hotel du Musée;* there is specially one volume to be purchased on the spot, which has more than ordinary guarantees of reliability in its favor; it is intituled "A Voice from Waterloo," and consists of a careful narrative by an eye-witness of the battle and an actor in the scene, Sergeant-Major E. Cotton of the 7th Hussars. This brave and intelligent officer, as chief guide to the field of Waterloo, devoted a lifetime, one might say, in collecting and sifting information afforded by writers as well as distinguished British and French officers, who had served at Waterloo and returned subsequently to survey and study the ground. Sergeant-Major Cotton lived fourteen years at Mont St. Jean, died there on the 24th June, 1849, and was interred in the historic garden of Hougomont, painfully famous as being the spot where 1,500 men within a-half hour were cut down and lie low, equally well remembered on account of the heroic bravery displayed there by British as well as by French troops.

My friend, Mr. Pilkington, has been kind enough to draw with chalk and mark with red, blue and yellow paper, the Allied and French forces on this board, 'tis a

rough sketch from Sergeant-Major Cotton's map of the Field of Waterloo, at sunset on the 18th June, 1815. There lies the slate-covered little church of Braine l'Alleud, where we just left our train from Brussels, to which the highway, a rough road lined with cobble stones, leads.

There is Hougomont—*Hugo-mons* for antiquarians, founded some centuries back by Hugo, Sir de Sommeril, once a castle, now a farm-house only, inhabited by a gardener, a descendant of Willem Von Kylsom, who had charge of it in 1815. At that period it was in the possession of a M. de Lunneville, a descendant of Arrazola Deonate, once viceroy of Naples. In 1849, the castle belonged to Count Robiano.

There is *La Haye Sainte*, rested at 2 p. m. on that day, from the Allies; there is the farm of *La Belle Alliance*, where Wellington and Blücher met at the dusk of the evening to congratulate one another on their mutual success. Blücher suggested in consequence that the battle should be named the battle of *La Belle Alliance*, but Waterloo prevailed for the English, whilst the French called it *Le Combat du Mont St. Jean ;* at Mont St. Jean, Wellington, *le Duc de Vilainton*, stood for some time in the early part of the fight, and there, the headquarters of the wounded and hospitals were located. I have often been struck with the luminous *exposé* of the disposition of the French and allied forces given by Victor Hugo. "Those," says he, "who wish to form a distinct idea of the battle of Waterloo, need only imagine a capital A laid on the ground (thus A). The left leg of the A is Nivelles road, the right one, the Genappe road, while the string of the A is the broken way running from Ohaim to Braine l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, were Wellington is, the left lower point is Hougomont, where Reille is with Jérome Bonaparte, the right lower point is La Belle Alliance, where Napoléon is; a little below the point where the string of the A meets and cuts the

right leg is La Haye Sainte ; and in the centre of this string is the exact spot where the battle was concluded. It is here that the Lion is placed..... ..... The triangle comprised at the top of the A between the two legs and the string, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean, the dispute for this plateau was the whole battle.

Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau of Mont St. Jean, is the forest of Soignies. As for the plan itself, imagine a vast undulating ground ; each ascent commands the next ascent and all the undulations ascend te Mont St. Jean, where they form the forest."

The great word-painter, Victor Hugo, describes thus the Hougomont farm, buildings, chapel and historic well :—" The farm buildings border the court-yard on the south, and a piece of the Northern Gate, broken by the French, hangs from the wall. It consists of four planks nailed on two cross beams, and the scars of the attack may still be distinguished on it. The Northern Gate, which was broken down by the French, and in which a piece has been let in to replace the panel hanging to the wall, stands half open, at the extremity of the yard ; it is cut square in a wall which is stone at the bottom, brick at the top, which closes the yard at the north side. It is a simple gate, such as may be seen in all farm-yards, with two large folding doors made of rustic planks ; beyond it are fields. The dispute for this entrance was furious ; for a long time all sorts of marks of bloody hands could be seen on the side-post of the gate. The storm of the fight still lurks in the court-yard ; horror is visible there ; the incidents of the fearful struggle are petrified there ; people are petrified there ; people are living and dying in it ; it was only yesterday.....Men massacred each other in the chapel, and the interior, which has grown quiet again, is strange. Mass has not been said in it since the carnage, but the altar has been left, an altar of coarse wood supported by a foundation of rough stone.

Four white-washed walls, a door opposite the altar, two small arched windows, a large wooden crucifix, a square air hole stopped up with hay; in a corner, on the ground, an old window sash with the panes all broken. Such is the chapel. Near the altar is a wooden statue of St. Anne, belonging to the 15th century; the head of the Infant Saviour has been carried away by a shot. The French, masters for a moment of the chapel, and then dislodged, set fire to it. The flames filled the building and it became a furnace; the door burnt, the flooring burnt, but the wooden Christ was not burnt; the fire nibbled away the feet, of which the blackened stumps can now be seen, and then stopped. It was a miracle, say the country people.....

On leaving the chapel you see a well on your left hand. As there are two wells in this yard you ask yourself why this one has no bucket and windlass? Because water is no longer drawn from it. Why is it not drawn? Because it is full of skeletons. The last man who drew water from this well was a man called Willem van Kylsom; he was a peasant who lived at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On June 18th, 1815, his family took flight and concealed themselves in the woods. The forest round the Abbey of Villers sheltered for several days and nights the dispersed, luckless country people. Even at the present day certain vestiges, such as old burnt trunks of trees mark the spot of these poor encampments among the thickets. Willem van Kylsom remained at Hougomont 'to take care of the chateau,' and concealed himself in a cellar. The English discovered him there: he was dragged from his lurking place, and the frightened man was forced by blows with the flat of a sabre to wait on the combattants. They were thirsty and this Willem brought them drink, and it was from this well he drew the water. Many drank there for the last time, and this well, from which so many dead men drank, was

destined to die, too. After the action the corpses were hastily interred ; death has a way of its own of harassing victory, and it causes pestilence to follow glory. Typhus is an annexe of triumph. This well was deep and was converted into a tomb. Three hundred dead were thrown into it, perhaps with too much haste. Were they all dead ? the legend says no ; and it seems that on the night following the burial, weak voices were heard calling from the well.*

It was on the 15th August that I visited the Plain of Waterloo ; the fields were then shorn of their harvest. The battle of Waterloo, as you all know, was fought on a Sunday, the 18th June, 1815 ; the night previous a drenching storm had rendered the roads and plain impassable for heavy artillery trains. Napoléon was above all an artillerist, and he had then to wait until the sun had hardened the mud and soaked up the rain pools, the first gun was fired at twenty-five minutes to 12 noon. At the beginning of the campaign, it is stated that the Duke of Wellington's allied army was composed of about 105,000 men, of which 35,000 were British, with 196 guns, the Prussian army consisted of 115,000 soldiers, artillery : 312 guns, whilst Napoléon on rejoining his army at Avesnes, on the 13th June, reckoned his force at 122,400 men and 350 guns. The combattants in the field on the 18th June, numbered less ; the allied (English, Belgian, &c.,) army is quoted at 67,661 men and 156 guns, and late in the afternoon the Prussians arrived mustering 51,944 men and 104 guns.

The French force is given as 71,947 men and 246 guns ; the first detachment of Prussians some 15,904 men and 44 guns arrived on the field at 4.45 p. m., the second corps, 13,336 and 36 guns, made their appearance at 5.45 p. m., and the third detachment numbering 22,700 and 24 guns, came up at 7.45 p. m. The engagement seems to have lasted from 11.35 a. m. to 8.15 p. m., eight hours and a-half, so that the whole

brunt of the fight from 11.35 a. m. to 4.45 p. m. fell to the Duke's army, until the arrival of the Prussians.

> And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
> Grieving, if aught inanimate e'ver grieves,
> Over the unreturning braves—alas!
> Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
> Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
> In its next verdure, where this fiery mass
> Of living valour, rolling on the foe
> And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Ladies and gentlemen, I think by this time, I must have wearied your patience, I find I have been doing more than merely taking a walk with you from the *Hotel du Musée*, to the lofty platform, round the Gilt Lion, and before we close, allow me to point out to you, among the actors of the famous plain of Waterloo, many proud names familiar, later on, to Quebec ears, and who at those grand military parades, in those festive times when we had a large garrison, our fathers used to meet and admire on our own historic Plains of Abraham, such as His Grace the Duke of Richmond and his three sons, Lord Charles, Lord John George and Lord William Pitt Lennox, denizens of Quebec in 1818–9, all actively serving at Waterloo; Sir James Kempt, one of our Governors-General, Sir John Colborne (Lord Seaton) our administrator, Sir James McDonnell, one of the heroes of Hougomont, Commander of our Garrison in 1838. They were all Waterloo men, with exception of the Duke of Richmond, who, though present on the field of Waterloo, came there as a non-combattant. *(Repeated applause.)*

THE BIRDS OF QUEBEC.

A POPULAR LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, AT MONTREAL, 12TH MARCH, 1891.

Illustrated by Specimens.

PART I.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

With your permission we shall spend a social hour, and hold confab with the friends of your youth and of mine—the birds. Nor need you doubt me when I tell you that it is not in the spirit of exact science, but rather with the freedom of an old acquaintance that I shall to-night introduce to you some of the most notable species found near your city.

Do not expect a highly scientific discourse on ornithology : stray jottings, rambles amongst birds and books —that is all I can promise you to night.

That branch of zoology which treats of birds is denominated ornithology. It is beyond a doubt that this department of the animal kingdom attracted the attention of mankind in the remotest ages; several birds, as you are aware, are indicated by name and their peculiarities alluded to in Holy Writ. Mention is frequently made in the earliest and best of books, the Bible, of the soaring eagle, the dismal raven,. the tiny sparrow, the grave-looking owl, the migratory stork.

The care taken of the Prophet Elijah by our sable and far-seeing friend, the raven, you all remember reading of.

The dove and the raven were both honored with important missions by that distinguished and most successful navigator, Capt. Noah. You know how much the ibis was petted, nay honored, in Egypt; the white ibis was in special veneration in Thebes, had the run of the city. The stork was sung by Herodotus, the swan by Virgil and by a host of other poets: Aristophanes,some twenty-three hundred years ago, celebrated not only the croaking of frogs, but also the melody of birds.

It was reserved to one of the loftiest minds of antiquity, Aristotle of Stagyra, to furnish the world with the earliest methodical information on zoology. This great man was the first to observe and attempt to explain the organization of animated nature. His treatise will ever be regarded as one of the masterpieces of antiquity. The generation of animals, their habits, their organs, the mechanism of their functions, their ressemblances and differences are therein discussed with astonishing clearness and sagacity. Aristotle may be reckoned as having established a solid basis for natural history, and his principal divisions of the animal kingdom are so well founded that almost all of them are still substantially admitted. In arranging facts he carefully goes back to causes from general results.

We next come to the Roman, Pliny the Elder, born A. D. 23, who died, as you may have read, in the year 79 of our era, from the noxious fumes of Vesuvius during the eruption which, it is said, destroyed Herculaneum. Having the charge of a Roman fleet, he had, in attempting to succor some of the unfortunate inhabitants, ventured too near the scene of the calamity. He died during the following night. I presume some of you have perused the very interesting letter recording

the event, written by Pliny, the Younger, the nephew and adopted son of the Roman naturalist.

As a laborious, but not always reliable compiler, you have heard of Aldrovandus, born about 1535. I said not always reliable. To illustrate this latter point I shall now quote from the 1st vol. *Canadian Naturalist*, an extract purporting to describe one of our most beautiful winter visitors, the Bohemian Chatterer, or Waxwing. A specimen is in your museum. I was once fortunate enough to snare three very fine birds of this species, this is the only time I saw them round my house, at Spencer Grange. I kept them all winter in my aviary, and they soon became so bloated, so uncommonly portly from good eating, that they were struck down by apoplexy, and one after the other died. I need not tell you the sorrow such a catastrophe brought to my family circle.

"That the Bohemian Chatterer was known to the ancients there can be little doubt, but a great deal of obscurity prevails as to the names by which it was distinguished. Some have taken it to be the *Incendiaria avis* of Pliny (book x., c. 13), the inauspicious bird, on account of which appearance Rome more than once underwent lustration, but more especially in the consulship of L. Cassius and C. Marius, when the apparition of a great owl *(Bubo)* was added to the horrors of the year. Others have supposed that it was the bird of the Hercynian forest (book x., c. 47), whose feathers shone in the night like fire. Aldrovandus, who collected the opinions on this point, has taken some pains to show that it could be neither the one nor the other. The worthy Italian gravely assures his readers that its feathers do not shine in the night, for he says he kept one alive for three months, and observed it at all hours *(quâvis noctis horâ contemplatus sum.")*

Here is the mysterious stranger who appears to have startled antiquity. See how silky his plumage! mark the waxlike tips of his wings! this is no doubt the

portion which was supposed to shine at night. Be careful, however, not to confound him with the *Cedar* or *Cherry Bird*, our summer visitor. He resembles him much in plumage, but is twice his size.

Nor should we omit the names of Redi, Swammerdam, Willoughby, John Ray, and especially of Francis Bacon, amongst the laborious tillers of the soil of natural history.

Next to Aristotle and Pliny ranks the great botanist and naturalist Linnæus, who devoted a lifetime to reforming and re-arranging the history of all natural productions, and lived to see his method triumphant and almost universally received. Nor was he a mere nomenclator; his vast genius led him to take the most elevated views of nature. He penetrated with a glace into causes which were the least obvious on the surface. Order, precision, clearness, exactitude of description and accurate knowledge of relations in detail distinguish his works. He it was who sent to America, to Quebec, the learned Peter Kalm. Every guide-book reminds you of the amusing account Kalm wrote of Quebec and Montreal society, in 1749; what a fine fellow Count de la Galissonnière, the Governor-General in those days, appeared to the Swedish traveller;—how our respected grandmothers chatted, frolicked, dressed, danced;—how well he related all he saw, and some things he did not see.

We are led next to consider the brilliant career of a French naturalist, an elegant writer and profound philosopher, Buffon. Possessed of a vast fortune, moving in the highest circles of a nation famous for its civilization and learning, Buffon, during half a century, from his *château* of Montbard; promulgated his canons to the scientific world. He tells us he spent forty years in his study, perfecting and rounding the sentences of his immortal works, but when bearing in mind the life-like sketches of birds written by Buffon's successors and contradictors, the field-naturalists of the newer school,

such as Alexander Wilson, Audubon, Chas. Bonaparte, one is inclined to regret that the sedentary philosopher should have spent so much time in doors, describing his favorites, instead of ransacking the woods, the fields, the sea-shore, to see for himself, like Audubon and Wilson and other more recent field-naturalists, how God's creatures lived, loved, sang and died.

The natural sciences have had in the United States as well as in Canada, rude beginnings. Catesby (1731), Edwards; Forster (1771), Pennant (1787), Latham, Peale, Bartram (1791), might be considered the pioneers of this branch of study in the American Union. Vieillot's French illustrated work, published in France in 1807, on the birds of San Domingo and North America, drew the eyes of European savants towards the American fauna. Until 1827, Wilson's treatise on the birds of Pennsylvania and New Jersey was the sole authority. That year Audubon commenced his lifelike drawings of American birds, which, with their biography, he completed twelve years later, in 1839. An octavo and more complete edition of the work was issued between 1840 and 1844.

In 1832, Nuttall published that portion of his manual descriptive of the land birds of the United States and Canada. The part relating to winter birds appeared in 1834. In 1840, a second edition was put forth. In 1858, appeared the celebrated ninth volume of "Pacific Railroad Reports," a robust quarto of 1,000 pages, which revolutionized American ornithology. Several thousand specimens, furnished by the different surveying parties, accompanied by their reports and notes, had been sent to the Smithsonian Institution and placed in the hands of its assistant-secretary, Spencer K. Baird, who, with the able assistance of John Cassin and George N. Lawrence, revised the whole subject, reconstructing classes, orders and families, christening new species, setting forth in this splendid volume the entire avi-fauna of America, north of Mexico, and

bringing up the list of birds described to 744. Important additions have since been made to this list by the learned Dr. Elliott Coües, a surgeon in the United States army, by R. Ridgway and others, so that American ornithology, from the time of Alexander Wilson (1814) to 1887, shows the following progressive increase :—

1814—Wilson	283	1881—Ridgway	930
1838—Bonaparte	471	1882—Coues	888
1840—Brewer	491	1884—Coues	902
1844—Audubon	506	1886—A. O. U. Com	960
1858—Baird	778	1887—Coues	960
1874—Coues	778	1887—Ridgway	1,028

" This list, " remarks Mr. Chamberlain, " requires some explanation, for the apparent increase has not been wholly due to the discovery of new species, as might be inferred. A portion of the increase is due to the extension of the territorial limits embraced under the term ' North America ' when used for ornithological purposes. " Lower California, Greenland and Guadeloupe were included in some and excluded in other lists."

Doubtless several here present would like to hear more about the leading ornithologists on the continent.

Were I merely to be guided by brilliant scholarship I should point out as *facile princeps* the erudite Dr. Elliott Coues, unrivalled as a Hellenist.

I however think myself safe in adopting Mr. Chamberlain's estimate concerning these *savants* and would set forth the six eminent writers whose names follow as likely to hold the possible relative rank in the future :

Allen
Merriam
Ridgway
Coues
Brewster
Bendire.

In a recent latter from Mr. Chamberlain, from Harvard University, to which he is attached, Mr. Cham-

berlain expresses his opinion that Mr. Allen is reckoned the very ablest of American ornithologists. He will probably, he thinks stand at the head of them, in the future, " A most diligent and careful student," his position in the American Museum in New York, gives him unusual facilities. Dr. Merriam, he says, is rapidly advancing, and his exceptional opportunities, with his ability and energy, will doubtless soon place him by the side of Allan. Ridgway and Coues must always be counted among those who have advanced American ornithology to its present high position. The works that are being prepared by Brewster and Bendire backed by their past records, will cause them to be ranked by the side of Ridgway and Coues, if not by the side of Merriam.

" Nothing of late years ", writes Mr. McIlwrath, " has happened so well calculated to advance the interest of this subject as the result of a meeting which was held in the Museum of Natural History, in the Central park, New York, in September, 1883. The meeting was composed of a few of the leading amateur and professional ornithologists or North America. There were present one from Ontario, one from New Brunswick, and about twenty from different states in the Union. The meeting was a most enjoyable one, as it brought together many who were known to each other by correspondence, and yet had never personnally met. It remained in session for three days, with Dr. Coues as chairman and Mr. E. P. Bicknell as secretary. The proceedings resulted in the formation of an

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST'S UNION,

now familiary known as the A. O. U., with a constitution and by-laws similar to those of the British association of similar nature. J. A. Allen of Cambridge Mass., was elected president and Dr. C. Merriam, of Locust Grove, N. Y., secretary. Committees were formed to

report on the following subjects at the next meeting: Nomenclature and classification, migration, osteology, on the desirability or otherwise of encouraging the English sparrow, and on distribution of species. At the close it was decided, in consideration of the importance of the proceedings and of the enjoyment they had afforded, to have all those present photographed in a group, which was subsequently carried out successfully by Bogardus of Broadway." (I am indebted to Montague Chamberlain for a photo of this groups of savants, in which I can easily recognize some familiar faces.) The American Ornithologists' union founded an organ—a well edited quarterly—*The Auk*, while the organ of the British association is named *The Ibis*, both highly valued publications.

The earliest ornithological record in Canada, I might say, possibly in America, occurs in Jacques Cartier's Voyages up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In Chapters II, III, VI, VII, XII, of the narrative of his first voyage, in 1534, and Chapter I, of his second voyage in 1535, as well as an entry in the log of Roberval's first pilot, Jean Alphonse, in 1542, mention is made of the myriads of gannets, gulls, guillemots, puffins, eider-ducks, cormorants and other sea fowl nesting on the bird rocks and on the desolate isles off the Labrador coast. Jacques Cartier goes so far as to say that "the whole French navy might be freighted with these noisy denizens of that wild region without any apparent diminution in their number." (Cap. I—2, *Voyage*) Reliable modern naturalists, Dr. Henry Bryant of Boston—visiting the bird-rocks in 1860, and Charles A. Cory, in 1878, confirm these statements of early discoverers as to the number and species of birds to be found in the lower St. Lawrence. The Jesuit, le Jeune, in the *Relations des Jésuites*, for 1632, dwells on the multitude of aquatic birds infesting *Ile-aux-Oies*, (county of Montmagny), aud frequenting the shores of our noble river. Friar Gabriel Sagard Theodat that

same year furnished in his *Grand Voyage au pays des Hurons*, a list of Canadian birds. In 1636, he notices among other things, some of the leading species, such as jay, eagle, crane, etc., and has left us a lovely piece of word-painting in his glowing description of the humming bird. It was too quaint, too fascinating not to be preserved. You will find it reproduced, page 217 of my "Album du Touriste." In 1663, Pierre Boucher, governor of Three Rivers, in an agreeably written memoir, addressed on the 8th October, 1663, to Minister Colbert, depicted the birds, mammals, fishes, etc., of New France.

This memoir has been recently reprinted by a lineal descendant of the learned and venerable Governor, the late Edward F. (Boucher) Montizambert, in his lifetime, law-clerk to the Senate of Canada and father of Col. Charles and Dr. Frederick Montizambert, of Quebec. In volume I, of Baron la Hontan's "Voyages to North America," published in France in 1703, there occurs an annotated "List of the Fowls or Birds that Frequent the South Countries of Canada," and also a second "List of the Birds of the North Countries of Canada." Father Charlevoix in 1725, devotes a few pages of his voluminous history to the Canadian Fauna. Peter Kalm, the Swedish savant, the friend of Governor La Galissonnière and guest at his Chateau St. Louis, at Quebec, in 1749, in an edition of his travels republished in London in 1770-71, gives plates of American birds and mammals. Thomas Jefferys, geographer to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in an elaborate folio volume, issued in London in 1760, devoted a few pages to

THE AVI-FAUNA OF CANADA.

The year 1831 gave us Swainson's and Richardson's standard work on the birds of the fir countries: *Fauna Boreali - Americana*. In 1853 Hon. G. W. Allan, of Toronto, furnished a list of the land-birds wintering in the neighborhood of Toronto. In 1867, a committee

of Canadian naturalists, Messrs. Billings, Barnston, Hall, Vennor and D'Urban, founded in Montreal a monthly magazine, the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist.* This valuable store-house of many good things flourished for twelve years ; it is still of daily reference. Three years later, in 1860, I published at Quebec, under the title " Ornithologie du Canada, " in two volumes, the first French work published in Canada on Canadian birds. Professor Wm. Hincks, of Kingston furnished, in 1866, a list of Canadian birds observed by Mr. Thos. McIlwraith, round Hamilton. In 1868, an industrious entomologist, the Rev. Abbé Louis Provencher, started at Quebec a monthly publication : *Le Naturaliste Canadien,* which he kept up with a legislative subsidy for fourteen years. Canadian birds often found a corner in it, thought not a large one. In 1883, Mr. C. E. Dionne, the taxidermist of the Laval University, brought out a useful volume *Les Oiseaux du Canada.* Six years later, in 1889, he supplemented it with a " Catalogue des Oiseaux de la Province de Québec. " We owe to Messrs. J. A. Morden, of Hyde Park, London, Ont., and W. E. Saunders, also of London, Ont., carefully prepared notes on the feathered tribes of Western Canada, whilst an erudite Fellow of the Royal society of Canada, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, of Nova Scotia, drew attention to the birds of prey of his native province.

In 1881, William Couper published in Montreal a valuable little monthly journal, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist,* to which for three years, our leading field-naturalists and amateurs generally contributed useful notes and observations. Amongst other valuable records, it contains Mr. Ernest T. Wintele's list of birds observed round Montreal, with spicy discussions and correspondence, over the signature of Dr. J. H. Garnier, Mr. Lett and the Rev. Vincent Clementi. In 1886, that veteran field-naturalist, Thomas McIlwraith, of Hamilton, Ont., published his excellent treaties : *The*

Birds of Ontario. (1) The book was favorably reviewed in the Auk, by the eminent Dr. Elliott Coues, who unhesitatingly placed Mr. McIlwraith " in the first place in his ownfield." I have previously dwelt on the invaluable works on the Canadian fauna by Mr. Chamberlain (2), one of the founders of the American Ornithological Union Club. I would be guilty of an injustice were I to fail noticing the numerous contributions to the daily press from a keen Quebec field-naturalist. John T. Neilson, who has utilized the rare facilities his outdoor occupations as land surveyor afford him, to study the bird world.

Canadian ornithology is also indebted to the late Dr. T. D. Cottle, of Woodstock, Ontario, for a " List of Birds found in Upper Canada,' in 1859; to H. Hadfield, ' Birds of Canada observed near Kingston during the Spring of 1858; ' to A. Murray, ' Contributions to the Natural History of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories,' 1858; to Professor J. R. Willis, ' List of Birds of Nova Scotia, 1858; 1870, to J. F. Whiteaves, Notes on Canadian Birds; 1873, to A. L. Adams, " Field and Forest Rambles, with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada; ' to Dr. J. H. Garnier, of Lucknow; to Prof. Macoun, of Ottawa; to Prof. J. I. Bell, Kingston; to Ernest E. Thompson, Toronto; to W. Dunlop and Charles Hughes, of Montreal; to W. A. D. Lees, A. G., Kingston; to John Fannin, Victoria, B. C.; to W. L. Scott and George R. White, Ottawa; to Harold Gilbert and James W. Banks, St. John, N. B.; to Prof. A. H. Mackay, Pictou; to Napoléon A. Comeau, of Natasquhan; to

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(1) Re-edited in 1894, with elaborate notes; a standard work for the avi-fauna of Ontario, elegantly printed and illustrated by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

(2) In 1887, Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B., published his useful *Catalogue of Canadian Birds*, and in 1888, his elaborate work, *A Systematic Table of Canadian Birds.*

Rev. Duncan Anderson, of New Liverpool, P. Q., and to others whose names escape me. The *Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick*, the *Transactions of the Ottawa Field Naturalists Club* have also proved useful auxiliaries to the cause of the natural sciences.

Such, gentlemen, are some of the material available to students of Canadian bird-life. Such, I may add, is the ornithological outfit of our vast Dominion, for prosecuting research in this attractive branch of human knowledge. Far from me the desire to underrate what has been accomplished ; but let us not delude ourselves and imagine for an instant that we can compare with our progressive neighbors beyond the border. True, they had help from the State. Specialists were attached to their great surveying expeditions, reporting direct to specialists in Washington. Natural history in Canada has had few of these external advantages, so that, as a trustworthy writer tells us, a large amount of field-work is yet to be done here before any thing like a complete account of the birds of Canada can be produced."

PART II.

Linnæus in his *Systema Naturæ* divides the class of birds into six orders, Blumenback makes out nine orders; Cuvier, six; Vieillot, five; Vigors, five ; Temminck, in his *Manuel d'Ornithologie*, sixteen ; Agassiz and Gould, in a more recent work, recognize only four orders.

The Smithsonian Institution Report of 1858, divides the birds into six orders.

I Raptores, Birds of Prey,
II Scansores, Climbing Birds,
III Incessores, Perching Birds,
IV Rasores, Dusting Birds,
V Grallatores, Wading Birds,
VI Natatores, Web-footed Birds.

Each of these orders might comprise in our fauna : I order, 36 ; II, 18 ; III, 110 ; IV, 15 ; V, 42 ; VI, 69. Canada, not embracing all the productions, climate and temperature which the American Union does, cannot be expected to unite all the varieties of birds to be found in the United States. The Canadian Fauna is, nevertheless, very beautiful and varied in its features, including a numerous collection of birds of prey. The web-footed order are also well represented here. The woodpecker family comprises some brilliantly habited individuals ; but the most numerous and varied in plumage are the Perchers or singing birds. The species of birds visiting annually the Province of Quebec do not quite reach 300. McIlwraith in his list computes the birds of Ontario, at 302 species. Dionne's catalogue of birds for the Province of Quebec limits our avi-fauna to 273 specimens. Chamberlain, in his systematic tables of Canadian birds, counts 557 species for the whole Dominion. As to classification and nomenclature, amateurs would have to unlearn apparently a deal taught them by old writers. Since Baird brought out, in 1858, his elaborate report, what changes and improvements have taken place in the nomenclature and classification of the feathered tribe in America. His serene majesty Aquila Canadensis (1) has had to take a back

(1) " In most of the older systems it was customary to place the birds of prey first on the list, in consideration of their great size and strength, the noble eagle occupying a place in the foremost ranks. Better acquaintance with these birds shows us that they do not possess the noble qualities attributed to them, that they are slovenly and irregular in their habits, often gorging themselves with carrion and remaining for days in a state of dozing stupidity till the calls of hunger again force them in search of things new and old.

I think it was Professor Lilgeborg, of Upsala, who first advocated the view that the birds entitled to the highest rank should be those which are possessed of the greatest amount of nervous irritability, and have all birdlike peculiarities most fully developed. When we consider that these

seat in the order of precedence in the bird-world, his honored place being filled by the thrush family : the jaunty robin-red-breast, or his sweet musical cousin, the wood thrush. But even his celestial morning symphonies failed to protect him, the Orpheus of our woods, from the onslaught of modern systematists. He " was not sufficiently typified," they proclaimed, and, presto, Orpheus had to retire, when a very unmusical, cheerless fellow, a member of the grebe clan, rushes to the front, and looks as if he had come to stay. *(Laughter and applause.)*

" You are correct, says Mr. Chamberlain, in assuming that the Grebes are considered the lowest forms of birds and are placed first in a systematic arrangement to be consistent with the principle of evolution. The " American School of Ornithologists " as some of them delight to call themselves, are of the extreme type of evolutionists. They treat all matter connected with it as though evolution was a proven fact instead of an hypothesis.

Acting more under the inspiration of this, they place the Grebes first because they consider that all birds were originally of a similar stage of developement. Just how a Thrush grew from a Grebe is not quite clear to me, but these scientific gentlemen say they see it quite clearly.

The Eagles were formerly placed first because the systematists of an earlier age considered them the most highly

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peculiarities include swimming on the water, hopping on the ground, perching on trees, hopping nimbly from branch to branch, and making their presence known by their characteristic and melodious voices, we readily see the justice of giving the first place to the passeres or perching birds, all of which have a much higher organization than the birds of prey. This arrangement is adopted generally by both Dr. Coues and Mr. Ridgway, yet they differ slightly in detail, one giving the first place to our familiar garden songster, the robin, and the other to the wood-thrush, a handsome bird of shy and retiring habits, seldom seen except in its favorite haunts in the bush."—THOS McILWRAIT, in 1885.

Alas ! the reasonable wish of the learned author of *The Birds of Ontario* appears as far as ever from fulfilment. The robin and the wood-thrush have to give up their place to the grebe.

developed—the highest type of bird, or the type of the most perfect bird. There is a great diversity of opinion among scientists, as to the relation of the different families of birds. The variety of opinion is very great, and the difference of these opinions is very wide. A burning question is where shall the *Falconidæ* be placed ? To which other family is it most closely related ? All Naturalists think the present classification is purely artificial and are continually making investigations with the hope of finally discovering the natural sequence. Already considerable advance has been made from Cuvier's system, yet each step seems to emphasise the pure artificiallity of the present arrangement. But most ornithologists have accepted the theory that, as at present known, the Trush family are the most highly developed, though Seebohm, one of the greatest of English authorities, clings to the Cuviarian system and places the Birds of Prey first, explaining however that he does so, because the Cuviarian system is the best known and because the natural other system has not yet been discovered. I am inclined to agree with him. There would have been wisdom in retaining the old until the new had been perfected and so have saved the continual changing which the present state of affairs involve. Each student finds a little bit of additional knowledge and at once tries to make the entire system conform to it, to the ultra confusion of system."—(*Letter 24th March*, 1891).

Classification is one of the most important portions of ornithology. A new light has dawned on this science since the learned researches of Dr. Thos. Brewer, of Boston, and other American and European *savants* who have applied oology to the classification of species ; thus, several rare hawks, in different plumage, have been recognized by their eggs. The eggs of owls, instead of being elliptical like, those of the generality of birds, are spherical. Eggs are also identified by their markings, lines, spots, stripes, or by the absence of them, like the eggs of some of the thrushes.

Before we examine the contents of the collection before us, let me point out one particular respecting the birds of prey : *the female in general is nearly one-third larger than the male.*

I shall content myself with familiarizing you with some of the specimens. Let us select a few out of each order.

THE GOLDEN OR CANADIAN EAGLE.

The great naturalist, Linnæus, awards to the Golden eagle the cognomen "*Canadensis*," a name passing sweet to our ear.

Naturalists now recognize on this continent three species of eagles, the golden or Canadian, the bald, and the sea eagle, the latter being restored in Coues' Club list, 2nd edition, after having been dropped from the first. Let us at once note the removal of another species from the works of modern ornithologists: the majestic eagle once only met and captured by Audubon, to which he awarded the glorious name of the father of American Independence, by calling in the "Bird of Washington." It is now admitted that instead of being a distinct species, it was merely an overgrown specimen of one of the three species now recognized.

The golden eagle, though rarer then in the New England States, is far from being common round Quebec. The finding an eagle's or a humming bird's nest marks an epoch in the life of a naturalist. "Although powerful in flight," says Audubon, "it has not the speed of many hawks, nor even of the white-headed eagle. It cannot, like the latter, pursue and seize on the wing the prey it longs for, but is obliged to glide down through the air for a certain height to insure the success of its enterprise. The keenness of its eye, however, makes up for the defect, and enables it to spy at a great distance the objects on which it preys, and it seldom misses its aim, as it falls with the swiftness of a meteor towards the spot on which they are concealed. When at a great height in the air, its gyrations are uncommonly beautiful, being slow and of wide circuit, and becoming the majesty of the king of birds. It often continues them for hours at a time, with apparently the greatest ease." "The notes of this species are sharp and harsh, resembling at times the barking of a dog, especially about the breeding season, when the birds become extremely

noisy and turbulent, flying more swiftly than at other times, alighting more frequently and evincing a fretfulness which is not so observable after their eggs are laid."

Samuels add : "The golden eagle usually constructs its nests on the sides of steep, rocky crags, where its materials are coarsely heaped together on a projecting shelf of rock. These consist of large sticks loosely arranged. In rare instances, they are said to have been built on trees in the Western States, where rocky cliffs are not to be met with. The eggs are usually three in number, sometimes two or only one. Mr. Audubon describes them as measuring "three and a half inches in length by two and a half in breadth, the shell thick and smooth, dull white brushed over the undefined patches of brown, which are most numerous at the large end."

Buffon, Audubon, Alexander Wilson, MacGilvray, have each written most elaborate descriptions of this royal bird, though Buffon's, with its graceful imagery, is more picturesque than exact. MacGilvray writes : "Many years after having ascended to the summit of one of the lofty mountains in the forest of Harris, in search of plants (for I had by this time become a botanist), I stood to admire the glorious scene that presented itself, and enjoy the most intense of all delights, that of communion in the wilderness with the God of the Universe. I was on a narrow ridge of rock, covered with the *Silene Acaulis*, whose lovely pink blossoms were strewn around; on one side was a rocky slope, the resort of the ptarmigan; on the other a rugged precipice, in the crevices of which had sprung up luxuriant tufts of *Rhodiola rosea.*

Before me, in the west, was the craggy island of Scarp; toward the south, stretched the rugged coast of Harris, margined on the headlands with a line of white foam, and away to the dim horizon spread out the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, with the lovely isles of St. Kilda on the extreme verge. The sun, descending

in the clear sky, threw a glistening path of light over the waters, and tinged the ocean haze with purple. Suddenly there arose over the Atlantic a mass of light, thin vapor, which approached with a gentle breeze, rolling and spreading around, and exhibiting the most beautiful change of tint. When I had gazed until the fading light reminded me that my home for the night was four miles distant, I approached the edge of the precipice and bent over it, when from the distance of a few yards beneath a golden eagle launched forth into the air. The scene, already sublime, was by the flight of the eagle rendered still more so, and as I gazed upon the huge bird sailing steadily away beneath my feet, while the now dense masses of cloud rolled majestically overhead, I exclaimed aloud, "Beautiful!" The great God of heaven and earth, myself, His perverse but adoring subject, and the eagle, His beautiful but unenduring creature, were all in the universe of my imagination. Scenes like these might soften the obdurate, elevate the grovelling, convince the self-willed and unbelieving, and blend with universal nature the spirits that had breathed the chilling air of selfishnes. Verily, it is good for one to ascend a lofty mountain, but he must go alone, and if he be there, in the solemn stillness of midnight, as I have been, he will descend a better and wiser man. Beautiful truly, it is to see the eagle sweeping aloft the hillside, sailing from one mountain to another, or soaring aloft in its circling flight until it seems to float in the thin white cirri, like the inhabitant of another world looking down upon our rebel earth as if desirous to visit it, but afraid to come within its contaminating influence."

There is more than one trait in this graphic portraiture to remind one of the prince of American naturalists, John James Audubon. Not to me was vouchsafed, like to the gifted MacGilvray, the felicity of viewing in his favorite haunts, the king of birds—the royal eagle, soaring o'er the "cloud-capped peaks" of

old Scotia, though once I remember being fortunate enough to feast mine own eyes on the purple heather of the land of Scott. Fond memory—that undying memory of younger, of brighter days—brings to mind a spectacle, nearly as grand, certainly as much prized, witnessed many long years ago, when Murray Bay was but a sparse, obscure seashore hamlet at its west end, of a half dozen of puny, whitewashed cottages—when the sturdy old steamer "Saguenay," then commanded by Capt. Réné Simard, landed weekly on the beach (no wharf in those primitive days) a jolly squad of tourists longing for the quiet elysium of Pointe-à-Pic and Cap-à-l'Aile—alas! so hackneyed in the present time. I can recall one of those magnificent birds, one sultry, hazy, July afternoon, in slow-measured, "majestic gyrations, such as become the king of birds," sweeping past nearly out of sight, over our pioneer steamer, to the amazement of all beholders, winnowing his circuitous, widespread course, under the distant, leafy, blue and green "turban of the Laurentides," straight towards Cape Tourment, where mayhap awaited him his lofty eyrie, his hungry, callous brood.

Eagles, the Golden and the Bald are rather abundant all along the northern range of our lofty capes. My intercourse with the Bird of Jove has been less on the mountain-brow, where he appears at more advantage, than in captivity, where he loses, if not his ferocity and indomitable courage, at least much of that proud, baronial spirit of other days. In 1864, a coasting craft, wood-laden, brought to Quebec a pair of adult eagles, the Golden Eagle; they were in spring, in nuptial plumage, of course very bright, not a feather plucked or, ruffled, or displaced. I became their purchaser. They had just been trapped at St. Urbain, near St. Paul's Bay, county of Charlevoix, under a large wicker crate, such as those used to import from Europe glass and crockery ware. As follows, had been the mode of capture; the crate was partially raised at one end, by a

device known to bird-catchers as a figure-four trap, to which a string was tied and held at the other end by a boy ambushed in the neighborhood. As a decoy, a hen and chickens were procured; the hen fastened in front of the crate, with a string, allowing her to retreat for shelter under the crate, when danger threatened.

The Eagles (no less than four were successively caught) circling high in the air soon spied the hen and her brood, and after hovering round to see whether the coast was clear, they descended with "the swiftness of a meteor," lit on the ground and rushed after Dame Partlett, who retreated under the protecting crate, followed by her merciless pursuers, when the boy in ambush drew the peg of the figure-four and *Aquila* had to throw up the sponge.

These two Eagles I kept during thirteen months in a chicken-coop. The January cold seemed not to effect them; hunger failed to quench their indomitable ferocity. I amply verified what Audubon states about their ability to go several days without food, as well as the noise, like a dog's bark, which they indulged in, at the mating season.

Finally, fearing some accident should occur to children venturing too close to the eagles' quarters, I reluctantly parted with them to a British officer, Captain Rook, of the 54th, then returning to London. I heard subsequently that one of these birds had attained a great size, uncommon beauty of plumage, and, had, from a lover of birds, the honor of a detailed description in the London *Field*.

At least twenty varieties of the hawk family visit our latitudes; here is the delicately-spotted Goshawk, identical with the European species: the breast is of a lovely ash colour, with most delicate markings; there is the Rough-legged Buzzard; there, the March Hawk; there is another species with large expanse of wing, that is the Broad-winged Hawk, not so large as the Goshawk, and of plumage less bright; then, comes the

Sharp-shinned; next, the Pigeon Hawk, and, lastly, the little Sparrow Hawk, with its elegant, cinnamon-coloured back and black bands on its tail. Here is a famous individual, the great Duck Hawk, *Bullet*-headed Hawk, as some style him, who is no other than the celebrated Peregrine Falcon of the days of chivalry; he is tolerably common in Canada West; one was shot at Charlesbourg, near Quebec some years back. The limits of my discourse prevent me from quoting, for your benefit, the elegant and graphic descriptions of the Peregrine and his fearless compeers, sketched by Audubon. Shall we leave this fierce band of day-robbers, and investigate the doings of those formidable midnight raiders, the Owls? How grave, how omniscient they look, with their rolling, shining, yellow eyes, their soft plumage and their warm fur-leggings, impervious to cold the most intense! There, he sits on his perch, the dignified patriarch of the tribe: the Great Cinerous Owl; look at him well; he is not an every-day visitor by any means, the largest of the owls; he even exceeds in size that white and fierce marauder, the Snowy Owl, the Great Northern Hunter, as he is aptly styled; you may know, he is frequently shot in the surrounding country during the winter months. Nature has adapted wonderfully these birds to the climates they inhabit. They hunt by day as well as by night, and in the soft moonlight you can scarcely hear the muffled sound of their wings when pursuing hares or other small animals. Of the ferocity of the Snowy Owl, unquestionable proofs exist. The attack of a Snowy Owl, rendered desperate by hunger, on a Roman Catholic missionary, is amusingly related in a *Journal of Travel* on the Labrador coast. The Rev. Father was so astounded at the daring of the bird of Minerva that he sought his safety in flight. Of the Virginian, or Great Horned Owl, there are, according to Baird, five varieties—*Atlanticus*, *Magellanicus*, *Pacificus*, *Arc-*

ticus, Virginianus; Atlanticus and *Virginianus* alone visit us. This bird is often caught in the steel traps baited for foxes; the ferocious attitude and indomitable courage he exhibits, when approached by dog or man, is wonderful to behold; he snaps his powerful beak, rolls his bright eyes, and erects his feathers, the very emblem of concentrated rage. I have not heard of any successful effort to domesticate the great Horned Owl. The Barn Owl, highly valued in some countries as a destroyer of rats and mice, does not inhabit Quebec, except as an "accidental" (1).

I shall now place before you in a row, according to their size, the Owls that visit us; you notice the graduation from the Great Cinereous, the size of a large Turkey, to the little Saw-Whet, a sweetly pretty, tiny fellow, not much bigger than a Snow-Bunting. What an interesting group of wiseacres they all seem? Legislators or City Councillors in conclave discussing the imposition of a new tax without raising too great a row!

You see here some fair representatives of the web-footed Order of Birds.

First amongst them, conspicuous for the brilliancy of his plumage, note the Wood or Summer Duck, *Anas Sponsa; sponsa* means a bride, from the gay colours of the individual probably. Here is the Mallard, the Dusky Duck, the Gadwall, the American Widgeon, the Green-winged Teal, the Shoveller, the Canvass-back, the Red-head, the Scaup, the Ruddy, the Pied, the Velvet, the Surf Duck, the Scoter, the Eider, the Golden-eye, the Harlequin, the Long-tailed, the Tufted, the Red-breasted Merganser, the Hooded Merganser and the Goosander. What a noble looking diver the great Loon seems, with his speckled robe of white and black? But amongst this splendid array of water-fowl, as I previously said, the

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(1) Mr. McIlwraith mentions two specimens, captured in Ontario.—*Birds of Ontario*, 2nd Edition, p. 223.

handsomest is the Wood Duck, who builds in trees at Sorel, at Lake Erie, and other places : he is indeed, *facilè princeps.* Those feathered, slim gentry mounted on stilts, you recognize as pertaining to the tribe of the Waders; the Bittern you all have seen ; many of you may not have viewed before this pretty little species, called the Least Bittern.

There stands next, the Night Heron, or Qua Bird : have you ever observed how those two long feathers, which grow out of the back of his head, fit in one another as in a groove ? You may have read, in Charlevoix and Boucher, that two varieties of Cranes visited Canada, the White and the Brown Crane. Linnæus and Temminck have christened one of the species *Grus Canadensis;* and still the Crane is a Western bird, and ought not to visit our arctic latitudes except possibly when it migrates from Florida to the Arctic wilds, for the incubation of its eggs and rearing of the young. An island, once dear to sportsmen, thirty-six miles lower than Quebec, bears the name of Crane Island. You have not forgotten the mention Horace makes of the migrating Crane, *Gruem advenam.* And shall I relate to you the nice story Herodotus tells of the manner in which the death of Ibycus, the poet, was avenged by a flock of Cranes? You will then understand why the muse-loving Greeks had such a veneration for Cranes:

" The lyric, Ibycus of Rhegium, went to dispute at the Olympic Games the prize of poetry : he came on foot, with no other companion than his lyre, on which he occasionally struck a few soul-stirring notes. At the close of his journey, musing, he lost his way in the forest. Two men rushed out of the wood and struck him. The poet fell to the earth, and cast an expiring glance towards the setting sun. At that awful moment, he saw a flock of Cranes sailing past : ' Winged travellors,' said he, in an expiring breath, ' behold me !— make known the assassins of Ibycus !' The brigands

laughed at these words, stripped their victim and disappeared.

"The next day, the games began at Olympia: no Ibycus appeared. The people murmured at the absence of the bard; his rivals commenced to sing. At that moment a man arrived in hot haste bearing a broken lyre, all bloody, and pronouncing the name of Ibycus. It was the bard's lyre, found that morning close to the corpse of the poet. A loud and deep wail was then heard in the amphitheatre: the people deplored the premature end of the young favourite of the muses; but the multitude is as easily moved to sorrow as it is to forget, and the games proceeded, the memory of Ibycus fading away. Night was closing in and would soon interrupt the amusements of the crowd, when a flock of cranes flew over the arena; their loud notes attracted general attention: two of the crowd, in a conspicuous spot, repeated to one another, in a jocular way, "There go the Cranes of Ibycus!" This singular remark was overhead by others: the sarcastic tone in which it was uttered, and the repulsive appearance of the utterers: all conspired to create suspicion. The murderers were arrested, questioned separately, confessed their crime, and were then and there executed; so that the avenging mission confided by the dying poet to the feathered strangers was faithfully discharged."

You are aware that the most numerous order of birds, by far, is the *Passeres*. It would require a great many evenings to initiate you into their habits and history. I will consequently merely direct your attention to those now before you wearing the gaudiest uniforms. There, you will remark the brightest of Canadians birds, the Scarlet Tanager; how gracefully his black wings set on the surrounding red! Hot weather alone attracts him over the Canadian border from the scented Magnolia groves of Louisiana and Florida. That sprightly-looking individual with an olive-coloured back and

wings, a white breast and long-rounded tail-feathers tipped with white outwardly, is the Cuckoo ; his shrill note is occasionally heard in hedges round your city. Unlike his European congener, his habits as a parent are unimpeachable ; you never catch him depositing eggs in other birds' nests, foundlings at other individuals' doors ; this shabby, unnatural practice may suit his Cockney Cousin, or our Cow-pen bird ; but dandy, merry Cuckoo is too excellent a gentleman, too kind-hearted a fellow, to desert his offspring. We have two Cuckoos in Canada, the Yellow-billed and the Black-billed. Next to him you notice a bird encased in a sleek, lustrous, black doublet, with gold and crimson *shoulder-straps*, a rifleman in uniform amongst the feathered tribe : that is the Red-winged Starling : is he not a jaunty, military-looking son of song ? sporting *épaulettes*, he ought to stand well with the ladies ; doubtless his name of *Field Officer* is due to their admiration of his gaudy tunic. There sits Robin Redbreast. What nice anecdotes I could tell you about him, my familiar friend, who returns each spring to nestle in a bushy evergreen under my library window, notwithstanding several murderous raids made in the vicinity, in the dead of night, by some marauding grimalkin.

Allow me to introduce to you a brave, indomitable bird, the King-Bird (Tyrant fly-catcher) ; the French Canadian peasantry call him *Tri-tri*, from his rapid, querulous note ; schoolboys know him as the Crow-beater. Observe the little orange tuft of feathers in the centre of his top-knot. Next to him you notice a bird with a beak notched like a Falcon : take my word for it, that is a sanguinary villain. Naturalists call him " The Shrike ", or Butcher Bird, from the remorseless manner in which he deals with small birds, whom he impales on thorns and tears to pieces : I wonder how he can rest at night after such enormities. Mr. Shrike, you are a vile fellow ! That grey, rough-coated bird is a Canada Jay ; the lumberers and woodmen, who see

him in winter rumaging around their camp, call him *Whiskey Jack* ; he is addicted to stealing the scraps of meat, so say his enemies.

There, is a bird whom all of you recognise, the Kingfisher, Belted Kingfisher, on account of the rust-coloured badge encircling his throat and breast. To heathen mythology he is known as *Alcedo Alcyone.* Alcyone was the daughter of Æolus : being a perfect model of conjugal fidelity, she was rewarded, at her death, by being metamorphosed into a bird, and the heathen god, her father, whom I shrewdly suspect to have been in league with the clerk of the weather, arranged matters so that in midsummer, a succession of so many calms took place that our expert fish-catcher could build her nest on the heaving bosom of the ocean, and rear her young undisturbed. This was, to say the least, a great privilege. Hence the origin of halcyon days—days of peace and prolonged security. I can guarantee this fact, *on the faith of heathen mythology,* but no further !

One of our most musical groups amongst our native birds, are the Thrushes : several varieties are now displayed before you.

That band of long-winged individuals, you of course recognise as the swallows of which five varieties visit our province. The Black Chimney Swallow, or Swift, who drops down our chimneys to build his nest, forms part of every Canadian rural home : but as we never see him build but in chimneys, the question arises, where did he build before the erection of chimneys ?

THE TANAGER

Of the four varieties of this beautiful bird inhabiting the United States, one favors us with a call, attracted apparently by our trophical summer heats and by the accompanying abundant insect life, on which they chiefly depend for their daily food.

The Scarlet Tanager—let us describe him in a few words : the adult male in his full nuptial plumage, on

a bright May morning, flitting here and there among the pink and white apple-blossoms of our orchards, or peering at you from the green domes of our deep, northern forests, or disporting himself in quest of insects amid the perfume-exhaling lilac groves, is one of the most gorgeous vistas of bird-life vouchsafed to an appreciative naturalist. Yet, alas ! the " encrimsoned body, contrasting with wings and tail as black as night," makes the lovely bird " only too conspicuous an object, the never failing bait to the greed of the mere collector of, or dealer in bird skins ".....These birds are famed for their beauty and variety of their coloration, being among those most frequently exhibited in the show-cases of bird-stuffers and milliners, as well as on the headgear of fashionable ladies..... " (Coûes.)

The Scarlet Tanager, is about the size of a snow-bunting. Its bill is notched at the tip, strong and turgid, capable of masticating fruit as well as insects: its tail and wings are black; back and body, of a bright scarlet; he builds in thick woods, or in an orchard on the horizontal limb of some low tree or sapling: a losely fashioned structure, built with rootlets, twigs and leaves, more neatly and compactly lined with finer materials of similar kinds. " The eggs, from three to five in number, are of a pale dull-greenish blue, more or less profusely and heavily spotted with reddish-brown and violet."—(*Stearns.*) Like many other gaily-dressed things, the Tanager's personal appearance is more attractive than what he has to say, his song being of no remarkable effect, and his ordinary call-notes decidedly unmelodious. The bird feeds considerably upon berries and other small fruits, as well as upon beetles and large-winged insects and their larvæ. The dress of the male is not perfect until after the first year. Doctor Alexander N. Ross adds " that it thrives well in captivity and makes a beautiful pet."

What marvellous stories were once poured into our youthful ears, by old *chasseurs* and foresters ! tales of a

mysterious, radiant, sylph-like bird, such as old Governor Pierre Boucher described in Canada, in 1663 " rouge comme du feu " (fiery red) seen occasionally during the " leafy months " in remote, hard wood forests, *les bois francs*, well styled LE ROI, the King of birds ? Nor shall I forget meeting the beauteous stranger on a *Queen's birth day*, sunning his scarlet mantle in the verdant groves of Rideau Hall, Ottawa. There seemed to be quite a number of these showy creatures in the neighborhood. I can well understand the enthusiastic admiration of Elliott Coües for this dear friend of his early days.

" I hold, says the learned Doctor, this bird in particular, almost superstitious recollection, as the very first of all the feathered tribe to stir within me those emotions that have never ceased to stimulate and gratify my love for birds. More years have passed than I care to remember since a little child was strolling through an orchard one bright morning in June, filled with mute wonder at beauties felt, but neither questioned, nor understood. A shout from an older companion—" There goes a Scarlet Tanager "—and the child was straining eager, wistful eyes after something that had flashed upon his senses for a moment, as if from another world ; it seemed so bright, so beautiful, so strange. " What is a Scarlet Tanager ? " mused the child, whose consciousness had flown with the wonderful apparition, on wings of ecstacy ; but the bees hummed on, the scent of flowers floated by, the sunbeam passed across the greensward, and there was no reply, nothing but the echo of a mute appeal to nature, stirring the very depths with an inward thrill. That night the vision came again in dreamland, where the strongest things are truest and known the best ; the child was startled by a ball of fire, and fanned to rest again by a sable wing. The wax was soft then, and the impress grew indelible, nor would I blur it if I could—not though the flight of years have born sad answers to reiterated questionings—not though the

wings of hope are tipped with lead and brush the very earth, instead of soaring in scented sunlight....." (Coües.)

* * *

There are upwards of forty nests of birds round me: one palm tree, next to my library window, contains the nests of no less than two pairs of Chipping Buntings, that chirpy little fellow who comes on the very house-steps to pick up crumbs. Close to it stands a small soft-maple tree: a pair of Black-cap Titmice had been industriously scooping a hole out of the decayed heart of the tree for a week. From the habits of this bird, which, I presume, is better known to you under the name of *Chickadee*, none do I prefer to see building about my garden: the quantity of insects it destroys in catering for its young is really prodigious. About two acres from this spot, another family of Chickadees seem intent on applying for a location ticket. Wilson's Snow-Bird breeds in the orchard, and is as careful about hiding the cradle of his children as the Song Sparrow. Robins' nests and Yellow Birds' nests are in course of construction all over the premises: the angle of a structure used last winter as a snow-slide, has been taken possession of by a pair of Robins.

THE THRUSH FAMILY.

Though, from my earliest boyhood I was on the most intimate footing with the head of these accomplished vocalists, Robin Redbreast, it was at a comparative late period I was accidently introduced to the other members of this comely and musical family. In 1860, a learned Boston naturalist, Dr. Henry Bryant, since deceased, called on me, on his way to make an ornithological exploration of Labrador; he was the bearer to me of a letter of introduction from an eminent Wash-

ington naturalist. It was then the early part of May, and the first wave of bird-life was rushing in. In the space of an hour's walk with the learned professor in the Sillery wood, I was agreeably introduced by him to a whole bevy of songsters, whose wild minstrelsy, each day tinkled in my ears, but whose names were to me unknown. He, it was, who pointed out to me the difference in the song and plumage, between the Hermit Thrush and Wilson's Thrush or Veery, both species then making the tops of the Sillery Maples and Silver Birch trees vocal with their " wood notes wild."

Dr. Bryant said that he doubted whether the Wood Thrush came so far east as Quebec, that the birds I heard, were the Hermit and Wilson's Thrush; that I could easily see by comparing them with the specimens in my collection that they had not on their breast those distinct, dark, oval-shaped markings, but lines and paler pencillings. The Red-start and the Red-eyed Fly-catcher or Vireo came next under our notice : my old friend Vireo, who sings incessantly from May to September. Ever since Dr. Bryant's visit, I have each spring, about the 15th April, watched for the return of the Hermit Thrush on my domain; its liquid, flute-like notes, especially before rain, were one of the sweetest strains I have ever heard. In fact, I came then to the conclusion that the Hermit Thrush was the musician which the Canadian peasants styled *La Flute*, the flute, whilst its congener went under the expressive name *Le Hautbois*—the Oboe. Dr. Bryant then pointed out to me the difference which existed in the general plumage and the markings on the breast of both thrushes, and Stearns in his *New-England Bird-Life*, in very few words, shows how easily the four leading varieties may be distinguished by the color of the upper parts alone.

" The Wood Thrush is tawny, turning to olive on the rump. The Hermit is olive, turning to tawny on the rump. The Olive-backed is entirely olive. The Veery

is entirely tawny." The Thrush family has sorely perplexed former ornithologists, but Ridgway, Stearns, Baird and Coues have left few points now to be cleared up. In 1871, Burroughs wrote, "I am acquainted with scarcely any writer on ornithology whose head is not muddled on the subject of our three prevailing song-thrushes, confounding either their figures or their songs. A writer in the *Atlantic* (for Dec., 1858) gravely tells us the Wood Thrush is sometimes called the Hermit, and then after describing the song of the Hermit with great tenacity and correctness, cooly ascribes it to the Veery. The new Cyclopædia, fresh from the study of Audubon, says the Hermit's song consists of a single plaintive note, and that the Veery's resembles that of the Wood Thursh. These observations deserve to be preserved with that of the author of "Out-door Papers," who tells us the thrill of the Hair-bird *(Fringillia Socialis)* is produced by the bird fluttering its wings upon its sides". In Mr. Burrough's striking chapter. "*In the Hemlocks,*" we are made acquainted with the entrancing concerts of the Wood-Thrush, the Hermit Thrush and the Blackburnian Warbler.

"Whilst sitting on the soft-cushioned log, tasting the pungent, acidulous wood-sorel (*Oxalis acetellosa*) the blossoms of which, large and pink-veined, rise everywhere above the moss, a rufus colored bird flies quietly past, and, alighting on a low limb a few rods off, salutes me with "Whew! Whew! or Whoit! Whoit!" almost as you would whistle for your dog. I see by his impulsive, graceful movements, and his dimly-speckled breast that it is a thrush. Presently he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the simplest expressions of melody to be heard, and scuds away, and I see it is the Veery or Wilson Thrush. He is the least of the thrushes in size, being about that of the common Blue-bird, and he may be distinguished from his relatives by the dimness of the spots upon his breast. The Wood-Thrush has very clear, distinct oval spots on a white ground; in the Hermit, the spots run more into lines, on a ground of a faint bluish white; in the Veery, the marks are almost obsolete, and a few rods off his breast presents only a dull yellowish appearence. To get a good view of him you have only to sit down in his haunts, as in such cases he seems equally anxious to get a good view of you.

From those tall hemlocks proceeds a very fine insect-like warble, and occasionally I see a spray tremble, or catch the flit of a wing. I watch and watch till my head grows dizzy and my neck is in danger of permanent displacement, and still do not get a good view. Presently the bird darts, or, as it seems, falls down a few feet in pursuit of a fly or a moth, and I see the whole of it, but in the dim light am undecided. It is for such emergencies that I have brought my gun. A bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, even for ornithological purposes; and no sure and rapid progress can be made in the study without taking life, without procuring specimens. The bird is a warbler, plainly enough, from his habits and manner; but what kind of warbler? Look on him and name him: a deep, orange or flame-colored throat and breast; the same color showing also in a line over the eye and in his crown; back, variegated black and white. The female is less marked and brilliant. The Orange-throated Warbler would seem to be his right name, his characteristic cognomen; but no, he is destined to wear the name of some discoverer, perhaps the first who robbed his nest or rifled him of his mate,—Blackburn; hence, Blackburnian Warbler. The *burn* seems appropriate enough for in these dark evergreens his throat and breast show like flame.....

"Ever since I entered the woods, even whilst listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent forms about me, a strain has reached my ear from out the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature, the song of the Hermit-Thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes, over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of his music reach me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers I detect this sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "Speral, spheral!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain like the Tanager's or the Grosbeak's; suggesting no passion or emotion, nothing personal, but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments.

"It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit, the Hermit commenced his evening hymn a few rods

from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap."

How often, too, have I not listened to the ethereal, flute-like tinkle of the Orpheus of our deep woods, the Hermit Thrush, homeward wafted from the green domes of Spencer Wood, at dewy morn, when the sun-god suffused with purple and gold the nodding pinnacles of my dear old Pines and spreading Elms, or at the close of those gorgeous sunsets, with which spring consoles us for our January storms! And yet, have I not too been told, that "in Canada there were no song-birds!".....

THE FIRST SWALLOW OF THE SEASON.

To the lovers of birds, and the number is sure to increase where ever the social, winning or mysterious ways of the feathered race get to be better known, there is an individual whose annual re-appearance is associated with more particular dates; under this heading, one likes to count that fleet, tireless wanderer by land and sea, the Swallow.

When the vernal, upward flow of the sap has ceased in our hardwood forests; when winter-haunted groves, pastures and moors are just donning their dainty, emerald tints under the jocund rays of an April sun; when the daisy, the violet, the crocus, the hepatica are longing to send forth their blossoms and fragrance; when the ambient air is buoyant with the hum of insect-life, when the *Rossignol*, the Robin, the Hermit-Thrush let drop from the swelling, odoriferous maple-tops or feathery pines, their gushing, soft or metallic roundelays, when, in fact, festive Nature seems all aglow with returning spring, there dawns, for us an auspicious date, to every Briton passing dear—St. George's Day, of April, the 23rd. It is then that for the denizens of picturesque, albeit cold Quebec, arrive

circling and twittering over their heads, a most welcome herald of recurring heat and sunshine, the first Swallow in spring. 'Tis true, a raw, east wind or profuse warmth may retard or accelerate the advent of the expected visitor, who comes to set up housekeeping, after wintering in Bermuda, Florida or the sunny South. Observers, one and all, look out for the garrulous, winged messenger at that date; no less than others, the writer of those lines, who, years ago, had prepared an airy birth l for *Hirundo's* hopeful brood. Seldom in fact, has the ofty structure, the Swallow house (which the village carpenter, pious man, when erecting, decorated with a church steeple), failed to receive each recurring 23rd of April the visit of the yearly-increasing colony of swallows, which seems to have been attracted to his *high* church for several seasons.

Dr. Elliot Coües sums up thus, the migration, habits and hybernation of the Swallow tribe, ever a mystery since the days of Pontoppidan, Bishop of Upsal: "Being insectivorous birds that take their prey on the wing, swallows necessarily migrate through the cold and temperate zones of the Northern hemisphere. Their recession from the North is urged as well by the delicacy of their organization and their susceptibility to cold, as by the periodical failure of the sources of their food-supply. The prowess of their pinion is equal to the emergency of the longest journeys; no birds, whatsoever, fly better or farther than some of the Swallows do; and their movements are pre-eminent in the qualities of ease, of speed, and of regularity. These facts are matters of common knowledge; the comings of Swallows have passed into proverb, and their leave-takings been rehearsed in folk-lore among the signs of the waning times. Swallows have long been held for weather-prophets; and with reason enough in the quick response of their organization to the influence of the atmospheric changes. Swallows have figured in augury: their appearance has been noted among auspicia; and

truly, their flight is barometric for they soar in clear warm days and skim the surface of the ground in heavy, falling weather, perhaps neither always, nor entirely, in the wake of winged insects on which they prey.

These mercurial birds are also thermometric; they are gauges of temperature, if less precise than the column of the fluid metal itself. It takes but a few warm days even in our mid-winters, to send Swallows trooping Northward from the orange and the cypress of the South; and the uncertain days when capricious young spring pours delicious balm on the wounds of winter, are sure to lure some Swallows, on beyond their usual bounds, like skirmishers thrown out before the oncome of the host of occupation. There is concert, too, in the campaigns of the Swallows; they act as if by consultation, and carry out agreement under leadership. One may witness in the autumn more particularly, before the Swallows leave us, that they gather in noisy thousands still uncertain of the future movements, eager for the council to determine their line of march. Great throngs fly aimlessly about with incessant twittering or string along the lines of telegraph, the eaves of houses, or the combs of cliffs. In all their talk and argument their restlessness and great concern, we see how weighty is the subject that occupies their minds; we may fancy all the levity and impulse of the younger heads, their lack of sober judgment, the incessant flippancy with which they urge their novel schemes, and, we may well believe, their departure is delayed by the wiser tongues of those taught by experience to make haste slowly. Days pass, sometimes in animated debate, till delay becomes dangerous.

The gathering dissolves, the sinews are strung, no breath is wasted now, the Swallows have escaped its wrath and are gone to a winter's revelry in the land where winter's hand is weakened till its touch is scarcely felt * * * * Swallows are prodigious, phe-

nomenal and problematical." Though we know that in certain seasons " myriads of the Swallows are at play in the air in Mexico, in the West Indies and in Central America," there are many points to be cleared up about their habits and migration.

It was gravely asserted centuries ago, and it has been steadily reiterated at intervals ever since, that Swallows plunge into the mud, become torpid and hibernate like frogs. " Learned bodies like the French Academy in Paris, and the Royal Society of London, have discussed the matter, printed the evidence in their officials publications, and looked as wise after as before their mediattions on the subject." It would take us far beyond my limits to describe fully the peculiar habits, conjugal fidelity, annual migrations and various nesting-places of the several varieties of Swallows who visit us ; the Bank Swallow, the Barn Swallow, the Cliff and Eaves Swallow, the pretty Social Swallow, known as the White Bellied, and the noisy Purple Martin, which nested for a century and more in the lofty eaves of the old Jesuit College at Quebec. Alas ! no more : those possibly noticed there by Judge John Joseph Henry as stated in his letter to Alexander Wilson. With the inquisitive French cobbler, who tied a collar to a Swallow's neck in the fall, on which the following query was inscribed, we too, on trying a similar experiment, might, who knows, get a reply in the spring ?

" Hirondelle,
Si fidèle,
Dis-moi, l'hiver, où vas-tu ?
" Dans Athènes,
Chez Antoine,
Pourquoi t'en informes-tu ? "

THE SNOWBIRD OR SNOW-FLAKE.

(*Plectrophanes Nivalis.*)

It would be about as easy to depict a Canadian winter, without its snow-drifts, as it were to imagine the fleecy plains and solitary uplands of Canada in winter without their annual visitors, the Snow-bunting, better known to our youth under the appropriate name of Snowbird.

In New England it is styled the Snow-flake; "it comes and goes with these beautiful crystallizations, as if itself one of them, and comes at times only less thickly. The Snow-bird is the harbinger and, sometimes, the follower of the storm. It seens to revel, to live on snow and rejoices in the northern blast, uttering, overhead, with expanded wing, its merry call "preete-preete," reserving, as travellers tell us, a sweet, pleasant song for its summer haunts, in the far-north, where it builds its warm, compact nest on the ground, or in the fissures of rocks on the coast of Greenland, &c." The Snow-bird is part and parcel of Canada. It typifies the country just as much as the traditional Beaver, recently abstracted, as an emblem, from *Jean-Baptiste* by the Scotch descendants of the earl of Sterling, on whose arms it figured as early as 1632—according to Douglass Brymner.

Thousands of these hardy migrants, borne aloft on the breath of the March storms, come each spring, whirling round the heights of Charlesbourg, or launch their serried squadrons over the breezy uplands of the lovely isle facing Quebec, the Isle of Orleans; one Islander alone last spring, to my knowledge, having snared more than one hundred dozen for the Quebec, Montreal and United States markets.

The merry, robust "Oiseau Blanc" is indeed the national bird of French Canada: it succesfully inspired

the lays of more than one of its native poets. In his early and poetical youth the respected Historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau, found in the Snow-bird a congenial subject for an ode, one of his best pieces, and the Laureate Fréchette is indebted to his pindaric effusion "L'Oiseau Blanc" for a large portion of the laurel-crown awarded him by the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy.

Had I, like Garneau and Fréchette, been gifted with a spark of the poetic fire, I, too, might have been tempted to immortalize in song this dear friend of my youth. Right well can I recall those, alas! distant, those enchanted, early days, whose winters were colder! sunshine brighter! snow-drifts higher! than those of these degenerate times! Right well do I remember Montmagny (St. Thomas as it was then called) and its vast meadows, pearing out under the rays of a March sun, swarming with Snow-birds, Shorelarks, and occasionally some Lapland Longspurs, feeding there in the early morning or with the descending shadows of eve. Those far-stretching fields facing the Manor House to the north, how oft at sunset have I not stalked over them, bearing home to my aviary the numerous captives found fluttering in my horse-hair snares, listening as I sauntered along to the low, continuous warble of my feathered friends, taking their evening meal!

With what zest boyhood can recall those animated, fleecy clouds of birds darting across whitened fields or hovering in a graceful cluster over distant tree-tops, and defying with their glossy wintry plumage the icy blast of the north. Methinks, I can yet recall on a bright April morning, a myriad of these hardy little fellows dropping from the summit of a large Elm, a shade tree in the pasturage; and lighting, like a fall of snow, on the meadow, to pick up grass seed, or grain forgotten from the previous summer! With the ornithologist Minot, I am quite prepared to recognize the Snowflake as "the most picturesque of our winter birds, which often

enlivens an otherwise dreary scene, especially when flying, for they then seem almost like an animated storm. "

There exists a great variety of color in the plumage of these birds; some, the males perhaps, are more white than the rest; some, nearly all white. In others black and a warm brown is noticeable, mixed with white.

" The black dorsal area is mixed with brown and white, the feet are black, but the bill is mostly or entirely yellowish ". Though they seldom perch on trees, and are not fond of thickets, but prefer the open country, I have seen flocks light more than once on large trees, elms and others, in the midst of pasture-lands at St. Thomas, county of Montmagny.

The eggs, five in number, vary in their coloration, markings and size. The Snow-Bunting all disappear from the neighborhood of Quebec, with the middle or end of April and retire probably to the Arctic regions to build, though we are told that Audubon found a Snow-bird's nest in the White Mountains and Maynard certifies to the presence of a flock of these birds at Mont Katahdin, in Maine, early in August, 1869.

The Snow-Bunting, common to the continents of America and Europe, occurs in vast flocks in Scotland, England, Russia and even in Siberia.

Round Quebec, it comes as a regular fall and spring migrant: like the passenger pigeon, its numbers have sadly decreased of late years.

That broad-mouthed, long-winged, short-legged, dark bird, with white badges on its wings, is the Night Hawk, or Goat Sucker, *Caprimulgus*. You, no doubt, are aware why he is so persistently called Goat-Sucker by naturalists; it is because he never in his life sucked a goat, never dreamed of it. It is one of those outrageous fabrications invented by ignorance, to filch a poor bird of his good name, and which took root only because it was oft repeated. In the days of Olaus

Magnus, Bishop of Upsal, in Sweden, few dared to doubt but that Swallows, instead of going to Senegal and the Gold coast, to spend their Christmas and Easter holidays, dived before winter into the bosom of lakes, and hybernated under the ice till spring, with no gayer companions than a few meditative trout or gudgeon. This was another absurd theory, but which had many great names to prop it up. The Reverend Gilbert White, in his *History of Selborne*, a nicer book than which you could not read, eloquently demonstrated how absurd, how impossible such a thing could take place.

You recognize at one glance that little fairy, dipped in a sunbeam, begemmed with opals, rubys, and living sapphires ; it is the Ruby-throated Humming Bird. One species (1) only frequents our province though it constitutes a numerous family in South America and in the West Indies. How often in the dewy morn have you not noticed the little sylph, ecstatic with delight, hovering over the honeysuckle and bright geranium blossoms, and inserting in their expanded corollas his forked tongue in search of insects and honey ? Need I dwell at length on all his loveliness, his incomparable beauty, when you can refer to the glowing descriptions which two great masters, Audubon and Buffon, have left, Audubon's especially ? In spite of his finished

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(1) J. F. Whiteaves F. R. S. C. writes, apprising me of the additions made to the Ottawa Museum during the last six years by Professor Macoun, F. R. S. C. ; " our series of birds for British Columbia, the N. W. Territories and Manitoba is as nearly complete as that of the east. Thus we have native examples of all the five Canadian humming-birds and of all the owls, but the Barn owl, if that is truly Canadian—including the Burrowing owl of the N. W. T. and the Pigmy owl of Vancouver Island."

J. F. Whiteaves.

This is a good news, for Canadian ornithologists, whilst it reflects creditably, on Professor Macoun and his able staff.

elegance of diction, the sedentary philosopher, Buffon, must yield the palm to the naturalist who studied God's creatures on the mountains, prairies, sea shores, plains, fields and forests of our continent.

I now hold in my hand a most gorgeously-habited little songster, who pays us a welcome visit in July. His azure mantle has bestowed on him the name of *Indigo* Bird. Buffon calls him "Le Ministre," probably because he was, like the French Ministers of State, robed in blue: our own Cabinet Ministers, as you know, on the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, chose blue for their *grande tenue officielle.* Never shall I forget one bright July morning walking in my garden, shortly after sunrise. In the centre there stood an old apple tree, bearing pink and white buds and green leaves; close to it my children had grown a very large sunflower: its corolla was then lovingly expanding to the orb of day, whose rays streamed through the overhanging canopy of dew-spangled blossoms. In the fork of the apple tree a pair of Robins had built their clay-cemented nest, in which, protected by soft hay, rested four emeralds of pure sea-green, whilst the male Robin was caroling forth his morning hymn from the topmost branch of a neighboring red oak. I was in the act of peering in the nest, when my eye was arrested by the resplendent colors of an azure bird nestling in the sunshine on the saffron leaves of the sunflower. The brightness of the spectacle before me was such, its contrasts so striking, that I paused in mute astonishment at so much splendor. Was it a realm of dream-land spread out before me! a vision painted by a fairy! It was, my friends, the Indigo Bird of Canada, in his full nuptial plumage, seen amidst the bright but every-day spectacle of a Canadian landscape.

What a charming musician, the Vireo or Red-eyed Fly Catcher, during his protracted stay from May to September? scarcely visible to the naked eyed, amidst the green boughs of a lofty elm, he warbles forth his

love-ditty from sunrise to sunset? I was watching eagerly, this spring, for the return from the South of the *Sweet, Sweet Canada bird,* the white-throated Sparrow, whose clear, shrill clarion resounds even in the depth of night! Will he accompany this spring his congener, the Song Sparrow, the *Rossignol,* with its simple, soft melody, so dear to every Canadian heart?

Have any of you ever noticed the Redstart darting, like an arrow, after the small flies, then relighting on the twig, uttering his shrill *increasing* note, very similar to that of the pretty summer-Yellow bird, also one of the fly-catchers, as you are aware; a family most numerous, and if not generally gifted with song, at least rejoicing in a very bright livery. The Redstart, the male bird, is easily known by his black plumage; when he is flying, he discloses the under portions of his wings, which appear of bright maize. The female is more of an olive hue, and does not resemble at all her mate: they breed all round Montreal and Quebec, and stop here about three months. It is needless for mé to furnish you with a very lengthy description of the *Blue Jay:* you are all acquainted with his cerulean plumage and harsh note, especially before rain.

I must not, however, forget to point out to you that richly-dressed individual, wearing black and orange badges: that is the Baltimore Oriole. He visits chiefly the Montreal district and Western Canada. Black and orange, did I say? why that was the official livery of a great English landowner of Maryland, in the days when democracy amongst our neighbours was not. We have it on the authority of Alexander Wilson, no mean authority, as you know, that this brilliant July visitor took its name from Lord Baltimore, on whose estates a great number of Orioles were to be seen. The *Baltimore Oriole* is a tolerably good musician. You can see how brilliant are the colors of these Canada birds now exhibited to you!

I think you will agree with me in saying that few countries can furnish a group of brighter ones than those now exposed to view, and composed of Canadian birds only:—Hermit Thrush, Purpe Finch, Canadian Gold Finch, Wood Duck, Golden - winged Woodpecker, or Rain Fowl; Blue Jay; Field Officer; Maryland Yellow-Throat; Wax-Wing; Indigo Bird; Ruby-Throated Humming Bird; Scarlet Tanager; Baltimore Oriole; Meadow Lark; Pine GrosBeak; Cardinal Grosbeak; Rose-breasted Grosbeak and Towhe Bunting.

As for song, we may safely assert, with the same Alexander Wilson, that the *Fauna* of America can compete with that of Europe. True, we have not the Skylark, nor the Blackbird; and our Robin, although similar to him in note and habits, is still his inferior in song; but we have the Wood Thrush, with its double-tongued flute notes, the Hermit Thrush, the Brown Thrush, the gingling, roystering Bobolink, the Canadian Goldfinch, whose warble reminds you of the Canary. The far-famed European Nightingale has certainly met with a worthy rival in the American Mocking-Bird, whose extraordinary musical powers have been so graphically delineated by John James Audubon.

To those inclined to underrate the song of american Birds, compared to that of European species I would recommend the perusal of an able paper, by John Burrougs—to be found p. 121, in one of his fascinating bird-books: FRESH FIELDS.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must crave your forgiveness for trespassing so long on your attention. The study of Bird-life, has ever been a favorite one with me since my early youth; I think it calculated to infuse sunshine and elevating ideas, in the minds of both old and young. One word more and I have done.

We have to admit that the study of natural history in our country has not been prosecuted with the same vigor as have other departments of science. The out-

look might be brighter. The dark clouds of prejudice hover above! the upas of indifference still lingers below, blighting and nipping in the bud, blossoms giving promise of fair fruit. In my humble opinion, what is wanted is a well equipped National Museum worthy of the Dominion, either at Ottawa, (1) or in your prosperous, ever-expanding city with some of our millionnaires to breathe in the movement the breath of life, by the endowment of a chair of Zoology. Your magnificent city (Montreal) has taught other cities that a race of progressive, generous men have taken root in the soil, alive to the noble duties which the responsibility and stewardship of wealth impose. Of such may you well feel proud; on such may I rest some sanguine hopes!" *(Prolonged applause.)*

" Sir William Dawson, in presenting the thanks of the audience to the lecturer, which had been moved by the Hon. Senator Murphy, seconded by Mr. J. S. Shearer, completely endorsed all that he had said respecting a chair of zoology and a national museum, and hoped the day would arrive when they would be realized. The remarks of Sir William were warmly to the point and as warmly received by the audience, which then adjourned. (*Montreal Witness*, 13th March, 1891.)

---

(1) Since these words were uttered, the Natural History Museum under the charge of the Geological survey has taken vast strides. T'is melancholy however to think that this valuable collection, is stored in a building which is not fireproof.

ERRATA.

—

Page 70, 18th line, read " she " instead of " he ".
" 111, 4th " " " Mrs " " of " Judge ".
" 112, Add foot-note.—*General Murray also resided in the Montcalm House, on the remparts, facing the St. Charles.*
" 118, 11th line, read " 1872 " instead of " 1871 ".
" 133, 7th " " " Formerly " instead of " Fomerly ".
" 163, 38th " " " far-fetched " instead of " Fare-fetched ".
" 165, 6th line, read " truthful " instead of " youthful ".
" 169, Foot-note ought to be credited to page 166.
" 231, 18th line, read " warrior " instead of " warriour ".
" 239, Title, read " Christmas " instead of " Chrismas ".
" 241, Foot-note displaced.
" 346, 12th line, read " 1781–84 " instead of " 1779–81. "
" 494, 9th line, after the word " birth " take off the " l " and place it to the word " ofty " in the 10th line.
" 496, 12th line, read " meditations " instead of " mediat-tions ".

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HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

CLOSE SEASONS.

HUNTING

1. Moose and caribou,—from 1st February to 1st September.
2. Deer,—from 1st January to 1st October.

N. B.—The hunting of moose, caribou, or deer with dogs or by means of snares, traps, &c., is prohibited.

No one (whiteman or indian) has a right, during one season's hunting, to kill or take alive—unless he has previously obtained a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands for that purpose—more than 2 moose, 2 caribou and 3 deer.

After the first ten days of the close season, all railways and steamboat companies and public carriers are forbidden to carry the whole or any part (except the skin) of any moose, caribou or deer, without being authorized thereto by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

3. Beaver, mink, otter, martin, pekan,—From 1st April to 1st November.
4. Hare,—from 1st February to 1st November.
5. Musk-rat (only in the counties of Maskinongé, Yamaska, Richelieu and Berthier),—from 1st May to 1st April following.
6. Woodcock, snipe, patridge of any kind,—from 1st February to 1st Sept.
7. Black duck, teal, wild duck of any kind, (except sheldrake and gull,)—from 1st May to 1st September.

N. B.—And at any time of the year, from the above mentioned birds, between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. It is also forbidden to keep exposed, during such prohibited hours, lures, or decoys, &c.

Nevertheless in that part of the Province to the East and North of the counties of Bellechasse and Montmorency, the inhabitants may, at all seasons of the year, but only for the purpose of procuring food, shoot any of the birds mentioned in No. 7.

8. Birds known as perchers, such as swallows, king birds, warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, whippoorwills, finches, (song-sparrows, red-birds, indigo birds, &c.,) cow-buntings, titmice, goldfinches, grives, (robin), woodthruches, &c.,) kinglets, bobolinks, grakles, grosbeaks, humming birds, cuckoes, owls, &c., except eagles, falcons, hawks and other birds of the falconidæ, wild pigeons, king-fishers, crows, ravens, waxwings (*récollets*), shrikes, jays, magpies, sparrows and starling,—from 1st March to 1st September.
9. It is forbidden to take nests or eggs of wild birds,—at any time of the year.

N. B.—Fine of $2 to $100, or imprisonment in default of payment.

No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, nor in that of Ontario can, at any time, hunt in this Province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is not transferable.

FISHING

1. Salmon (angling),—from 15th August to 1st February.
2. Ouananiche,—from 15th September to 1st December.
3. Speckled trout, (*salmo fontinalis*)—from 1st October to 1st May.
4. Large grey trout, lunge, touladi, land-locked salmon,—from 15th October to 1st December.
5. Pickerel,—from 15 April to 15th May.
6. Bass,—from 10th May to 1st July.
7. Maskinongé,—from 25th May to 1st July.
8. Whitefish,—from 15th October to 1st December.

Fine of $5 to $20, or imprisonment in default of payment.

N. B.—Angling only by hand, (with hook and line), is permitted for taking fish in the lakes and rivers under control of the Government of the Province of Quebec.

No person, who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, can, at any time, fish in the lakes or rivers under control of the Government of this Province, not actually under lease, without having previously obtained a permit to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is only valid for the time, place and persons therein indicated.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
Quebec, August, 1894.

E. E. TACHE,
Assistant-Commissioner of Crown Lands.

List of rivers and lakes on which the fishing privileges are still disposable.

North shore of the gulf and river St. Lawrence, county of Saguenay :—

Salmon, St. Paul, Nabitipi, Mecatina (Little), Mecatina (Great), Kercapoui, Natagamiou, Darby, Coacouchoo, Washecootai, Olomonoshecboo, Musquarro, Little Musquarro, Kekashka, Little Natasquan, Goynish, less six miles of the west shore, Nabisibi, Washeeshoo, Little and Great Romaine, Mingan, St. John, Magpie, Sheldrake, Manitou, the ten last named to begin six miles from the gulf shore, Pigou, Trout, Moisic, the upper part, Moisic, Eau-dorée, Moisic Rouge, Moisic Nepeesis, Des Rapides, Aux Foins, Marguerite, Baie des Rochers, Calumet, Pentecôte, Aux Anglais, Amedée, A la Chasse, Becscie, Manicouagan, Toudnoostook, Outarde, Papinachois, Bersimis, Boucher, Laliberté, Ahnépi, part of, Colombier, Blanche, Sault-au-Cochon, Petit Escoumains, Escoumains, Portneuf, from the rear line of the seigniory, Sault-au-Mouton, river and lakes Aux Canards, Des Rochers.

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